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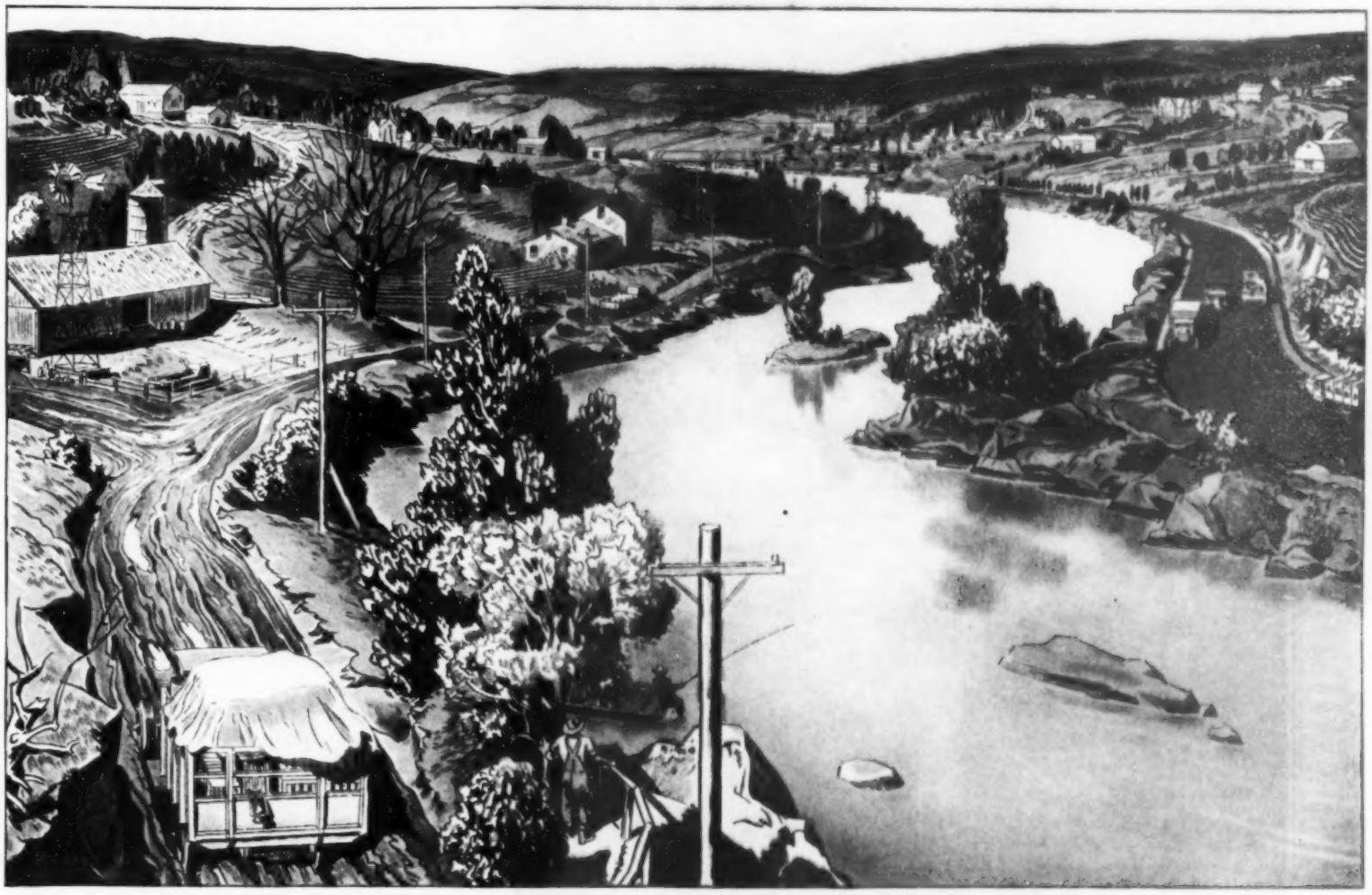

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The Hermit of Three Buttes

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

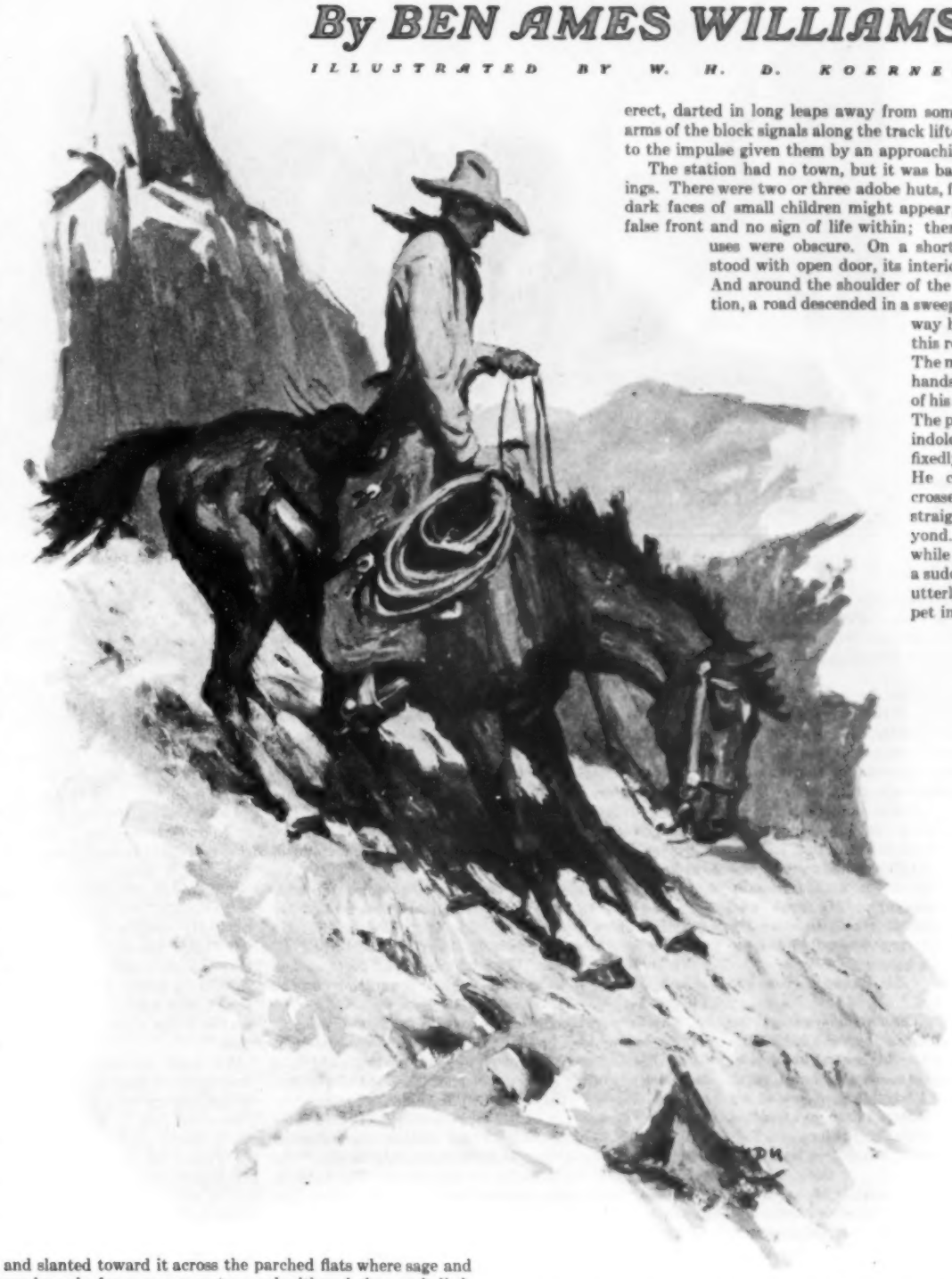
THE slate-roofed station against the foot of a low, eroded mesa lay baking in the sun; the long brick platform beside the tracks simmered like a grid. But behind the station, against the northern sky, the mountain masses rose, as blue as the sky itself, and across the tracks to the southward lay the mystery of the desert, a maze of changing color bands that extended to a far horizon like the sea.

The passenger who takes this western way finds his eye bewitched by the panorama which marches with his train. The mountains, with their forever-changing contours, seem to move in a slow dance calculated to allure him. There are young and sprightly peaks of fantastic shapes like dancing fauns; there are smoothly rounded and maternal ranges; there are hoary oldsters whose crowns are forever white with snow. But the desert to the south has a mysterious enticement, too; when a tall sandstorm bows and sways along the far horizon it seems to nod and beckon, while behind the tawny curtain of the sand, purple thunder masses form, and the bright flash of lightning vivifies the terrific spectacle.

Yet, if the wayfarer desire to penetrate these mysteries which invite him, it is at one of the monotonous little stations that he must alight; there must the tale begin.

I

THIS particular station was in every respect exactly like its fellows. It clung to the southern foot of the mesa, and twin lines of steel crawled out of a notch between two buttes and slanted toward it across the parched flats where sage and cactus and prickly pear grew bravely for a season or two and withered then and died. The skeletons of plants long dead lay scattered on the plain; the ghosts of brave small flowers seemed to linger here and there from the spring blooming time. There was no movement anywhere across the waste, except when a jack rabbit, black-fringed ears erect, darted in long leaps away from some small alarm, or when the arms of the block signals along the track lifted and fell again in response to the impulse given them by an approaching or departing train.



Blue Smoke Rose From the Embers of the Cooking Fire, a Prairie Dog Scuttled to His Hole as the Car Passed By, and a Horseman Came Down the Steep Eastern Wall of the Canyon at a Sliding Run

The station had no town, but it was backed by half a dozen buildings. There were two or three adobe huts, from the doors of which the dark faces of small children might appear; there was a store with a false front and no sign of life within; there was a frame shack whose uses were obscure. On a short siding a single freight car stood with open door, its interior littered with dirty straw. And around the shoulder of the mesa and down to the station, a road descended in a sweeping curve to end at the railway here. A Mexican rode down this road on a scrubby cow pony. The man stood in his stirrups; his hands were folded on the pommel of his saddle to support his weight. The pony went at a trot, shuffling indolently, and the rider looked fixedly between the pony's ears. He came down the road and crossed the tracks and struck straight out into the desert beyond. His figure seemed for a while not to recede at all; then of a sudden it was infinitely remote, utterly unreal, like that of a puppet in the vast blaze of sunlight.

A little while after, with a creak of springs, an automobile came lurching down the rutted road. This was a car with antecedents, but its better days were done. Dust lay upon its top like a yellow blanket; dust clung to the spare tires at the rear; dust flaked on the spokes of the wheels. On the left-hand running board, three canteens of a gallon each were fixed in a metal rack; they were marked with the words "Gas," and "Water," and "Oil." On the opposite side a shovel was held in place by a bolt with a butterfly nut screwed fast on the upper end.

The springs of the car were noisy, the engine clamorous; yet the whole conveyance had a serviceable air. It wore an aspect which suggested that it had met difficulties and surmounted them.

This car stopped and backed into place beside the station platform, and the man who drove it alighted. He was an old

man; his hair was gray, and so was his thin mustache, and his cheek was lined. But his blue eye was young and keen, and there was a wiry strength in him when he moved. He was lean and fine drawn as a hound, and it did not need the testimony of his boots to suggest that he was more at home in the saddle than under the wheel of a car. His broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat was thick with dust, and the rim curled curiously. His overalls were caught up on the top of his right boot; he wore a blue cotton shirt open at the throat, and an old cowhide vest from which the hair had been abraded by long use.

This man walked slowly around to the front of the station to look at the train board there, glanced in at the agent receiving some telegraphic message in the office, then turned back to the shaded end of the station, where, sheltered from the bright blaze of the sun, he began carefully to fill a blackened little pipe with a stubby stem.

There was a baggage truck beside him; he sat down on it in a posture utterly relaxed, and his feet hung motionless. His eyes followed the tracks to the east of the station; they became blank with thought. The man appeared suddenly to become a fixture there.

Later the station agent stopped to pass a word with this man. "Howdy, Vic," he said quietly. "Meeting somebuddy?"

"Couple of dudes coming in on the eastbound," the waiting man explained.

"Going after bear?"

"Bear and lion," the other agreed.

"You can find 'em if anyone can," the station agent remarked. There was something unctuous in his flattery; it suggested that he might be an outlander who sought to be accepted here. The old man whom he had called Vic made no reply.

The station agent, faintly piqued by this silence, announced that he required the use of the baggage truck on which the other sat, and Vic quietly slid down off this vehicle. The other wheeled it away, and the old man squatted on his heels, leaning against the station wall, and he puffed at his pipe reflectively.

Juan

But a moment later, another car came down the road toward the station, and Vic seemed to recognize the driver with a friendly pleasure. He rose and walked across to meet the other; and he called in cheerful greeting:

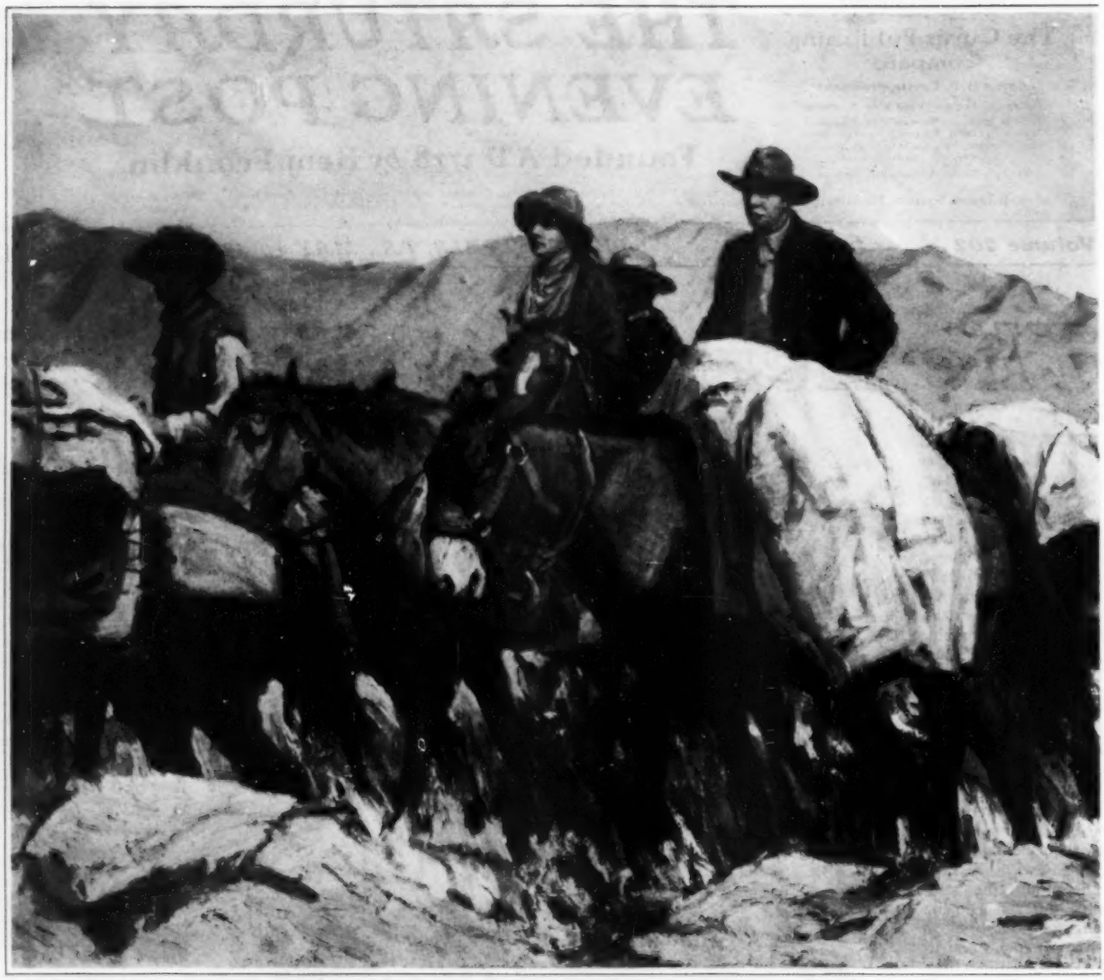
"Hi, Ranse! How are ye?"

The newcomer gripped the old man by the hand. "Vic, you old horned toad, I'm glad to see you," he returned. "I haven't seen you in six months. I thought a lion had clawed you before now."

Vic puffed his pipe and grinned. "Where you been your own self?" he demanded.

Ranse slapped the dust off his hat against his knee. He waved his hand in a broad gesture. "Here and there and back," he returned. "All over the lot. Busy all summer. Thirty-day trip to the canyon with a party of eleven, for one thing; and this and that."

They drifted toward the shade at the end of the station. "How's the bear crop?" Ranse asked cheerfully as they squatted together in the shade at the station. "Got a party coming in?"



They Rode All That Day by Easy Trails, Following One Ascending Canyon for a While, Then Crossing to the Next.

This Ranse was a young man; he must still be in his twenties, but his eye had the level assurance which comes from the consciousness of strength tried and proved. He was bareheaded now, his hat on the bricks beside him, and his hair was matted against his brow. He rolled a cigarette and lighted it while they talked together.

"Couple of men from Frisco," Vic assented. "They say they want to tie up a lion and some bears. You looking for someone?"

"On the westbound," Ranse told him. "New York man named Bayless, and his wife and daughter and another man."

Vic nodded. "Hunting?" he asked.

Ranse drew deeply on his cigarette, expelled a cloud of smoke.

"They want to see the country," he replied thoughtfully. "Figure on a two weeks' trip up to Three Buttes. He specified Three Buttes particular, Mr. Bayless did. He said a friend of his had been up there once, and liked it."

Vic puffed his pipe. "We might see you," he remarked at last. "These folks of mine, they're bound to go up the Puerco, over east of Three Buttes."

"Any lions in there?" Ranse asked, in faint surprise.

"There might be, up along the rim rock," Vic admitted, "but I hunted there two years ago and never picked up a trail, lion nor bear. I wrote this fellow and told him so, but he seemed to have the Puerco on his mind."

Ranse's eyes narrowed. "I told this Bayless I could show him prettier country than Three Buttes," he reflected slowly, "but nothing but Three Buttes would do him." He shook his head. "I don't like to camp there. The water in the lake is full of algæ, and the creek above is muddy half the time."

"It won't hurt you," Vic assured him.

"It isn't pretty to look at," Ranse returned.

"Well, move over on the Puerco and see me," Vic urged, "There's good fishing there, anyway."

"I might do that," Ranse agreed. He hesitated. "Don't this strike you as kind of funny, Vic?" he suggested. "Here's my man from New York bound he'll go in to Three Buttes, and here's this customer of yours set on heading for the Puerco. Dudes don't generally have any special ideas where they want to go, unless they've been to a place before."

"My man says a fellow told him there was lions up there," Vic explained. He considered briefly. "He said if I didn't want to hunt in there he'd find somebody who did," he remarked.

Ranse chuckled. "But you don't usually go to take orders, Vic," he commented.

"I need the work, kind of," the old man confessed. "Lions getting thinned out lately, so the bounties don't more'n keep me going." And he added: "He's paying by the day. Said he might want one day, and he might want a month. I dunno."

"Who you got with you?" Ranse asked.

"Art Shill," Vic replied. "He's a hand with dogs. Good boy. My outfit's up at Shepherd's."

"That's the quickest way in," Ranse agreed. "But there's some rough going. I'm going in from this side, by the old log camp. I'll take it easy till my outfit gets hardened to the saddle. Use up three-four days getting in, and maybe I can show 'em something they'll like better by then."

Vic made no comment, and Ranse said: "I'd like to know why all these people want to hit that particular part of the country all of a sudden. If it was me, there's other places I'd pick." And he added with a grin: "It ain't likely they'd go in to call on old Peak."

"Peak's up there," Vic remarked. "He come in to Shepherd's two weeks ago to get some canned stuff; paid for it with gold dust, the way he always does." He scratched his head. "The old man's got a pocket somewhere, sure. He's been forking over dust, a little at a time, for fifteen year."

"I took a man up there last spring," Ranse commented. "Name of Roberts. Writes stories for the magazines. He set around and talked to Peak for two-three days, and the old man filled him full of yarns. Roberts said he'd got stories enough to keep him writing all winter."

And Now and Then They Crossed a High Divide and Looked Out Across a Vast Panorama of Tumbled Mountains

"Peak's a good, free-hand liar," Vic agreed. Then somewhere to the west a train whistled, and Vic got up painfully. "There she comes," he remarked. Ranse also rose, and they moved around the corner of the station to the platform.

Ranse stayed by the train board, but Vic went forward, and as the train stopped, the old man looked alertly up and down the line of cars. Two men descended from one of the rear cars, and Vic moved slowly that way.

Ranse, from where he stood, watched their distant colloquy. He was too far away to see the newcomers plainly; yet even so, his first impression was unfavorable. The men, for one thing, wore very new, high-laced boots with a strap and buckle at the top; they wore riding breeches which were also new; their hats lacked only the price mark.

He grinned and said, under his breath, "Mail order."

One of the men, he could see, did the talking; the other stood a little aside, watching the train, surveying his surroundings. There was baggage around their feet. Suitcases, canvas duffel bags, two gun cases. Old Vic after a moment began to pick up this baggage, piece by piece, till he could lift no more. Yet one suitcase still remained, and the man who had stood apart reluctantly assumed this burden, and the three of them came toward Ranse along the platform.

Ranse moved to meet them, to relieve Vic of some of his load; and the two strangers looked at him appraisingly. One of them, Ranse saw, had a crooked nose, swollen in the middle, as though it had at some time suffered the impact of a heavy blow. The other was an older man—he might have been anywhere from forty to sixty—and his eyes were curiously close together, clinging against the lean flanks of his pinched and narrow nose. These were, Ranse thought, as villainous a pair of countenances as might be found in a long day's ride, but he had learned that you could not always judge men so. Crooked Nose might be a minister, and the man with the narrow eyes might be a great philanthropist. But if they were, they did not look the parts.

Old Vic was saying, "This is Ranse Curry, gentlemen. He runs a pack outfit in the mountains."

The man with the narrow eyes nodded in a vast indifference. He looked toward the automobiles. "Where do we go from here, Buker?" he demanded.

And Vic explained. "We'll make it to Shepherd's tonight. The horses and the dogs is there. Then we'll get going early tomorrow. It's two days in to the Puerco, if that's still where you want to go."

Narrow Eyes looked sharply at Ranse. "Does the world have to know where we want to go?" he asked Vic resentfully. "Let's stop the talk and move!"

Ranse helped Vic stow the luggage in the car. He was sorry for the old man, for these two strangers would not be easy company. But Mr. Bayless and his party might be as bad or worse. Dudes came in every variety. It was a lottery in which you lost as often as you won.

Vic, with a word of farewell, got under way; Ranse winked at the old man reassuringly and grinned; and then the westbound train whistled for the stop, and Ranse turned to meet his own responsibilities.

II

JUST as old Vic's lion hunters were the only alighting passengers from the eastbound, so were Ranse's customers the only ones to descend from the westbound now. Ranse saw the porter begin to unload a heap of bags from the rear car, and he strolled that way, inspecting those who alighted before they discovered him.

There were, as he had expected, four of them, but Ranse had eyes for only one. She was such a little girl that he at first thought her no more than a child. Her skirts scarce reached her knees, and she might have been fourteen, or twice that age. Yet he discovered, as he drew nearer, a maturity about her. Hers were not, for instance, the legs of a child; neither was the poise of her small head and the erectness of her slender shoulders the posture to be expected of adolescence. Ranse liked her; he liked everything about her. He liked, for instance, the hat she wore; it was somehow assured and confident, yet generous and merry too. Her stockings were a pale fawn, her dress a darker shade; and when, as he drew nearer, she turned to face him, he saw that her hair, under the small hat, was a warm golden color, and her eyes met his straightforwardly, with a twinkle in them which the definite upward tilt of her nose confirmed.

He answered her smiling eyes with a grin of his own; then turned to meet her father. Mr. Bayless was a square man, somewhere in his fifties. His hair was gray, and his mustache was gray, but he was not fat, and he did not look soft, either physically or otherwise.

Ranse said slowly, "I expect you're Mr. Bayless."

Old Vic would have chuckled at the drawl in Ranse's tone. When Ranse spoke to Vic, it had been crisply enough, smoothly enough, but now his syllables lingered, and there was a slow twist to his words. Dudes expected a mountain man to have a Western accent, and Ranse aimed to please. This trick of speech was old habit with him, a part of his job, done with no intent to deceive.

"I expect you're Mr. Bayless," he said, and the other man extended his hand and smiled in a friendly fashion.

"Yes, I am," he agreed. "You're Mr. Curry?"

Ranse felt the eyes of the others upon him. "Ranse Curry, yessir," he said gravely.

"This is Mrs. Bayless," the older man explained; and Ranse shook hands with a plump, middle-aged woman

who instantly recited the tale of her discomforts on the way west. The journey across Kansas had been insufferably hot; the food on the train was terrible; she hated to travel on a train anyway; the other people in the car had been impossible; it was such a relief to get off the train, but it was as bad here. The brick platform was burning her feet through the soles of her shoes, and the sun was blinding her. She rattled volubly; yet Ranse guessed that her complaints were more habit than anything else, and his eyes were twinkling faintly as he turned to meet the twinkling eyes of the girl. Bayless said, interrupting the older woman's protests:

"And my daughter, Miss Bayless."

"Enid Bayless, yessir," the girl explained, in an amusing imitation of Ranse's own drawl, as her hand rested in his. Ranse thought she would find most things amusing; her eyes were full of mirth just now. He chuckled, for no particular reason.

"How-do, ma'am," he returned.

"The cinders were frightful," Mrs. Bayless insisted. "I had cinders in both eyes, and in my ears and my hair. I think that I must have cinders between my toes this minute."

"And this is Mr. Emerson Moray," Bayless continued; and Ranse turned to greet the younger man. He half extended his hand, but Moray only said cheerfully:

"'Morning, Ranse." And he added: "We've a lot of luggage here. Think you can get it all into the car?"

Ranse nodded dryly. "I reckon," he returned.

(Continued on Page 105)

CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia

PHOTO. FROM THE BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

The Grand Duchess Marie in Court Costume

IN JULY of 1916, Sazonov was discharged as Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and with him went the only hope and support of the Allies; his post was temporarily intrusted to Stuermer, the suspected pro-German.

In September, Protopopov was appointed Minister of Interior. This choice amazed everybody. It was a Rasputin appointment. Protopopov occupied no position in the political world and was generally accounted an insane degenerate.

It was about this time that I first heard people speaking of the Emperor and Empress with open animosity and contempt. The word "revolution" was uttered more willingly and more often; soon it could be heard everywhere. The war seemed to recede into the background. All attention was riveted on interior events. Rasputin, Rasputin, Rasputin—it was like a refrain; his mistakes, his shocking personal contact, his mysterious power. This power was tremendous; it was like dusk, enveloping all our world, eclipsing the sun. How could so pitiful a wretch throw so vast a shadow? It was inexplicable, maddening, baffling, almost incredible.

The winter of 1916 was extremely severe. Frosts, which began in November, gained in intensity as days went by. Our Red Cross hospital at Pskov, 200 miles from Petrograd, had expanded tremendously and we faced increasing difficulties in obtaining supplies. Materials, at first plentiful, now were scarce and of a lower quality, and some things could not be had at all. For instance, rubber gloves; even gangrene operations had to be performed with bare hands. Our spirits lagged. Our work went forward by mere force of habit. Our patients were depressed and bore their sufferings with less patience. Their attitude toward the personnel had undergone a noticeable change, and they returned to the Front with a feeling of unconcealed aversion.

Pskov, however, did not change. On the River Velikaya ice was being sawed to fill the ice cellars. The buzz of the saw, the cries of the workers, floated far and wide through the clear air. Long files of peasant sledges—upon which the immense blue squares of ice had been loaded with hooks—drove screeching up the high bank of the shore. In the fields a mellow, downy snow was waist-deep. Dry wood burned hotly in the stoves; the furniture and the wooden frames of the windows cracked.

A Recent Photograph of the Grand Duchess

The Rise of Rasputin

PEOPLE avoided going out if there was no special need for it. The few pedestrians in the street went at a trot, their collars raised high, their hands thrust deeply into their pockets. I was not afraid of the cold. Every day I would go into the woods with my skis. These walks held a special charm for me. There was so much snow that, treading my way amidst the branches, it seemed to me that I was climbing upon the tops of the trees. The sun became toward dusk an immense fiery circle, glimpsed through the black trunks of the trees, and the shadows became purple and more distinct. On the way home I would watch the thickening of the blue winter evening and the dawning of the stars.

It was while returning from one of these excursions that I heard the news—the first report of Rasputin's death. I do not remember who told it to me, but I clearly remember the unprecedented excitement at the hospital. Nor shall I ever forget the vague and contradictory rumors which crept through the town that evening and clothed in mystery the disappearance of this ominous being who had been hated so violently and for so long, and who now was blamed for all the misfortunes which had befallen Russia. The news of his death was met everywhere with a joy bordering on hysteria; people in the streets embraced one another as they did at Easter, and women cried.

Rasputin's presence at the court since 1907, with only a few absences, was known to all Russia, but had become still more noticeable from the beginning of the war. Now, in 1916, almost everyone considered Rasputin morally responsible for all our reverses at the Front and all disorders in the interior. Minds corroded by criticism and discontent had made him the embodiment of their indignation. People were tired of sacrifice and the efforts of war. Russian patriotism, possessing an altogether abstract character, could not stand the strain. For many people Rasputin served as an excuse for their own slackness.

Fundamentally, despite all the harmful gossip, the reason for his presence and power at the court was very simple; the Empress, who adored her son, well knew that the hæmophilia from which he had suffered since his birth was incurable and certain to grow worse as years went by. Internal hemorrhages had become more and more frequent; the lightest blow could cause death, and each new attack caused the poor child unbearable suffering. This suffering Rasputin alone seemed able to alleviate.

There was, therefore, nothing strange in the fact that the Empress regarded Rasputin as her only hope and savior. Gloomily passed the days in Alexander Palace. The nerves of the Empress, completely unstrung by constant anxiety, turned her into a sick woman. It was quite natural that Rasputin should acquire such a tremendous significance if we think of the abnormal conditions in which she lived, the solitude to which she had gradually doomed herself—the four walls of the nursery where, on his little bed, her only son moaned and tossed about.

Repeating continually that the Czarevitch would not live if it were not for him, Rasputin cunningly and adroitly took possession of the Empress' mind. But his domineering character could not be satisfied with the comparatively modest rôle of a household's miracle worker; he needed a vaster field of action. Now that many of the documents concerning that time have become public property, it is possible to say that at times Rasputin's advice was not devoid of that common sense which seems inherent in the Russian people. Yet, like any other peasant, he had a deep and firm distrust of the nobles and a conviction that not only did they oppress the people but continually prevented them from communicating with the Czar.

Having acquired influence, but possessing little discrimination, Rasputin began to test his power. He incited the Empress against everybody, first including all the people nearest to her, who he knew detested and distrusted him.

The Long-Awaited Heir

HIS calumnies fell upon fertile soil. The Empress, shy and secretive by nature, had been unable, during all the years since her arrival in Russia, to make the Russian psychology her own; it always remained alien to her. Even the Russian Orthodox religion, which she had embraced at the time of her marriage, and the Russian language, which she had carefully studied and spoke better than many of the foreign princesses, did not help her to understand the true character of the people over whom she reigned.

Moreover, it seemed that ill luck followed her every step. At first, every two years, instead of the son awaited with such impatience, a daughter was born to her, and when at last the Czarevitch came, he was afflicted with a disease which she herself had brought into her new family.

This was a blow from which she could never recover. It seemed to her that people constantly looked askance at her, especially those who belonged to the highest ranks of society, and she did not like them. Brought up very strictly by her domineering grandmother, Queen Victoria, she learned narrow-mindedness from childhood and was intolerant of the weaknesses of others. The Russian aristocracy seemed to her to be dissolute, and if they treated her coldly she returned it with scorn. She firmly followed her own

way—that of a good Christian, an exceptional mother, a devoted wife. As long as she limited herself to her family interests, everything went fairly well, but as an Empress she was not loved.

Rasputin, acting in his own interests, turned her attention from household to state affairs, giving them his own interpretation. The sly peasant used the influence he thus obtained to satisfy first of all his inherent dislike of the nobility. Now he could amuse himself to the full by maliciously inciting them against one another and by humiliating them at court.

Caught in the Net of Intrigue

ALL that befell Russia through Rasputin's direct or indirect influence can, it seems to me, be regarded as the vengeful expression of a dark, terrible, all-sweeping hatred, kindling for centuries in the heart of the Russian peasant for the higher classes, who never learned to understand him or win him over. In his own way Rasputin was devoted to both the Empress and the Emperor. He was sorry for them, as one is sorry for children led into error by adults. His seeming sincerity and candor appealed to both of them. His talks—the like of which they had never heard before—pleased them by their novelty and their apparently simple logic. The Emperor himself longed for closer intercourse with his people.

But with no education whatsoever, and unaccustomed to such surroundings, Rasputin very quickly grew conceited from the boundless confidence shown him by his high benefactors. Brazenly he surrounded himself with a clique of rogues and adventurers who played on his lowest instincts and involved him in a net of intrigues which he was unable to understand. To those who were constantly with him, he began to boast of his importance at the court in such terms that it led to disgusting gossip, which gradually spread throughout Russia. He was dissolute, and loved wine, drank much and babbled of filth.

Such was the being who, perhaps more than anyone else, governed Russia; for the unbalanced sick Empress blindly acquiesced in the demands of the only person necessary for her peace, and the Emperor, deeply attached to his wife and pitying her, unfortunately did not have the strength to contradict her. And the circle of intrigues in which Rasputin involved the imperial couple closed around them day by day tighter and tighter.

His death came too late to change the course of events. His dreadful name had become too thoroughly a symbol of disaster. The daring of those who killed him to save their country was miscalculated. All the participants of the plot, with the exception of Prince Youssoupoff, later understood that in raising their hands to preserve the old régime they struck it, in reality, its fatal blow.

True, Rasputin had to be annihilated, but it should have been done earlier, and in such a way as to raise no hue and cry. Then the imperial couple would never have been submitted to the humiliating necessity of punishing their kinsman for a killing which had brought about general rejoicing.

As I have said, several different versions of the murder circulated in Pskov. Among other things, it was said that some girl of the people, seduced by Rasputin, had tracked him and killed him by several revolver shots. They even gave the name of the girl. The details of this story, invented from beginning to end, were so plausible that this version was accepted at once.

I awoke the next morning to the ringing of the telephone. It was Prince Shakhovskoy, the local representative of the Red Cross. He asked me to receive him at once. Fifteen minutes later he stood before me. His nervous bearing, his perturbed face, told me, even before he spoke, that he bore tidings both serious and distressing.

PHOTO. BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

The Grand Duke Dmitri, Brother of the Grand Duchess Marie

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Russian Nurses at a Hospital Near the Front in the World War

PHOTO. BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Russian Police in Prerevolutionary Russia

"You know, of course, Your Highness, what has happened in Petrograd." He paused, fidgeting with his gloves. "The details that reached us yesterday were incorrect. We know now what has really happened. Russia was freed from Rasputin by some heroes—heroes headed by Prince Youssoupoff. One of the participants in the plot was your brother, the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch."

I bent my head without saying a word. I never doubted for a moment that I was hearing the truth. All my thoughts rushed impetuously there—to my brother. Thousands of suppositions, like flashes of lightning, pierced my brain; memory reproduced words dropped inadvertently, sentences spoken casually, conversations heard at one time or another. Finally I raised my eyes to my visitor, who was troubled by my silence.

"Are any details known?" I asked. My parched tongue could hardly move in my mouth.

"Not yet, Your Highness. Rasputin's corpse has not yet been found. It was said that both the Grand Duke and Prince Youssoupoff have been arrested by order of the Empress. It is known that the Emperor was still at the headquarters yesterday. He received General Russky."

I began to regain my self-control: "Is this known in Pskov?"

"Yes. This is why I took the liberty of disturbing you so early. I was afraid that you might learn about it by accident. Rest assured that the brave action of your brother arouses general admiration. The destruction of Rasputin is of the greatest benefit to Russia," added Shakhovskoy haltingly, and seeing that I did not know how to respond, left me alone.

All my thoughts swarmed, rushing one upon the other, toward Dmitri, who appeared to me now in a new, unusual light. I was proud of him. But somewhere deep within my heart I was hurt because he had not found it necessary even to hint to me about his plans. For the first time in my life my brother appeared to me an individual being, standing apart from me, and this feeling of unaccustomed estrangement made me shiver. My first impulse was to go to him at once. But was this sensible? Rasputin's corpse had not yet been found; an investigation was probably under way. I knew nothing of Dmitri's situation—his degree of participation in the plot, his accountability in the eyes of the law; my precipitate departure from Pskov, a sudden arrival in Petrograd, might compromise and endanger him.

Awaiting News from Petrograd

BUT to remain in Pskov, in ignorance—that seemed to me unbearable. The details of the murder, to all appearances, would not be printed in the papers; news would reach me only as distorted gossip. To send a wire seemed unsafe, or even to write. Would he write me—could he?—now that he was deprived of his freedom? Torn by doubt, I paced the floor of my room. It seemed to me—and in this I was not mistaken—that from this moment everything was bound to change and never be the same again. What now had happened was too tremendous to fit into the pattern of the usual or to allow events ever to reassume their old reassuring lines. At noon I went to the dining room, trying my best to appear natural, but as soon as I entered it I knew that everyone had heard the news. There was a sort of covert excitement and hidden admiration in the looks given me; it was as if they thought that I also was involved in this assassination. But no one said anything.

Repeatedly that day I sent orderlies to General Russky, only to learn that he had not yet returned from Mogilev. But the next day, toward evening, I was told he had arrived. I threw a coat upon my shoulders and walked to the

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NIGHT BLOOM

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

ALL the lights went out except a spotlight which threw different colors on the dancers. Mac Wheeler and a girl named Milly Downe and I were sitting in a place called Le Jardin d'Or, drinking ginger ale and eating celery and looking on. The light changed to a deep purple, and I saw him then for the first time. Generally, in those places, when you watched the people dancing you saw only the women; their partners were vague blurs of black. The women were pretty or smart or decked in jewels—else they didn't get to go out to night clubs—and were something to look at. But the men were nondescript. Mac and I used to say to each other, "Awful—the men you see in these places"—thus preserving our own integrity.

I said now, "There he is."

"Who?" Milly asked.

He looked like one of those aristocratic, supercilious figures you see in the more expensive advertisements—the fellows who loll on country-club verandas or lean against fuselages or simply look down their noses at nothing. If I'd been of the other sex I might have breathed to myself "This is he, at last!" and have had a slight palpitation. I thought he was probably the sort of thing that ladies expect to have deposited on their hearthrugs some evening when the lights are low and tomorrow an emptiness. But all this was hard to put into speech, so I waited till he turned the corner and came down our side of the floor.

"There! Dancing with the girl in green."

"Ooh!" Milly said. "You mean the polo player."

"I don't know him," I said. "Is he a polo player?"

"He's the lean polo-playing type," Milly said. "He's out of a book by ——"

"I don't know his breeding," Mac said, "but I know him. And he gets his exercise dancing."

"You know him?"

"Sure. Do you want to meet him?"

"I certainly do," Milly said. She looked out over the floor with a rapt expression. "Tall, with a lean, tanned face. Slim waisted. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh ——"

"Who is he?" I asked.

"His name is Vaughn Dalmeny," Mac said.

"Come off!" Milly said.

Mac looked at her, grinning. "That's a fact."

"Of the Guards, I suppose," Milly said.

"He's an American."

"Vaughn Dalmeny," Milly breathed. "It couldn't be. It's too good."

"That's what he calls himself," Mac said.

"Who is he? Where does he come from?" she asked.

"I don't know," Mac said. "I met him on a party once a few years ago. He was rather a mystery, I remember. No one seemed to know who he was, except ——"

"He's here incognito," Milly said. "He's from the land behind the moon."

"What I Wanted to Find Out Was Whether You're Any Relation of Rhoda Dalmeny"

"—— he came from somewhere in New Jersey," Mac finished.

When the music stopped and the dancers went back to their tables, Milly said: "Let's have him over."

"I can't drag him from his own party," Mac protested.

"It's a big party," Milly said. She leaned to one side and looked between Mac and me, across the room. "There're several extra men."

"I think the men you have are all right," I said.

"Well, I don't," Milly said. "Go ahead, Mac."

"What the devil will I say to him?" Mac asked hopelessly. "He wouldn't remember me from Adam."

"You remembered him," Milly said.

"I don't look like ——"

"No, you don't," Milly said. "But you've got piercing blue eyes and a distinguished manner."

"Go ——" Mac began, rather pleased.

"Tell him a lady wants to meet him," Milly said. "I'm not proud. Ask him if he'd like a drink of ginger ale. I don't believe they've got any ginger ale over there."

Mac said, "Oh, well!" and got up and went the long way around the room to the table where Dalmeny was sitting. Dalmeny got up when Mac spoke to him, they shook hands and talked together for a minute, Mac nodded in the direction of our table and Dalmeny stared at us. He turned and leaned over his own table and said something. Then he straightened up, nodded to Mac, and led the way straight across the empty dance floor.

"Look at Mac!" Milly whispered.

The noise died down for a moment, as if someone had suddenly appeared on an empty stage.

"He's quite embarrassed," I said.

"He needn't be," Milly said. "Nobody's looking at him."

Mac came up from behind and introduced Dalmeny, who bent low over Milly's hand.

Milly said, "What I wanted to find out was whether you're any relation of Rhoda Dalmeny."

Mac looked at Milly, open mouthed. Dalmeny smiled doubtfully.

"Sit down for a moment," Milly said, nodding at Mac's chair. "Get another chair, Mac."

Dalmeny sat down, whipped out a large black-and-gold cigarette case, snapped it open and took out a cigarette.

Milly went on:

"I went to school with her. She was from Boston. Bar Harbor in the summer."

"Oh, yes." Dalmeny lit his cigarette from a lighter which matched the cigarette case. "I know whom you mean. We're not exactly related—the same family originally, Miss Downe." He had a pleasant, easy manner, but putting in the "Miss Downe" like that sounded funny. Milly said something about the different places people went to after the theater. I looked at Dalmeny. He had a small head with black hair brushed tight down, and shiny when the light struck it; a small, neat nose and the kind of mouth people call "chiseled." For a man it was almost too perfect. He had very dark eyes, and when he spoke to you he had a habit of staring rather blankly. At first I thought it was

because he felt—as he certainly looked—superior, but later I found out that he couldn't quite see you—literally, I mean—and I think he'd have been more comfortable if he'd worn glasses. I thought he was too well dressed. His collar was too high and too tight, and his tie too well tied. He had one tremendous pearl in his shirt front and a funny little white waistcoat, double-breasted—more accurately, double-stomached—scarcely wider than a belt. And he had all the appurtenances—the little pearl things that fit under the collar to keep the tie down, the long platinum chain looped from the watch pocket of his trousers to the side pocket. His trousers had plaits at the waist, which was new in this country then, and the subject of some mirth at first—like the wrist watch in prewar days. I looked at him and thought: What the man will wear; and I thought about the fate of prophets in the home country.

When the music started again he and Milly danced. One could see he was a fine dancer. They were a splendid-looking couple. Milly was very young and tall and slim and absolutely tireless. They went so easily around, avoiding the mêlée in the center, never getting in a jam or bumping, always sliding out of the way of others.

"What's he do?" I asked Mac.

Mac waved his hand toward the floor.

"That's all right," I said, "but what does he do in the daytime?"

"He waits for evening," Mac said. "He's a night bloomer."

"Like Milly," I said.

"Just," Mac said. "A while ago we had an accident case. It happened in the Park, and they sent me up one afternoon to look the scene over. It was a warm, sunny day. I ran into Dalmeny sitting on a bench ——"

"Reading the Help Wanted column," I said. "I know the story. He saves up for a month and then dines and wines, and his only decent suit is evening dress. O. Henry wrote it."

"Saves up, my eye!" Mac said. "He married a Miss Hewitt."

"Oh, he's married."

"He was, the last time I saw him," Mac said. "The richest"—he hesitated—"girl in Idaho."

"That's not very rich, is it?"

"It'll do me," Mac said, "if I can sit on a bench in the sun."

The music stopped and then began again. Milly and Dalmeny went on dancing.

"I thought you'd only met him once," I said.

"That's not the whole truth," Mac said. "But I didn't care particularly about bringing him over. Not because of Milly—Milly went somewhere the other night and met two gunmen, by arrangement."

"I heard about it."

"Dalmeny's different," Mac said.

I looked at him.

"There's something funny goes on," he said. "It's all vague and obscure, and you can't put your finger on anything, but there's something queer, all the same. . . . I'll tell you," he said. He turned away from watching the dancers and began to draw patterns on the tablecloth with his finger. "Do you remember an old song: 'Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make?'"

I nodded. Mac went on:

"Something about 'when day draws on to night'—or 'turns into night, I begin to feel all right'? I used to think of that song in connection with Dalmeny. The first night I met him—it turned into a pretty late party; really because of him. He took us to all the night clubs in town. When I say 'took us,' I mean he squeezed us by the doorman and gave the high sign to the head waiter and had another table set up, but when the check came around he was off dancing. I remember, because my share of the evening's fun cost just half my month's salary. He's a swell dancer, as you see. And he was the life of the party that night. He kept the ladies amused. Between dances he told us about the private lives of the other people in the place. He had all the dope.

"In an expansive moment," Mac went on, "I asked him to come around to my place the next afternoon—a Sunday—for a drink. A gray winter Sunday in the city—I don't know anything worse, do you? Well, he came, and it was then I remembered that song—about the difference a few hours make. All the life had gone out of him. He just wasn't there. Not because of the morning after—or the afternoon after—feeling. No—because he hadn't drunk much the night before. The other men in the party had drunk a good deal, to keep going, to persuade ourselves we were having a gay time out of it, but Dalmeny didn't have to. He'd been exactly in his element."

"The night-blooming cereus," I said.

"Exactly," Mac said. "When day drew on to night he began to feel all right. Each night—or rather, early each morning—he died a separate and distinct death, and he didn't really live again till evening came. I remember that Sunday. He walked around the room and looked at magazines and stared out of the window. Then it got dark, and I pulled the curtains and lit the fire and we had a drink. And then, all of a sudden, he seemed very cheerful and happy. When it got time for dinner, Dalmeny said he'd go home and dress and meet me at—I've forgotten the name of it now—a high-class place I'd never been before. I thought he was arranging some kind of party. But no, just the two of us would have dinner. Why dress then? I asked. He said he'd got in the habit of dressing for dinner. I thought of the Englishmen in novels, in the outposts of empire, who always dress for dinner, and not in soft shirts either. . . . By the way, how do you suppose they get their shirts done?"

"I don't know," I said. "But what's all this about a gunman?"

"Gunman?" Mac said. "Oh. I'm coming to that. Well, we had a swell dinner. The celery and olives alone cost more than I usually spent on a whole meal. It was the first time I saw broccoli and ate a crêpe Suzette. In changing his clothes, Dalmeny forgot his pocketbook, so I paid the check."

"I hope you'll let me pay half tonight, Mac," I put in at this point.

"If you insist on it," he said, bowing.

"After that," he went on, "I saw quite a bit of him for a while. He used to drop in in the late afternoons. And whenever I went out on a party—which wasn't often—and went the rounds of the night clubs, I ran into him some place. Always dressed to the eyes, dancing every dance and having a grand time—just as you see him tonight. One evening he came in and told me he was engaged to be married. That was about a year ago. He wanted me to meet Judy. She came from the West, but had an apartment here for the winter. I went to tea with them the next day. About a week later they were married. It was a queer wedding. There were a few queer people present—Dalmeny's night-time friends. Judy hardly knew anybody. The

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I Saw Dalmeny Brush His Lips Across Milly's Cheek. Their Lips Met, Not Missing a Single Beat of the Music

What All the Shootin's For

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

I TELL the tale as it was told to me by practitioners of my own craft, who are truthful lads and know their way about the town of Washington: On a certain afternoon, between the dates of February 3 and February 13, 1930, two or three able and enterprising newspaper correspondents sat gloomily in the press gallery of the United States Senate and looked with lackluster eyes down on the dismal vault of the Senate chamber, listening the while with fatigued ears to the redundant and reverberant performances of the statesmen beneath anent the pending tariff bill. They were bored to professional tears. It was a washout. No news. No life. Nothing but petty routine concerning schedules. Not a paragraph in a week of it.

Suddenly, and for no reason primarily apparent, the Honorable Cole Blease, senator from South Carolina, arose, and thrusting his highly sensitive and admirably classic nose forward into the somewhat vitiated air, smelled a rat as big as a hippopotamus, as big as an elephant, as big as the White House itself. Some rat!

To set the stage properly for this exciting feat of olfaction, it is expedient to say that, at about that time, the Honorable William Howard Taft, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, stricken with illness, had resigned, and that, a few hours after his resignation, the President had submitted to the Senate the name of the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes as his successor. This nomination had gone, in due course, to the Senate Committee on Judiciary and was pending the decision of that committee and its report to the Senate. There had been some protest, but not a great deal. The Honorable George W. Norris, of Nebraska, who regulates the universe strictly along the lines of what occurs under his own hat, had a statement to make; not virulent, and concerning, in general, the direful results incident upon the appointment of a lawyer to the Chief Justiceship who had ever, in his career, been attorney for a corporation. A trifle more from other quarters, but nothing exciting or uncommon.

Then, one afternoon, as stated, up rose the Honorable Cole Blease, of South Carolina, and smelled his rat, to this broad, general, osphretic effect: Mr. Taft was the revered friend of the speaker, and the speaker feared that somebody had done Mr. Taft dirt. The Chief Justice was ill and it was apparent to the senator that in the weakness and distress of that illness they had put over a fast one on him. Also, he feared—and this was the horrendous fear—that there had been a deal—a loathsome deal—whereby the son of Charles Evans Hughes, then Solicitor General, was to retire from that eminent office as a result of his father's getting the even more eminent office in question, and the son of Mr. Taft was to take the place of the son of Mr. Hughes as Solicitor General.

The Lure of the Headline

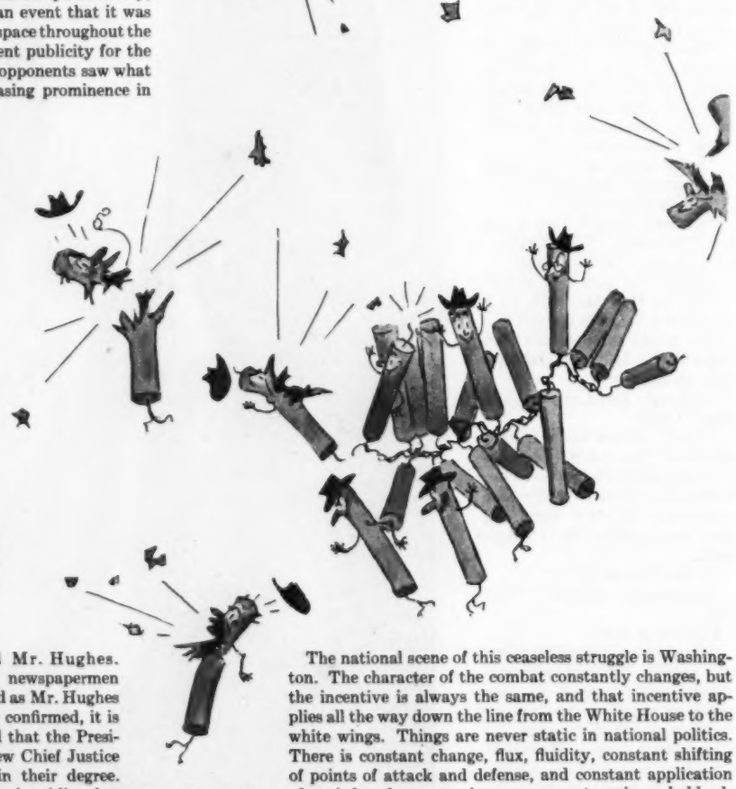
SO, TO nip that conspiracy in the bud, the senator from South Carolina called upon the President to withdraw the nomination of Mr. Hughes and send in the name of Mr. Taft again to fill the office of Chief Justice, which he had relinquished because of—as the senator deeply felt—intrigue and machination.

Need it be said that this oration of the senator from South Carolina stirred the somnolent and ennuied correspondents in the press gallery into action? It need not be unless, perchance, the reader thinks that Washington correspondents are entirely concerned with routine and abjure the sensational. Which is far from the newspaper fact—so far as to be as remote as the new planet recently discovered by the Flagstaff astronomers. It was South Carolina manna on a lean and hungry day. And they played it up with bulletin, quotation, description, comment and other dull-day press embroideries.

However, nothing much happened. That is, nothing much save some alert thinking by some newspaper correspondents, who saw good stories for a few days if this protest over the appointment of Mr. Hughes could be amplified into something more specific and continuous. It was apparent there would be a certain dignified protest, in some quarters, over the appointment when it reached the floor of the Senate, and even more apparent that the nomination would be confirmed. But there was a chance for a development of the opposition into something that would appear formidable and, certainly, would be news of an interesting nature.

So these enterprising correspondents sought out a certain senator who likes to see his name in the papers. There are such, as will be shown. They backed him into the corner of the Marble Room and spread before his eager eyes the vision of columns and columns of dispatches, in all parts of the country, containing his short but musical name as leader of the heroic and patriotic battle against this outrage on the body politic, which was what they said it might be made out to be. The seed fell on fertile ground. It sprouted almost immediately.

The attack started rather dispassionately, but it was so unusual an event that it was given great newspaper space throughout the country, with consequent publicity for the attackers. When the opponents saw what they had, and the pleasing prominence in the dispatches that entailed, they became more oratorical, more vehement, more proletarian, and much more vociferous. And the correspondents, having something new and interesting to write about, wrote about it by the yard. As a publicity securer the game was a great success.



It lasted several days and then began to peter out, because senators favorable to the confirmation of Mr. Hughes, who were in the great majority, let it proceed until it did peter out. Then they went at the real business of the moment, got the nomination to a vote and confirmed Mr. Hughes. Meantime, the newspapermen were pleased and as Mr. Hughes was abundantly confirmed, it is to be presumed that the President and the new Chief Justice were gratified in their degree. As for the general public, that was not a matter, except in some instances, of general or specific concern. Undoubtedly, there were among the active opponents of the confirmation of Mr. Hughes senators who were sincere in their opposition for the reasons they stated, and honest in their convictions as to the advisability of defeating the nomination. But the first pagers and the medicine makers had a large hand in the demonstration.

This incident illuminates brightly what is going on in Washington at present, and what has been going on for months. The publicity hounds are baying continuously on the first-page trail, and the medicine makers are ceaselessly compounding their political Sagwa for use in the forthcoming campaign. That is about all there is to it. It is not a new situation. Washington has been the home of political hokum since there was a Washington, just as every other capital is, but the present proceedings have an accentuated angle in the Senate because, instead of the ordinary condition of a party majority on one hand, and an opposing minority on the other, there is a division in the majority, a coalition with a part of the minority, which makes a two-sided opposition and gives opportunity for more publicity seeking and securing, and more medicine making than usual.

All There is to Politics

SPEAKING in terms of national politics, all the United States is divided into two parts. One part is made up of the states, the territories and our insular possessions. The other part is the District of Columbia. People who do not understand this are likely to be perplexed and concerned over what goes on, in Congress and elsewhere, in Washington, but it all is really a matter of no great moment, and not to be taken too seriously. All there is to Washington is politics. All there is to politics is to get into office, if out, and stay in office, if in. Expanding that to its broadest application it comes to this: The party in power wants to retain its power. The party out of power wants to obtain the power it does not possess.

The national scene of this ceaseless struggle is Washington. The character of the combat constantly changes, but the incentive is always the same, and that incentive applies all the way down the line from the White House to the white wings. Things are never static in national politics. There is constant change, flux, fluidity, constant shifting of points of attack and defense, and constant application of varied and opportunist maneuvers to gain or hold advantage. There is nothing sportsmanlike in politics. It is a cold, hard, merciless, devious game wherein no scruple prevails against a chance to score a point, and no avail is too mean to be grabbed and pressed.

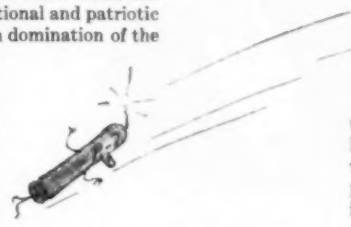
There have been times, of course, when the great parties have been ranged against one another on questions of high policy and with issues between them that demanded, and

often received, consideration by statesmen—great issues on which there was an honest division of opinion as to the policy most useful and beneficial to the country—and there will be such times again, no doubt. At present, however, there are few such political differences and divisions. And few such statesmen. This is the day of small things, of practically no policies peculiar to and the property of one great party over the other. This is the day of the irritant and the abrasive rather than the day of the full-fronted and well-defined political battle formation. And that is what all the shootin's for.

Looking for the Issues

A TIME ago a Washington organization of earnest and studious women decided to inform itself concerning this basic principle of national politics. The ladies were puzzled over why a Republican is a Republican and why a Democrat is a Democrat, and sought the underlying and actuating reason for party affiliation. They had observed vehement Republicanism, oratorical, claimedly patriotic, and intolerant of any virtue in the opposition, and they had observed exactly the same sort of Democracy. There must be a reason, or reasons, they said, for this wide divergence of political opinion and action, and where could those reasons be more illuminatingly expounded than in Washington, the seat of government and the habitat of uncounted partisans of both orders from all parts of the country? Where, indeed?

So they had a luncheon, or something similar, and they invited to it numerous of the leaders of both parties, and included a few insurgents, to explain this important matter to them, to set them straight on the exact and outstanding issues between the two great parties at the present time, and to show them the advantages, in a national and patriotic sense, of Republican domination of the Government rather than Democratic domination, or vice versa, as the case might be, set forth.



They ranged these eminent exponents of Republicanism and Democracy in an impressive row along the head table, or on the platform, or whatever it was, and, after the preliminaries, asked them pleasantly: "Now, will you be so good as to explain and expound to us the exact outstanding issues that are pertinent to the present situation in our country existing between the two great parties?"

Well, it was a complete washout. The explainers on both sides explained vehemently and valiantly, but the disappointing gist of what they said was that the Democratic Party is a glorious old party that was founded by Thomas Jefferson, and the Republican Party is a grand old party that was founded under the oaks at Jackson, Michigan, or up in Wisconsin, or over in Allegany County, New York, or somewhere else, and that each party, according to who was speaking, has a monopoly of all the patriotism, panaceas and political perfections there are.

That is as far, in essence, as any of them got. They used a lot of words, to be sure, and spilled considerable history and recalled many great performances of the past, but when they got down to the day and date on which they were struggling to answer their question they were all sunk. Even the most practiced political orator is stumped when it comes to putting a manufactured outstanding issue across on an intelligent audience. He cannot get away with it, and most of them do not try.

This little incident merely illustrates the situation that exists in Washington, and the condition back of it explains much of the sharpshooting, bushwhacking, huggermugger, hokum, denouncing, deprecating, delaying, pettifogging, double-crossing and general hullabaloo that is going on there. There is a historic basis for the statement that bricks cannot be made without straw. No more can real issues be made without primary and basic national reasons.

So, both sides, with the insurgents operating offside, are making medicine for the voters—good, old political Sagwa that cures all the ills of the body politic, provided you take the right brand, of which there are now three on the market: Republican Sagwa, Democratic Sagwa and Insurgent Sagwa. Each cures where all others fail. The old docs in charge of the making never lost a case. They say.

At the present time the Democratic medicine seems the most potent, but that is because the Democrats began mixing and distributing first, for there are some able medicine makers on the Republican side. The Insurgent mixture has its potencies also, but it is a sort of bootleg brew, because a part of the Democratic formula has been used.

The Democratic medicine seems the most potent at the moment because the Democrats, having nothing to be but be in opposition, early decided on the policy of *multum in parvo*—much in little—and went to it in a concentrated, intelligent and expensive manner. There is eminent and proved authority for the claim that water dropping day by day will wear the hardest stone away, and what the Democrats did was to engage and set into effective operation the most expert water dropper, or acid dropper, they could find. This was Mr. Charles Michelson, a newspaperman of many years' experience, of high intelligence and a facile pen.

Soon after Mr. Hoover was inaugurated, coming to the White House with an unprecedented vote behind him, Mr. John J. Raskob, who captained the campaign of Gov. Al Smith, and is chairman of the Democratic National Committee, dropped over to Washington. Mr. Raskob is a business man of acumen and understanding. He didn't do so well with his candidate, as it turned out, but that fact does not detract from his general knowledge of publicity and the beneficial effects thereof on the American public.

Mr. Raskob cast about Washington, seeking to find the most capable person for his purposes, which were inimical to the Administration, and he came upon the said Mr. Michelson. Whereupon, he endowed Mr. Michelson with a contract, furnished him with an assistant, and told these boys his desires. This was an unprecedented procedure. Mr. Raskob actually hired capable men and paid them adequately; thereupon proving, as had often been claimed, that he is no politician. The usual proceedings, in matters of political publicity, is to get some newspaper hack or some amenable editor boy from out in the sticks to take charge of national party publicity and allow them to send out dull essays on past party performances.

The desires of Mr. Raskob were to harass the Hoover Administration and the Republican Party day by day, to magnify its failures and deprecate its successes. This Mr. Michelson is not only an expert harasser but a competent magnifier and a clever deprecator. He knows the writing game—none better. And he sat in a fine suite of offices, also provided by the munificent Mr. Raskob, and almost immediately became the acute irritant, the urticaria and the barber's itch of Mr. Hoover and the Republican Party.

He put a high intelligence, a skillful pen, a great knowledge of Washington, government and national politics into play, and there was scarcely a day when he did not remove a few inches of cuticle from some big Republican, and on Thursdays and Saturdays he flayed the elephant until that grand old beast looked like the picture in the Milan Cathedral of that saint who is proceeding pensively down the street toting his removed epidermis over his shoulder.

He lighted, with unerring facility, on any blunder, mistake or stupidity of the Republican Party. He put out snappy statements and interviews with Democratic statesmen. He was right there, twenty-four hours a day, viewing with alarm, and if there wasn't any particular alarm to view on any particular day, he made some and viewed that.

Meantime the Republican National Committee, charged with the dissemination of publicity for the Administration and organization, picked up Doctor Work, its chairman, by the scruff of his neck, threw him out into the Mall, and installed a Mr. Claudius Huston as chairman, at the behest, it is said, of certain great moguls of the Republican Party. This Mr. Huston, it appeared, after his installation, had greater concerns than mere publicity. He had enormous affairs of policy and what not on his mind, and he paid little attention to Mr. Michelson and his busy bureau. He continued to pay small attention for the space of several months. He was quite obtuse in the matter.

The political psychology of Washington is simple. No President is a hero to that place after he has been in office a few months. Sometimes not so long as a few months. Everybody there wants something. From the nature of things, few can get anything. Hence it isn't long after a President comes in before Washington is seeking for something to say against him rather than for something to say for him, and this goes for his party fellows in Congress, also, unless he is subservient to all their demands.

Aggressive Attacks and No Defense

THUS, with practically no publicity that favored Mr. Hoover coming from the place for publicity to come from, and the steady Michelson stream of skillful publicity flooding over Washington, Mr. Hoover and the Republicans got into even worse disfavor than they would have been in normal and perfunctory publicity times. Nobody was defending Hoover, and the Washingtonians lapped up the attacks on him with delighted appetite. The Administration, as the Washingtonians viewed it, was a total loss, and no insurance. Naturally, as Washington is the center of government, this Washington view percolated into the country to some extent. The Democratic medicine makers were selling their nostrum far and wide, and that is the reason why persons like myself, who are familiar with Washington, go there as occasion demands, and travel about the country, are

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COMPANY MANNERS

It Was All Properly Gay and Foolish, and Everyone Seemed to be Having a Very Good Time

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"I DO think," said young Mrs. Lester to Martha Ayres, "that your husband has the most charming manners!" Martha made an effort to command the expression with which compliments should be accepted, even those to which one is related only by marriage. She managed only a meager smile. Yet, as she looked across the room at Derek, she quite saw Mrs. Lester's point of view. No one could bend from the waist quite so beautifully in greeting a guest as Derek. A sword at his belt, knee breeches and lace ruffles could hardly have made him more the cavalier. He could be trusted to find the perfect compliment for each woman even if he were blindfolded, and he could always give so subtly and yet convincingly the impression that this was a moment he had been anticipating with pleasure.

None the less, the dialogue which had preceded the arrival of their guests was still entirely clear in Martha's mind. Everything was always clear there. No romantic lights played over Martha's thinking and there was no theatrical gauze between her and her memories. She couldn't help it. That was the kind of mind she had. Seen now, one would never dream that Derek had been so disagreeable twenty minutes ago. But disagreeable he certainly had been.

He had come home late, so that he had hardly enough time to dress for dinner. Martha had to hurry him through it. To get the upstairs in that perfected condition which was necessary, if the women were to leave their wraps in the only possible bedroom, was always a race with time when they had people for dinner. It wasn't as if there were a guest room. With two children and two maids to house, the Ayreses' guest room had become a memory of their first few years of marriage, and entertaining had become more of a problem. The children always had to have supper a little earlier than usual and be tucked away in their rooms with the doors firmly closed on their last requests before company arrived. Stray towels had to be plucked out of the bathroom and thrown down the laundry chute after Derek's bath. Fresh powder puffs had to be put out and all traces of Derek's dressing removed. For, though in dinner clothes he always looked as if he came out of a bandbox, he invariably came out of a very disorderly room.

So it had been necessary to keep him moving. But that was no reason why he should have turned on the party. Only last week he had said that they were practically living at the town's expense and ought to have some people at their own house once in a while. Martha reminded him of that when he objected to what was going on tonight.

"Of course, I want to have people in. But you might pick a night when I haven't been in court all day."

"It's the only night that both Elsa and Belle stay in except Friday. And I thought you wanted to see that musical comedy on Friday. Besides, how did I know you were going to be in court?"

"I'm not making any objection," he said, long-sufferingly, "I'm just stating a fact."

But when he asked her who was coming, he groaned at the mention of the Masons.

"Why the Masons? You know what I think of Fred. He's a false alarm. He's always the wrong number."

She gave the well-known reason, "We owe them a dinner."

"I don't owe Fred Mason anything. The shoe's on the other foot. So I've got to look at him swaggering around all evening, have I? Pleasing prospect."

"Hattie Mason is one of your oldest friends."

"I'm not denying that. I like Hattie. It's Fred I can't see."

"I can't ask her without him, can I?"

"Oh, I suppose not. Who else did you say?"

"The Forbeses, the Cartwrights and the Lesters. It makes ten. Two people can cut in. It always works better that way."

"I don't like that Lester girl much."

"You hardly know her."

"Oh, I looked her over at the Christopher party the other night."

"She's pretty," said Martha, "in an early-spring-flower way. And she has clever clothes. Anyway, I had to have her. I've never had her here, though they've been living in town six months or more."

"Well," he said, as if it were Martha's fault, "I've got a big day tomorrow. And I hope this jamboree breaks up early."

"Act a little detached when they start to go, and it's soon all over," said Martha.

"I don't know what a person gets out of this sort of thing. Here's the whole house turned upside down because we are going to have a few people for dinner."

"Don't go into philosophy now. It's too near dinnertime. And the house isn't upside down. It's remarkably neat. Please don't throw things about so!"

"Where are my black ties, then?"

"Here," she said, opening the drawer on the left and a box within. He had taken a tie with no mention of gratitude, and just at that moment Martha had a sudden, almost irresistible impulse to grab it out of his hand. After all, he ought to be able to find his own ties. She wasn't his valet.

She went about the room picking things up after him, and he mumbled, "I'm certainly looking forward to meeting this gang tonight."

"They're your friends," she said, and left the room with a mental note that she must come back later to smooth out the bedspreads and make sure that the bureau drawers were closed.

That last remark was entirely true. They were Derek's friends, and some of his chosen ones at that. He might be sore at Fred Mason, but that was always temporary. As for the Mrs. Lester whom he didn't like, it wasn't the impression he conveyed in greeting her. Not without cause had Beryl Lester praised Derek's manners to his wife.

"Every time I see that girl, she looks better than she did before," thought Martha.

Mrs. Lester had paused beside her hostess only a moment before going on to talk to the nearest man. She always economized on the time she spent with women. Though she was charming with them, it was a charm vaguely differentiated from that which she used on men. She was blond without being too bright in effect, and delicate without seeming frail, and she was always just a little ahead of everyone else in the matter of clothes. The hemlines of her skirts had straightened while most other women were still in a state of indecision, and she knew the exact length for each hour in the day. Tonight she wore one of the new printed chiffons, and no woman in the room could have possibly mistaken it for a last year's model.

Martha was quite delighted to have things go as well as they did. Of course Derek was always a good host, but tonight he surpassed himself. Mrs. Lester, on his right because she had not been in the house before, began almost immediately to share everything with him—ideas, jokes, plans for the evening. They even collaborated on eating an extra artichoke. It was all properly gay and foolish, and everyone seemed to be having a very good time. But once or twice Martha remembered that day in court ahead of Derek and wondered just how tired he was. He was trying an important case, and a conspicuous one. In a wifely way Martha knew how much might depend on it. The Sears firm was going to be reorganized soon, when Curtis Jennings went to New York to live. They would need a trial lawyer in his place, and Derek wouldn't refuse a connection with that firm if he were offered one. He had a good business of his own, but Sears and Morton were the best lawyers in the city and he'd been working toward just such a thing. He wanted to distinguish himself in this defense and get a favorable verdict.

Martha's feet ached. She'd been on them since morning without intermission. She was glad when dinner was over, when there was no longer any doubt that the pineapple mousse was perfect, when the coffee tray had been taken out of the living room and the bridge tables set up. Martha liked bridge and she played without fear or trembling.

She didn't cut in for the first rubber. She and Freddy Mason were out. They sat in the study by the fire and Martha let Freddy praise himself. She never really minded him the way some of the rest did, and she knew how much he liked to make out that he was a big fellow. It was clear to Martha that Freddy almost had to maintain a delusion of grandeur about himself, for his wife had not only more money but more brains than he had. Fred was just the man she had married, and there were times when Hattie treated him with a good deal of contempt. Martha sometimes felt that was rather unfair, for, after all, Hattie had bloomed late, and certainly not until after her marriage. She had wanted Freddy badly enough, and she had not been sought after by much of a crowd. Of course, since then Hattie had come into money and learned how to wear clothes and taken off fifteen pounds, and Fred had taught her how to play golf and bridge, so it was a different story. Hattie was much admired, and she deserved to be. She had stepped right out and made a person of herself. But Martha thought she was often a little rough on Fred.

"Well, I told them this," said Fred to Martha, concluding a story in which he had been the only hero: "I said that if they wanted to make a success out of the thing, there was just one way to do it."

"And you could tell them what it was," finished Hattie from the doorway. Her tone was light, but it flicked him with mockery. "Freddy, do stop talking about your magnificent self. Do you really think it matters what you told them? Or that Martha cares?"

"Certainly I do," said Martha. She'd seen the anger and discomfiture on Freddy's face, and even on those plump, complacent features the mixture was pathetic.

"Everybody doesn't think I'm the fool that you do, Hattie," said Fred.

"Still, I know you best," answered Hattie. "Come on, both of you. The rubber's over. You cut in now."

Martha cut in at the table with Beryl Lester and Derek. She had seen Beryl's game before and knew what it was. Derek was playing with Beryl, and Martha knew that he had better keep her dummy all the time. It seemed to be his idea, too, until, when it came to the most exciting game of the rubber, she had to play the hand. It had been badly bid. There was a small slam in it if Beryl had understood Derek's bidding. But she let it go for four spades, and by the most ingenious and dexterous bad playing managed to get set two tricks. Martha didn't dare look at Derek. But Mrs. Lester did, and without shame.

She Was Worn Out by the Constant Drip of Gossip Which She Could Hear Going On About Her

"Sorry, partner," she said, "I guess it just wasn't there."

"I guess not," agreed Derek.

"Did I play it all right?"

"Of course you did," he said with protection in his voice, and took the cards from her with a smile that answered the one in her violet eyes.

Martha and Fred piled up quite a score before they cut again and Martha began to play with Derek. They were used to playing together, using the same system and conventions, conscious of each other's habits of bidding. And, of course, the hand that caused the argument was tricky. Martha did make six spades, but that was because the king of hearts was in the right place. She hadn't bid it. It shouldn't have been bid, not when they were vulnerable, and she said so.

"Well, of course, if you won't bid your cards properly!" exclaimed Derek.

"I bid the full value of the hand."

"You didn't. You threw it away. I gave you every chance to bid the slam."

"If the king of hearts hadn't been right what would I have done?"

"There were at least two other ways to play it." He explained both of them.

"And what would you do with that jack of clubs?" she asked. "The slam simply wasn't in the hand except by a fluke."

Derek gave a kind of impatient groan. "And you call that fancywork of yours bridge! Why don't you learn the game?"

Martha felt a kind of hot rage, partly because she could see Beryl Lester looking on as if she understood it all and saw what Derek had to put up with. And Derek had given that dumb girl a fatuous look when she'd thrown away game and rubber. He thought he could talk that way to her just because she happened to be married to him.

"It's your deal, Freddy," she said icily.

Derek played another hand, won, and he and Mrs. Lester cut out together. When he had seen that everyone had plenty of refreshment and proffered ice with as much manner as if he had formed each cube in person, he took Beryl in the other room by the fire. They came back three-quarters of an hour later with all sorts of understanding fairly dripping from their glances at each other.

Hattie looked up and said, "It's getting late. We'd better go."

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She Was Delicate Without Seeming Frail, and She Was Always Just a Little Ahead of Everyone Else in the Matter of Clothes

INTRUSION

He Picked Up the Telephone. "This the Police Station? Let Me Speak to Mr. Maxon. My Name's Anthony Walsh—Walsh. I'm an Escaped Convict, From Minnesota"

THE girl in the yellow car was trying to make him smile at her, and Lupus felt that she should know, if she had any brains at all behind her blue eyes, that Mary was his wife. But she never looked past him at Mary, on the seat beside him, and he was getting exasperated when pop spoke from the back seat.

"Try an' back out, you dumb an'mal, and cut off at the last corner. We'll never git home by six at this rate."

"If you'd like to try and back her out, daddy, why ——"

"How many cars behind us, boy?"

Lupus leaned out and stared back at a wilderness of flaming windshields. The young woman not six feet from him was lighting a cigarette, but he smelled sandalwood just before the first fumes advertised that she liked pretty cheap tobacco. How many years ago was it that policemen had ordered ladies not to smoke in the streets of Saratoga? And, when he was a kid, no lady would have stared at a man as she was staring at him now. He drew in his black head.

"I'd say it was about five hundred cars, pop."

"What's holdin' us up?" Mr. Van Eck yawned.

"We can't possibly tell, father," said Mary. "Be a brave Indian and wait patiently."

"Well," the sachem purred, "it's seldom I've had such a sour day at the races. Hosses one-half asleep, sun like a bonfire, an' now we're mobbed in ten miles south of Saratoga. If I wasn't sixty-three years old, I'd cuss. . . . Gimme your tobacco, Lupus."

Lupus flipped his cigarettes into the back seat. The girl in the next car was openly smiling at him through her smoke. He tried to frown at her. But she wasn't one you could squelch that way; her smile was jaunty and successful. She liked herself pretty well. A veil of lace was twisted around her little hat and a black, silky cloak hid her dress. The very dark man who fidgeted gloves on the driving wheel wanted to get ahead, and scowled embracingly at her and at Lupus.

"Having a good time?"

"Oh, don't be nasty, Anthony! He's so picturesque."

"Think so?" Anthony snarled. "He looks like an Italian, or one of those things. . . . What the devil is all this? Are they mending the damned road?"

Mr. Van Eck's drowsy purr became loud behind Lupus: "Better apply to the county to mend your manners, young feller. When you're talkin' so close to strangers, be civil. And I don't think much of your necktie, neither, now that you're gettin' so familiar. My grandfather got himself a nice duel in Paris once by tellin' grandmamma what he thought of the feller at the next table. But the feller knew some English. However, grandpop was a good shot. It runs in the fam'ly."

The young woman broke into laughter. Her head fell back and Lupus watched a white throat bubble. But the young man was not amused. His fingers ran down an orange tie and his lower lip stuck out. Lupus now noted that the fellow had blue eyes, singular beneath black brows and curly black hair, in the tan of his face. He was not used to being scolded by strangers. He presently bit the heavy lower lip and stared down the road once more. But sunlight declared the fresh sweat on his forehead, as though pop had scared him.

"That hurt," said Mary, under her breath.

"Had it comin' to him, Red."

"She's lovely," Mrs. Lupus Van Eck murmured.

"Too much paint, honey."

"The Van Ecks," his wife said, "are terrible prigs about little decorations!"

Lupus grinned and set to petting the white wrist beside him. This came to be an occupation, and he was not looking when all the cars moved forward. The machine behind them bumped the Van Eck stern.

Lupus started the car and then stopped it, as all the cars stopped again. Hundreds of people groaned and called to one another, and some kids on a mound near the packed roadway whistled.

"Rain in the Face," Mary asked, "what was your ancestor doing in Paris?"

"Honeymoon, daughter. He married an Albany gal—one of the De Lansings. There ain't none left now. It's an extinct tribe, like the Aztecs. Her folks wasn't pleased. He was only seventeen. Guess his dad sent 'em off to foreign parts to let the kettle cool down. It's how came that Ingress picture into the fam'ly. They was friv'lous kids and liked their pictures kind of racy."

"Ingress, Montezuma?"

"Yes'm. Ingress—I-n-g-r-e-s. . . . They come back from France in a sailin' ship. It took seven weeks and there was scurvy aboard. I can mind gran'daddy tellin' of it. Someone had gave grandmamma a barrel of lemons, an' they doled 'em out to the crew when the scurvy started. Travel was an awful chore in those times. . . . Git on, Lupus boy!"

The cars had moved, and now everything trickled along steadily. A great truck and a smashed little roadster had been hauled off the road just beyond the turn, under some trees. A tall policeman was giving strong advice to somebody and flapping a white cotton glove on the tank of his motorcycle. He paused and looked at the young woman in the yellow car gliding past him. She wasn't so common you'd forget her in an hour. She was really a beautiful kid, even with too much paint on her mouth and cheeks. But her stare was an intrusion. She should have more sense than to do that. He wished her Anthony would wriggle the yellow Permeo ahead, and sighed when everybody's brakes yapped and the procession stopped.

"You've made an impression, my darling. She yearns for you," Mary said in his brown ear.

"Do her a heap o' good, won't it, Red?"

"But you might smile at her, Lupus. She's working so hard."

"I will not, Red. Her fella's sore at her anyways."

"I wonder if he's very cheap. Let's see if he knows anything," she whispered. Then she swung her slim body in the seat and rather loudly asked Mr. Van Eck: "Powhatan, where has this Ingres picture been hiding? I've never seen it."

Lupus felt through his shoulders that pop did not want to answer. He might be stupid, but he did not make mistakes about his father's moods. After a little, Mr. Van Eck said, "Up in my room in a safe place, Red. It ain't big an' maybe not valu'ble. Mamma routed it upstairs when gran'daddy died. She was raised Presbyterian an' wasn't so partial to naked paintin'. . . . Git ahead, Lupus boy!"

"I'm crazy to see it," Mary declared—"a real Ingres!"

"It's just a bare-naked female, daughter. . . . You call this feller Ang? . . . Well, we can have it down for you to look at, now we're in modern times and don't git shocked at what didn't shock nobody in 1830."

This had interested Anthony. He turned his sulky, tired face and looked full at Mr. Van Eck as the big machine pulled past his smart yellow toy.

"He wasn't illiterate," Mary said. "Don't think she knew what we were talking about."

"They were havin' a scrap when we came abreast of 'em," the sachem mentioned. "Well, git us home, Lupus, now you've got the chance. I hate crowds."

Lupus swept the car around a corner into a lane and bundled it over a hill in much dust. There was something unanswered in his mind, but he tucked it away and drove. Twice his wife gulped uncomfortably and once a person in a truck said something rude. But Lupus drove, grinning, because pop enjoyed this speed. Then Rangerville showed on its swell of trees and after that there was nothing to hurry for. They could walk home by six o'clock from here.

"How's a guy get so tanned as that an' not get tanned on his wrists, Red?"

"What guy, my dear?"

"The fella in the yella Permeo with that girl, honey."

"I'd forgotten. You see, Lupus, that was fifty miles back and an hour ago. I've been through lots since then. I feel much older and wiser," said Mary, taking her hat off. "Maybe he always wears gloves. The Van Ecks shouldn't be snobs about complexions anyhow. Just because your Iroquois ancestress provided the lot of you with permanent tans, you shouldn't —— Oh, look out!"

Lupus evaded the hen leading four chicks across the highroad, but he still puzzled about the young man Anthony's wrists. Now that he was forty years old, Lupus often thought in long stretches of ten and twenty minutes, and life seemed more remarkable than ever. It was certainly remarkable that a fellow with such a fair skin as that Anthony had got to be so tanned just on his face. He thought about it for three miles, and then broke off to wonder why the red brick of his father's venerable house always seemed redder and deeper than brick piled up in other walls, and why the golden horse of the bigger stable's weathervane seemed always fresh and new as one drove down the valley. A little, unspeakable pleasure woke in the simple man's mind, because the house and the great pastures and the silent orchard were unchanged since early morning. Everything was certain here. White stone pillars of the porch framed his three sons. Carolus, who was twenty-one, sat on the top step preventing Henricus Abram, who was two, from rubbing a sponge on the face of Pieter Lupus, ten weeks old, in his shallow basket lined with frail stuffs and tiny pillows.

"Any news, kid?"

"Some. The nurse," said Carolus, "is sick."

"How sick?"

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Carolus civilly answered, "Pretty sick. I got her down to the hospital in the old car, dad. And she's all right. Her husband made an awful fuss. Always thought Swedes were so calm an' reserved an' all that. He wasn't."

Mr. Van Eck purred, "Well, tell us the worst, Carolus boy, now you've broke it easy."

"Just appendicitis, grandfather. But they said it was a good operation. She turned kinda green," the ideal son reported, "except her nose, y'know? Anyhow, they're sendin' out a new girl from the drug store. Her name's Kelly. Can't get here until tomorrow, because she has to be at her uncle's wake in Troy this evening."

Mary lounged up the steps, swinging her hat in one hand and put it on the black head of Henricus Abram.

"You're the perfect stepson, Caro. I'm so glad your father got married when he was eighteen, else we wouldn't have anybody mature to take charge of disasters. . . . Oh, Pete, don't begin howling just because I've come home to look after you! You haven't been abused at all. You'll get your bottle just the same as though ——"

"Hoss!" said Henricus Abram, prying the hat off. "Hoss!"

He pointed majestically to the open yellow car trundling past the white gateposts.

"Darling Henricus," Mary said, letting her red hair fall in sliding coils, "everything mobile is not necessarily horse. You're a Van Eck and your first word would have to be horse. But that's a car, precious. Say, car?"

"Hoss!"

"Car, Henricus," she urged.

"Hoss," said Henricus, in a monotone. "Hoss, hoss, hoss—hoss—'ss."

The yellow car climbed away up the gentle curve of the roadway and would be taking the pretty girl and her Anthony into the town of Couveris soon. Mary burst suddenly into her light laughter and threw all the streamers of red braid back as she pointed at her husband.

"She was chasing you, horse-breaker! Caro, a girl with an emerald bracelet and a French hat was wooing him in a jam on the road. She had predatory eyes. I couldn't see his left eye, and maybe he winked at her. But ——"

"Aw, Red!"

"Well, she did follow you, Lupus. . . . Come, Pete! Your mother's been dreadfully bored at the stupid races. Now we'll bathe you and have some excitement. Come, Henricus A. Tag along and spill powder on me."

"Hoss?"

"Certainly. All the world's a hoss, love. When you're five your grandfather'll give you a horse ten feet high to ride. Only three years to wait! Be patient."

Lupus scrubbed an ear with a fist after the screen of the living room's door closed and looked from his immobile father to his impassive son. This woman was still mysteriously minded, although he had been married to her for three years and three months. He sometimes wondered if she hated horses. On the other hand, she never showed any interest in the grand dairy beyond the stable yard, or in the prize cows Maggie and Priscilla III. His first wife had been much attached to cows, but Mary did not pay attention to talk of calves and the new bull.

"Some irritated," said Mr. Van Eck, and spat.

"Yeh, but why?"

"Did you wink to that hussy in the yeller car, boy?"

"Naw!"

"You dumb an'mal," his father purred, rolling a cigarette, "the gal was wavin' her face at you, mebbe to make her feller sore. Dunno why some women always make for a dark-complected man. It's why these pieces about Ayrab chiefs an' all give the chambermaids a good time in the films. If you was fair-headed an' freckled, Carolus boy, you wouldn't git half so many pink notes from fillies. . . . Git in and drive me downtown, Carolus. We need some more tobacco in the fam'ly."

Carolus swung into the car, although he was not clad for society. A slip of undershirt separated his amber shoulder blades, and white trousers finished up his costume. But a Van Eck could do no wrong in Couveris. Merchants went out to speak to pop at the curb; no girl would tease Caro for coming downtown in straw slippers. The tribe was privileged. If the young woman in the yellow Permeo had known she was intruding her smiles on the son of the man who bred Colony II and the grandson of the first owner of Fancy Girl, she might have not tried to be—well, what had she been trying to do? Get a smile from a good-looking man in the next car? . . . Women were funny.

Lupus went upstairs, shedding his shirt and necktie in the hall lined with photographs of horses and bulls, and strolled into the nursery where Henricus Abram chewed a sponge and Pieter Lupus Van Eck wailed gently in the tub. The baby stopped his noise when his father came to snap fingers at him. Mary jumped.

"He Worshiped the Ground I Walked On. He Offered Me a Villa at Monte Carlo to Stay With Him. But I Had to Help Anthony," She Said, "to Get Away"

"I can't get used to the Van Eck noiselessness! Even the old chief walks like a cat!"

"Aw, Red! . . . What? You been crying, honey!"

"What of it? I'm just blue. . . . No, I can't wash the papoose and be kissed! . . . That'll do. Go and amuse Henricus. . . . Henricus, that's your father."

"Hoss?"

"Not exactly, my own. He's more intelligent. Aren't his arms beautiful?"

"Say, Red, what upset you?"

Mary squeezed a sponge. "Nothing. . . . I suppose that girl has a family. Maybe they tried to look after her. But what'll become of her? She worried me. And that boy depressed me. They've given me a headache. He was so cross with her and so afraid of something. She was scared too. One thing women always can recognize is bravado. . . . Suppose they're motor thieves?"

Lupus wished the yellow motor and the man and the pretty girl might roll off a bridge. Nothing ought to come in on Mary this way. There should be no intrusions on her comfort. She ought not to be bothered.

"You're imaginin' somethin', honey. The girl was kinda tough. But he ——"

"Men are extraordinary! You'd know in a minute if Starlight or Bohunkus wasn't properly groomed. His clothes were cheap and he hadn't had time to have them fitted after he stole them. He kept looking back and sideways. They were getting away from something, Lupus. Couldn't you see it?"

"Say," Lupus said, "that—that's foolish, honey. You got a headache and you're imaginin' somethin'."

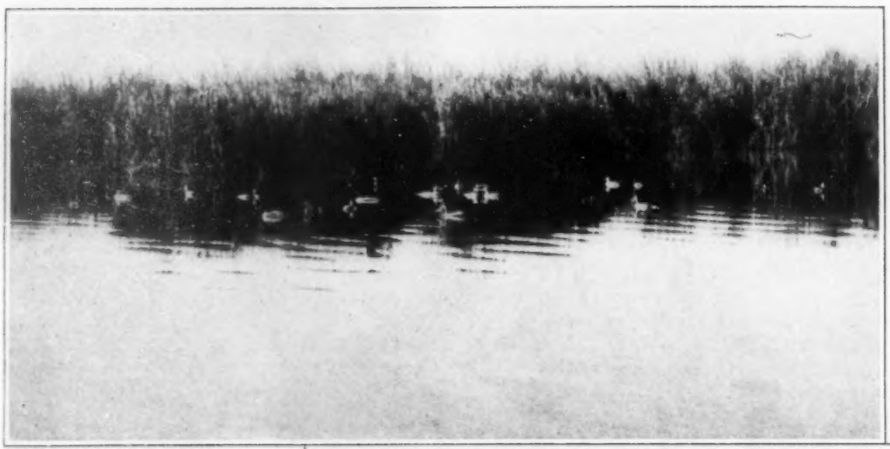
"I know I've got a headache, Lupus, but I'm not imagining anything. And he was scared! I'll bet you five dollars your father noticed something! Ask him!"

Henricus here seized a powder box and began to spill it on his legs. Lupus went away and took a shower in the bathroom. He thought a lot, slipping a towel to and fro on his hard back, and pulled on a clean blue shirt and a pair of his son's trousers which had got into his room by mistake. Mr. Van Eck's trousers were all corduroy, but the laundress often brought Caro's things to the wrong room, as Van Ecks got to be the same size at nineteen and never added a pound or an inch. He went on thinking, and flopped loose slippers down the stairs, to find his father in the gray living room, motionless before the fireplace, with sunlight twinkling from the brass band at the end of his unmentionable wooden peg. There were two unbroken conventions of the household: Nobody ever implied that a Van Eck horse was not the best horse available to mankind, and it was never mentioned that pop had parted from most of his left leg in a surgeon's tent below Santiago de Cuba in July of 1898. Motionless and expressionless before the fireplace the chief Van Eck smoked a cigarette and watched Carolus undoing a flat package, very dusty, on the big couch.

(Continued on Page 62)

QUACK! QUACK!

By Stewart Edward White



Shooting Over Wooden Decoys at a Southern California Duck Club

A Mallard in Flight

FOR a long time after I began to shoot ducks in California I was possessed by an uneasy feeling that the whole thing was being done under false pretenses, that in a moment or so I was sure either to wake up or to be ordered out by some angel bearing a flaming sword, with probably a stern reminder that I knew better. For I did know better. From early boyhood I had shot ducks, and the concomitants of that sport had become an integral part of my consciousness. You shot ducks in cold weather—preferably in stormy cold weather. You expected, as a matter of course, to break scum ice before your canoe or duck boat, to fumble numbly with the frozen cords of your decoys, to shiver and chatter in biting wintry blasts until daylight brought the first flights slanting down. Then the excitement warmed you up somehow. If it did not, you were no genuine duck shooter and should stay home. Fortunately there were plenty of ducks for the purpose. And you wanted it stormy and cold and what a sane man would call disagreeable, not to say impossible. That was duck weather. On a fine day the birds loafed far out in the open waters of the lake. Such a day was sunny and warm and pleasant in the blind, so that, physically, one basked in thorough comfort, but it did not mean ducks in real life and it came to connote complete absence of ducks mentally.

Then, as I say, I went to California.

Came the Dawn and the Ducks

HERE were marshes—lovely marshes—with winding sloughs and shallow ponds overflowing from them, and cat-tails and tules, and low flats reaching toward horizons hazily remote, and a vaulting spacious sky against which we peered keen-eyed to catch the slant of distant flocks, and the chirk-chitter of small, feathered business in the crisscross concealments of reeds, and the dipping garrulous blackbird flurries like drifting squalls, and the level, low, muffled glides of the marsh hawks, and the far, faint cawings of journeying crows. All the stage props had been carefully and familiarly assembled for ducks except the weather, which was sybaritic. Nevertheless, the ducks were there—bewilderingly, incredibly there. If it were not that even today—in a few favored concentration spots—I could still refer you to laboratory samples, I would hesitate to attempt any description. The reader would seem entirely justified in concluding me a victim of the good-old-days complex.

The duck shooter of that distant yesterday—or of that extremely localized today—arriving after dark at the ranch house—or the clubhouse now—where he was to sleep, stepped from his vehicle into a flat velvet pool of darkness overarched by the dark blue and silver of patinated night. It is the hour when ordinarily the bounds of the busy wide earth draw close, the circles of its horizons contract, and the immensities of the firmament expand to the overwhelming awe of infinity. Our spinning, tiny sphere, its details and complexities simplified to the uniformity of darkness and silence, takes on its appropriate insignificance among the galaxies. But tonight a counter spell is at work. Save perhaps for a dim gleam of silver here and there, visually the earth is in its customary monochrome. The pressure of simplicity is exacting its usual constriction to draw close the horizon circle. Nevertheless, the vastness of that circle holds. League upon league, the darkened marshes reach away into a far-flung distance, until at last they drop over the edge of the world or rise to the clear edges of mountains. And the force that holds them against the pressure is sound. Out of the velvet dark comes the unintermitting murmur of a vast multitude. It is continuous and uniform, like in quality to the voice of a city, but, like the city's voice, made up of a great variety of individual voices—a gabble, a cackling, a conversational give-and-take, a rushing, tumultuous river of eager sound that fills the world and must make room for itself even at the cost of night's infinities. And at intervals, clear and full-voiced, an individual note crying exultantly, then falling again into the murmurous stream. Quack-quack, quack-quack! Or a single clear note of warning.

For these are the wild fowl, thousands upon thousands of them, lying in flocks, in rafts, on the numberless marsh ponds and openings, their heads to the small night winds, talking over the day and its chances of pleasure and danger, exchanging its small talk and its gossip, offering the united blended voice of its peoples to the stream of consciousness. And if at any time of the night our duck hunter, turning over in his bed, rises partially and dimly from the depths of sleep, his somnolent senses are filled again by that unending, unintermitting voice.

Yes, the ducks were there!

Five o'clock, and the earth and sky still dark, but a new breeze wandering through the opening portals of morning and the wild fowl hushing in its expectation. At the heels of our guides we stumble along roughened tops of dikes, with the silver ribbon of water at our right hand and our left. There are sputterings, a low remark, and occasionally a swift, sudden breath-taking roar as we pass a pondlet too near. We can discern the agitation of the water as the ducks leap, but, peer as intently as we may, we cannot make out a single one of the hurtling bodies that must fill the air, even against the brilliance of star or moon, even against the paling sky of dawn. Hurry! Hurry! Stumble on faster! Across the east the low sharp mountain ridges crouch lower—the day is on the march!

Hastily we splash half-leg-deep across the hard bottom of the shallow pond to the blind. Hastily we drag out the sacks of wooden decoys and distribute their contents on the surface of the water. The day is nearing. Along the sky line of the mountain range has been laid a thin bright threshold of gold for her entry. The stars have dissolved into a dim-sky paleness. At intervals of a few seconds the air is charged overhead with an urgent electrical whistling of many wings; yet, stare upward as we may, we discover nothing. It is incredible!

"Good-by. Good luck." The guide is off, and we crouch low in the blind of tules.

There now ensues a tantalizing fifteen minutes. The ducks are astir; apparently daylight in sufficiency has come, but still we can discern nothing. From right, from left, in front, behind, overhead, that shrill crescendo whistle of wings and an occasional swish-splash of alighting. The lucence of the heavens surely should silhouette the flocks as though cut from black paper, but such is not the case. It is as though the very light itself possessed the concealing quality of mist.

With Thousands to Choose From

AND then far down the marsh a gun cracks. As though the shock of the faint, far reverberation has in some manner precipitated a visibility in suspension, we become aware of a flock of ducks, wings set, volplaning down directly toward us. You rise to your feet, your gun barrels topping the towering birds. And in all probability you are thrown quite off your shot by an unexpected roar and spatter of spray as hundreds of other unsuspected ducks, which, unseen, have sneaked among the decoys, spring violently into the air.

It is during the next two hours that I want to show you what ducks can be. Back East, where we had the best, there were plenty of them, to be sure, for all practical purposes. They came in in huge flocks, I know, and no man could ask for better shooting anywhere. But we waited for them; and we called them, luring them down with crafty simulations on our reed calls, and crouched rigid, awaiting the slow, examining circle of indecision; and between times we scanned the sky for the next comers. Here they came—and under the most favorable conditions at the concentration points—still come in waterfalls, avalanches, cascading down from the upper air with the bold freedom of tumbling water, unending, bewildering, so that one unaccustomed, rising to his feet, is confusedly unable to select among the thousands zooming steeply in rushing recoil, and delivers his two shots wildly, and humiliatingly without result. And almost before he has reloaded he is again deluged from the rear. There are no waits; there is no chance of, no necessity for, the craft of calling. The air is

literally full of ducks. It is necessary to watch one's count, for in the enthusiasm and excitement one is likely to lose track. Many a good sportsman from the East has apologetically confessed that, though he has had every intention of abiding by the law, he has knocked down a dozen over the limit before he realized it could be possible to get a limit so quickly. Many a man has often bagged his full quota before seven o'clock. Until recently, quite often that quota has been of selected species—all mallards, or all pintails, as his fancy ran.

In the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley I have, in the old days, from horseback, seen the surface of large ponds so completely covered with ducks loafing that only here and there, at rare intervals, could I discern the gleam of water. As I approached, the birds would rise with a roar like a great waterfall. Their bodies, wheeling and turning in the sky, resembled a large flock of mosquitoes. It seemed as though space could not contain them, that they must necessarily jostle one another. And then from that same pond, as I rode even nearer, would thunder a second, and then a third flight, each apparently as numerous as the first. Or along the sheltered side of one of the greater lakes or reservoirs, on a windy day, would rest, ashore and afloat, a solid band of birds, literally miles long by a hundred or two yards wide. Similar rafts sometimes lined both east and west shores of San Francisco Bay.

Feathered Propaganda

I AM not exaggerating. I could not exaggerate if I tried. This abundance obtained at every favorable wet place in the long interior valleys of California; it obtained in every irrigation ditch, so that one of the most amusing ways of obtaining a bag was to walk along dry-shod and jump the birds from such places; it obtained to a lesser degree also along the coast band of territory. There is no question that the only estimate as to numbers must have been literally in the tens of millions.

If you happen to be a visiting sportsman of prominence to whom the fraternity wishes to be especially courteous; or if you are a writer or a legislator or a what not to be persuaded, you may still have exactly the delightful experience I have outlined; and if you then directly depart you will testify to your friends—or to Congress, or to whomever it is hoped you will testify—that there could not possibly be any more wild fowl, that depletion is nonsense, that reduction of bag limits is idiotic, or whatever it is they want you to say. If that experience is yours, you may rest assured you have been taken to one of the very few places where the duck movements concentrate. That is a favorite trick of argument. At such places are taken the still pictures and the movies used to show legislators or objectors that talk of duck scarcity is ridiculous. It would be much more to the point to show investigators where the ducks used to be, but now are not.

For down the long stretch of the valley and the coast are thousands of enticing ponds and sloughs and marshes now inhabited solely by mud hens and grebes and a few spatters. And this is important: In my own knowledge, and only a few years ago, the ducks were as abundant in all these now deserted places as they are at the present concentration points. I know what I am talking about, for I have seen.

This is a curious situation—an unfortunate one in that it tends to confuse the issue. Other game, when overshot, thins out. We find our quail distributed over the same country, but in twos and threes instead of in thousands. Ducks we have still in the thousands, but in only a few localities. If we visited only those localities we would believe them to be as abundant as ever. If we avoided those localities we might conclude there were no ducks at all. The concentrations, by the way, are due partly to reclaiming of large areas of marshland, but mostly to the planting of rice fields and to artificial feeding. Maps shaded to indicate wild-fowl population at ten-year intervals would show a shrinkage and a separation of areas analogous to the evaporation of a body of water. To point to the concentration places as indicative of abundance is like pointing to two or three shrunken puddles in the aridity of what had once been a wide, unbroken sea, and saying triumphantly: "See! The water is just as wet as it ever was!" And as the center of density of the ducks has drawn in and concentrated, where before it was spread evenly over a great territory, so, following them, the army of duck shooters has drawn in and concentrated. Men think nothing of driving hundreds of miles to their blinds. Los Angeles shooters go regularly to points far north of San Francisco. Airplanes are rapidly coming into use. To make it complete, though the numbers of the ducks have decreased, that of the hunters has greatly augmented. When I was a boy, only a few men of each community went afield. Now, what with the motor car and fashion—especially fashion—an incredible number of the male and many of the female population go a-ducking, and many of them do not even know what a sportsman is, or care. A hundred now hunt ducks where yesterday was but one; today there is one duck where yesterday were a hundred.

It is a campaign of attrition. In overuse of anything the cycle is plain. First we get along on our income. Then there comes a time when, in order to produce our desired quota, we add to the amount of the income a bit of the principal. The reduced principal naturally produces less income next year; so we have to use a little more principal to make up the required sum. And so on. For a while, if we are sufficiently chuckleheaded, things seem all right, and, if questioned, we stoutly maintain our complete solvency. But the process has a disconcerting acceleration to it at a certain point. We seem to go broke overnight, so to speak, so that we are dazed by the apparent suddenness of catastrophe, and cannot believe it attributable to natural causes. We have been robbed, and we rush about shrieking random accusations.

Dropping to Decoys. Only a Poor Shot Could Miss This One

Sprigs Coming Into a Loafing Place

A Typical Blind

The Quest for a Full Bag

IN THAT parable you can call it either money or ducks. The principle obtains. In one case the unit is the dollar; in the other it is a queer institution called a "limit." As long as we can produce either a dollar or a limit we are solvent. When we cannot produce it, we make as many excuses and for as long a time as possible before acknowledging ourselves bankrupt.

We all know what a dollar is. A limit is the legal number of ducks a man may shoot in a day or possess at one time. Its intent is obvious. That it fails by several parasangs to live up to its intent we shall shortly discuss. But for the moment let us consider it, like the dollar, as our unit of value. That is what it has become. I have actually heard good sportsmen wail over the failure of their day's shoot because they had brought in only twenty-four ducks instead of the limit of twenty-five. I have heard others proclaim with a mixture of pride and chagrin that they had had to crouch in the blind until three o'clock in the afternoon before the lone duck came along that filled out the number. "And I had all but one by eight o'clock," said they.

It is a curious point of view, but we are not concerned with that for the moment.

Now, even a few years ago, anybody could get a limit anywhere. Some days it took longer than other days, that was all. Then, a little later, anybody who belonged to a club could get a limit, and there were a great many clubs scattered from Eureka to San Diego. The poor shots used more shells and time than the good shots, to be sure, but failure to produce the limit was a matter of accident, hard luck, chagrin and josh.

And next it came to the point where the clubs were segregated from one another as good or bad according as they could produce limits invariably or not. This was the first noticeable symptom that the capital was diminishing—had anybody noticed it.

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DANGEROUS, BUT PASSABLE

By Anne Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"WHOOPEE!" called Mrs. Allen in Pete's ear. "I'll bet we're doing fifty."

"No!" he yelled back, above the rattle of tin and swish of wind. "I don't guess it's more'n thirty, but she's sure stepping along. Seems like she's racing to keep ahead of the sun. She ain't forgot what yest'day was like."

Having risen by starlight to escape the heat of the Nevada desert, they had already been on the road two hours. Long fingers of sunlight, reaching from behind them, were pulling gray-green clumps of sage out of the shadows. Then red dawn lit the waste on either side of the straight, narrow road, and the car leaped ahead, snorting like a horse running before a prairie fire. All at once the full, hot day was upon them.

"Whoopee!" called Mrs. Allen, undismayed; and "Whoopee!" responded Bunny and Buster jubilantly from the back seat.

Gambler, the goat, gave up the effort to stand erect in the swaying trailer and settled down to sleep, chewing her cud.

"We ought to get to Los Angeles in about three days if we keep on like this," shrilled Pete, holding down the unstable throttle with his left hand to rest his right.

They were bearing down rapidly upon a car that was going in the same direction.

"Give them the horn, so they'll move over," directed Mrs. Allen.

But the driver ahead paid no heed to the clamor behind him. He plodded along deafly at some twenty miles an hour exactly in the middle of the road, leaving no room to pass. Pete cut off his gas suddenly and put on his brakes, which, as is to be expected in a car blazoned with wise cracks, were far weaker than his horn. They slid along with decreasing speed for fifty yards, then butted feebly into the bumper of the car ahead. Even then its driver paid no attention to them, but his mate rebuked them competently.

"Well, why didn't you let us by?" demanded Mrs. Allen. "Are you both deef, or just dumb?"

"If you think we're going to get off in this sand for you, you're mistaken."

"There's plenty room if you move over."

The woman sat down again and turned her back on them maddeningly. For the next half hour the car ahead crawled on with a futile margin of pavement to right and left. The Allens fumed. The sun grew hot and hotter. In vain they peppered those rigid backs with a fire of admonitions.

Finally the road widened for a dozen yards, like a rheumatic joint, and the Allens shot by, jeering and triumphant.

Bunny hung over the back and made faces so varied, so ingenious that Lon Chaney, had he known what was coming to Hollywood, might well have paled.

"Now see if you can get back to fifty again, Petey," coaxed Mrs. Allen.

"Thirty," corrected Pete as definitely as if he had been reading a speedometer. "Gosh, she's picking up good again."

Almost at once they heard a horn, querulous and insistent, behind them.

"A cop!" exclaimed Pete, scared but proud. Deep in his heart he had always longed to be stopped for speeding.

"No, it ain't," said his mother, sticking her head out the side. "It's just a car. Why it's the same old crabs that held us up back there. They gotta nerve. Don't move over for them, Pete. Get right in the middle of the road and give them a dose of their own medicine. Let's keep our backs turned like they did and not pay any attention to them." She turned around to Buster and Bunny. "Don't you kids dare look back even to make a face at them."

The other car, showing surprising speed in view of its earlier performance, bore down upon them with almost hysterical honking, but the Allens merely giggled and looked straight ahead.

"That'll learn them a lesson," said Mrs. Allen. "Did you ever hear such a squawky horn?"

Pursued and pursuer went on, mile after mile, across the hot desert.

"Their horn's got the pip now," Bunny said. "No wonder."

"I wish we'd come to a filling station," said Pete presently. "We must be about out of gas."

"Don't stop!" implored his mother. "They'll get by us."

But Pete's eyes lit up with relief when they fell upon a Gas One Mile sign. The car rolled up to the filling station with one last hiccough.

"What do you use for a gas substitute?" grinned the gas man as he squinted into the dry tank.

"Fill it quick," said Pete. "We're trying to make that car back there eat our dust."

Even as he spoke, it pulled up in the scanty shade beside them.

"We've been trying to catch up with you for the last twenty-five miles," called the woman, in an exasperated voice. "Don't try to make out you didn't hear us!"

"Sure we heard you," grinned Mrs. Allen.

"It was simply awful the way that boy drove. I wish now we'd let you go on. We just wanted to tell you you lost your trailer, with a pink and green goat on it, twenty-five miles back."

"Gambler!" gasped Mrs. Allen.

The whole family leaped out and ran around behind the car to confirm the awful news. Gambler, their treasured pet, their dairy, was gone, trailer and all! Mrs. Allen cuffed Bunny and Buster.

"Why didn't you good-for-nothing kids keep your eyes on her when we was going so fast?"

"You told us not to dare to look around at them," whimpered Bunny, pointing to the bearers of the bad news, who had started their engine and swung out into the middle of the road once more, crawling on with that futile margin to right and left. Pete looked after them resignedly.

"Well, if I gotta go back, I might as well start. You folks stay here and wait for me, mom, where it's shady."

Mrs. Allen sat in the shade with the younger children and drank warm pop. She felt as if she would never be cool again. The joyous morning seemed far in the past. The gas man sat down beside them and opened up two packages of gum handsomely, but for once she failed to react to masculine society.

"Where are you folks bound for?"

"Hollywood."

"Going to stop off at the Grand Canyon?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Allen, after a moment's delay to retrieve her gum from behind her plate. "Where's it at?"

"Right on your way, and it ain't far outside the Los Angeles city limits either."

"What's it like?"

A Packer, Drowsily Leading a String of Empty Pack Mules Back to the Upper Corrals, Came Upon Them Suddenly. He Was Riding With Idle Rein and Head Fallen Forward. All at Once His Mule Planted All Four Feet Together

Pat Roared With Laughter, and Mrs. Allen, Who Had Commenced to Get Sleepy, Sat Up, Blinking—"He Said They Got Scared at a Purple-and-Yaller Goat With Gold Horns That Some Tourists Were Milking on the Trail!"

The gas man pushed his hat back as if to give his brains more air.

"Well, you know what a canyon is, don't you? I guess you call them ravines or hollows back where you come from. This is the biggest one in the whole world. That's why they call it the Grand Canyon; and way down at the bottom of it is the river that made it. Sure is pretty. You hadn't ought to miss it."

"Can we camp there?"

"Nobody can keep you out. It's a national park, open to everybody."

"Wait till I see how much money I got left."

Mrs. Allen stood up and emptied her purse on the head of an oil drum, separating currency from grimy handkerchiefs, sticks of gum, compacts, hairpins, coupons, keys, broken earrings and grayish peppermint drops. She shook her head ruefully.

"It don't hardly seem like we can do it on what I've got. Nine dollars and sixteen cents, not counting in this Canadian quarter. But I do hate to miss anything when I'm traveling."

"Take a chance," urged the gas man. "You can make it if your luck holds. And if it don't, most always a filling station will give you a gallon or two of gas to get rid of you."

"I don't believe a rich gov'ment like the United States would leave us starve in one of their parks anyhow," said Mrs. Allen thoughtfully. "It wouldn't look right."

Pete arrived a couple of hours later with the trailer bumping and swaying behind him.

"Poor Gambler seen me coming away down the road," he said as he stretched out on the ground, "and she pretty near talked, she was so glad."

The gas man rubbed the sand out of his eyes and stared at the goat.

"For gosh sake! Did you hatch that thing out of an Easter egg?"

"No," snapped Mrs. Allen. "She used to be white, but I rented her out to a no-account dentist we met up in Idaho, and he dyed her and gilded her horns for street parades. He beat me out of the rent too." She ordered another round of pop, as if to close the subject. "Wha' do you think, Pete? We're going to the Grand Canyon as soon as you get cooled off."

"How do you get there?" Pete asked.

"This man's been there. He'll tell you."

The gas man brought out a small map, which he marked with a stubby pencil. "About forty miles from here you'll come to a place called Gilead. Take the road leading off to the left and it will bring you into Kingman, and from there you can't go wrong." He looked up and saw Bunny trying to make Gambler drink pop out of a tin cup. "But say, they won't leave you take that goat into the park."

"Why not?"

"Against the rules."

"Who's going to stop us?"

"The man at the gate. You have to stop and register before you go in."

"Hmph!"

The Allens negotiated the desert cut-off without mishap, proving that the day of miracles is not past, and camped that night at Ash Fork. An interested crowd gathered around Buster while he milked Gambler, and he had a brisk trade in goat's milk at ten cents a drink as long as the supply lasted.

"Shucks!" grumbled a camper. "Nothing but plain, ordinary goat's milk. I expected it to be a strawberry sundae, at least."

"I can see it's going to be hard to get Gambler into the canyon without being seen," said Mrs. Allen, as they spread out their blankets after supper. "And yet I'm scared to leave her tied to the fence outside, for fear somebody will steal her."

"I've got an idea," said Pete, yawning. "We'll cover her up with the tent."

So the next afternoon, when they were almost in sight of the park gate, they pulled off the road into a grove of yellow pines, and, taking their pup tent from the back of the car, undertook to spread it over the trailer and Gambler.

Immediately there was a wild heaving of canvas and sounds of smothered bleats. The trailer seemed likely to be kicked to pieces. They jerked the tent off hastily, and Gambler leaped off the tailboard. The children caught her and brought her back.

"She's scared," protested Buster. "I'll bet she'll act all right if you let me stay in there with her and pet her."

They tried it once more. Buster, having induced Gambler to lie down in the trailer, settled down beside her with his head against her rank-smelling pelt. Gently, a few inches at a time, the tent was lowered over them. Buster stroked her with one hand while he contrived ventilators with the other among the folds of canvas, and they passed the checking station safely. Then they found a secluded camping place, and, having set up the tent, interned her with Bunny on guard.

"Now let's walk around and see if there's anything more to this park," said Mrs. Allen. "It looks to me so far like we got gypped on our admission."

They followed the crowd over to the Hopi village where the sunset dancing was commencing, and joined loudly in the applause. Things began to look better.

"That's a pretty good medicine show," whispered Mrs. Allen to Pete. "Let's not wait for them to sell their kidney cure though."

"I'll bet there's a roller coaster somewhere," suggested Buster, pulling at her sleeve. "Come on, mom."

All unaware they approached the canyon rim. Mrs. Allen paled and recoiled. Then, holding Pete by one hand and Buster by the other, she peered cautiously into the depths.

(Continued on Page 70)

SPUR TRACK

By LEONARD H. NASON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"The Manager and Myself are the Only Ones Who Need to Know About the Case," Said Mr. Bannion Coldly. "No One Except Yourself Ever Wants to Know About Cases, and I Was Going to Tell You When I Was Interrupted. We Simply Sat Tight"

ONCE upon a time there was a man named McClusky, who was the chief adjuster for the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company. The policy salesmen of this company claimed that they worked twenty hours a day to get business for the company, but that McClusky worked twenty-four to lose it. In that glorious company of policyholders' friends that the advertisements represented the company to be, he was the one that held the bag and had charge of all that was put therein. The chief adjuster's job is to keep the other adjusters at work—which McClusky did with all the delight and pride in his task of a slave driver in the days of the galleys—to say what claims shall be denied—which he did with fierce joy—and what shall be paid. Each dollar that went out in those payments might well have been a drop of his heart's blood.

McClusky feared no man, and "loss ratio" was his god. The adjusters under him cursed him in their hearts by day, and dreamed of him when they had overeaten at night. Not one of them, seeking shelter for an hour from the winter's cold in a convenient movie palace, but feared that any minute McClusky would stamp down the aisle and summon him outside. Men in distant branch offices would frighten their subordinates with tales of him: "Miss Black, you better keep those files in better shape. If McClusky should blow in here some morning, you'd blow out! He never warns, he fires!" Or, "Tom, you better get after some of these old cases. If McClusky should drop in here he wouldn't listen to any excuse! Boy, he'd pay you off out of his own pocket and tell you to get out before he wound up your neck!"

In the Kansas City office of the Eagle, upon a day, all was thankfulness. McClusky had arrived on a visit of inspection. The uncertainty was gone, the fear was over. He was there, in the flesh, and when he got away, would not be back for a year. If he was going to fire anyone, why, let him. Those who did not know him were disappointed.

They could see him behind the glass-inclosed office of the district claim manager, sitting smoking and reading case folders. He did not roar, nor did he cast anyone through the glass partitions. Well, well. And so all this stuff they had heard was bunk! Oh, well, anyone from Boston couldn't be very hot anyway! But the manager thought otherwise. He had a wife, two children and debts, and he knew that that rock-hard face across the desk had before it a sort of unseen balance, on one scale of which was the manager, and on the other a pile of case folders.

"There's not much attention being paid to signed statements in these folders!" growled McClusky, lighting a fresh cigar. "Let's have that improved. Next to the release, the statements is the most important. What is there difficult about taking a statement? Nothin'. It's a story of what the witness or the driver or the injured knows about the accident, that's all. The sooner it's taken after the accident, the clearer the guy's memory will be. If the man that took it is worth the money it costs to have it typed, he'll get all the important facts about speed, condition of roadway, distance from curb and that stuff in the statement. Then, when the case comes to trial, if you birds are dumb enough to let it, three years or so later, favorable witnesses can read their statement and jog their memory, and unfavorable ones can be calmed down a little when they get on the stand, if they've had their memory jogged by the other side! But only if the statements is signed! Don't forget that! Have 'em write: 'I have read this statement of one, two or three pages, and it is true,' and in their own handwriting! Make your men do it!"

"We've found," coughed the manager, "considerable trouble in this state in getting a signed statement to the jury. Our attorneys ——"

"Bah!" snarled McClusky. "You get the statements in the folder! That's your job! The attorney's alibi for not gettin' it to the jury's another story! That's the trouble with you guys! You're always findin' excuses for somebody else! If it ain't the plaintiff, it's our attorney! 'I don't want to take statements because the attorney can't get 'em to the jury!' Bah! 'We oughta pay what this claimant wants because he's got a good case!' Bah! Go out and kick the case full o' holes! That's what you're paid for, not to find reasons why we ought to pay. The claimant will show us enough reasons for that, and we don't have to pay him neither. When in doubt, say 'No!' If you can't see no reason, an' the case is open an' shut, say 'No' anyway, because you're a claim man."

"But the underwriting sometimes get sore," said the claim manager. "Out here in the branch offices we get direct reaction. If we kick on a payment, say for a little repaint job after a collision, the assured will call up the man that sold him the policy and the salesman will come back here and give me a great argument."

"Tell him where tuh go!" barked McClusky. "Who answers when the directors ask why the loss ratio has gone up one half of one per cent last year? The underwritin' department, or the claim? Huh? Who? Us! We're the boys that answer! Right there on the carpet without a friend in the world! Listen! A claim man has got to fight 'em all! He's got to yell 'em all down! Plaintiff, attorney, doctor, underwriter, salesman—all of 'em! The plaintiff is his meat! Sign 'em up! That's my motto! Sign 'em up, an' cheap!"

The door behind McClusky opened and someone entered. Without turning his head, McClusky growled, "We're busy."

The door closed, but feet—insolent feet—walked across the office to another chair, into which someone sat.

McClusky looked up, his lips tight. He saw across the desk a newcomer, a man lean and hard, with cold eyes, wavy, iron-gray hair, manicured hands, wing collar, a beautiful, expensive suit, and an air of disdainful haughtiness that was like salt in a wound.

"Juh hear me say we were busy?" growled McClusky.

"I did."

"Well?"

"Why, I'll just wait here until you're at liberty."

"Um-m!" said McClusky. "Are you somebody I should know?"

"Well," said the newcomer quite calmly, "I can't answer that. But I'm resident vice president here, in charge of the Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma district for the Eagle Mutual."

"Huh!" grunted McClusky, as though he stopped a swing in the region of his belt buckle. "Er—well, well! My name's McClusky. If you're Mr. Bannion, I've seen your name. H'm. I ain't been out here for a couple of years—kinda far from Boston. H'm! You're since my

time. Uh-huh! We was just goin' over a couple of cases—nuthin' important. You want to see me about somethin'?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Bannion coldly, "if you're sure you're quite at liberty."

McClusky gurgled—possibly in assent. The claim manager felt a certain apprehension. If anything started here, the grain of wheat between two millstones would be in an enviable position compared to him.

"I have been wanting to talk to you," went on the vice president, "for some time. I understand that you are a champion of economy. Is that correct? Yes. Now, then, I don't need to tell you that branch offices—especially new ones like ours—have a difficult time making both ends meet. Every expense—salary, rent, office fittings, and so on—is charged against us at the home office, and if the books show a figure in the red against us for too long a time, the man at the head of the office is requested to try his hand elsewhere."

"I have a good many important cases here," mumbled McClusky, "and the train for Birmingham ——"

"I want to ask," went on the vice president, with a slight motion of the hand—as if he said, "Let me finish first"—"for the coöperation of the claim department. I have had a number of requests from your representative here for a file clerk. Now, I feel that he can step to the files himself for any case he needs, and we meanwhile save ourselves eighteen dollars a week."

"Well," said McClusky, "I approved that request for a file clerk. Gee, he can get his own cases, but if he has to look up coverage himself and all that, it's a loss. We're payin' him to settle cases, and if he's got to get the folder himself, look up coverage himself, and file his reports in it himself, why, we're payin' a file clerk fifty dollars a week! He's takin' time from the work he's paid to do, to do something we can hire a nitwit for eighteen a week to do!"

"That's the attitude after a snap judgment," said the vice president, "but on analysis the situation is different. The girl's wages are charged to the claim department, but to the claim department of this office! Perhaps just that eighteen dollars a week, repeated fifty-two times, is the difference between making this a paying office and a losing one. Now, then, what would this girl do if she were here?"

"Why, she'd file correspondence, look up coverage ——"

"The correspondence can be filed by the man that receives it. Now, you know that we haven't written any automobile business in this state to amount to anything. I know, and your claim manager here knows, every automobile risk we have by heart. That's not difficult, because we have only four. The compensation risks are simple. Either we cover or we don't. The stenographer here makes up the folders, and if any come in from a firm she is in doubt about, all she has to do is to look on the list and see if it's covered. You don't get compensation reports unless you cover a firm anyway."

"Sometimes there's a question of date ——"

"The date the policy takes effect is on the list."

"Well," agreed McClusky irritably, "all right! The claim department ain't interested in how you run your office. All we ask for is results. If the claims get proper handling, we don't care who does it or how. But it don't pay to save nickels and lose dollars! If there's work to do it's better to hire a girl to do it than to have a high-salaried adjuster doin' it. I know a little bit about adjusters! If they get the slightest excuse to stay in off the street when it's cold or rainy, they'll do it! You set a man to doing his own filing, and he won't do nuthin' else! Well, now, Mr. Bannion, how you run your office—like I said—is your affair, but these cases here is mine."

He reached for another folder. Bannion, lighting a cigarette, seemed about to launch forth into more discourse, when McClusky's brows came down like a falling portcullis.

"What's this?" he barked. "Walkaheap versus Odessa Box and Shook. No dictation!"

"It's a new case," said the claim manager nervously.

"I can tell you about that case," smiled the vice president. "I have personal knowledge of it."

"It's not a new case!" said McClusky severely. "It's three months old. And if it was twenty-four hours old, it should be up to date. You should have a memorandum in there: 'I thought about this case before I went to sleep last night, and decided to do the following'; so's if you die in the next five minutes your successor could pick up the case from where you left off!"

"Well," said the claim manager, "I was away, and then our only girl was out sick ——"

"The case is closed, I believe, anyway!" interrupted the vice president.

"How come closed?" demanded McClusky.

"It's a case," said the claim manager hurriedly, "of an Indian named John Walkaheap. He was pushing a hand truck along a loading platform, and they snapped an empty freight car off onto the company spur track. It hit the truck and John, and knocked all for a gool."

"Juh go up there?"

"No." The manager looked helplessly at the vice president.

"I refused to approve the travel expense," said Mr. Bannion, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "This all took place at Odessa, Oklahoma. As you may know, the railway communications in that state leave much to be desired, so that to go to Odessa takes about four days. I can't have men running around wasting money as long as that. We handled the case from here by correspondence."

"I don't see no correspondence in the folder here!" scowled McClusky.

"I have it here," coughed the claim manager, opening a drawer of his desk.

"Well, it ought to be in the folder, where it can be found, but havin' no file clerk I suppose ——"

"The manager and myself are the only ones who need to know about the case," said Mr. Bannion coldly. "No one except yourself ever wants to know about cases, and I was going to tell you when I was interrupted. We simply sat tight. We know the law here, I believe, as well as the home office. A compensation case can't get away from you. The law provides that the injured shall get a certain portion of his salary while he is disabled, and this portion is so small that he's glad to get back to work just as quickly as he can."

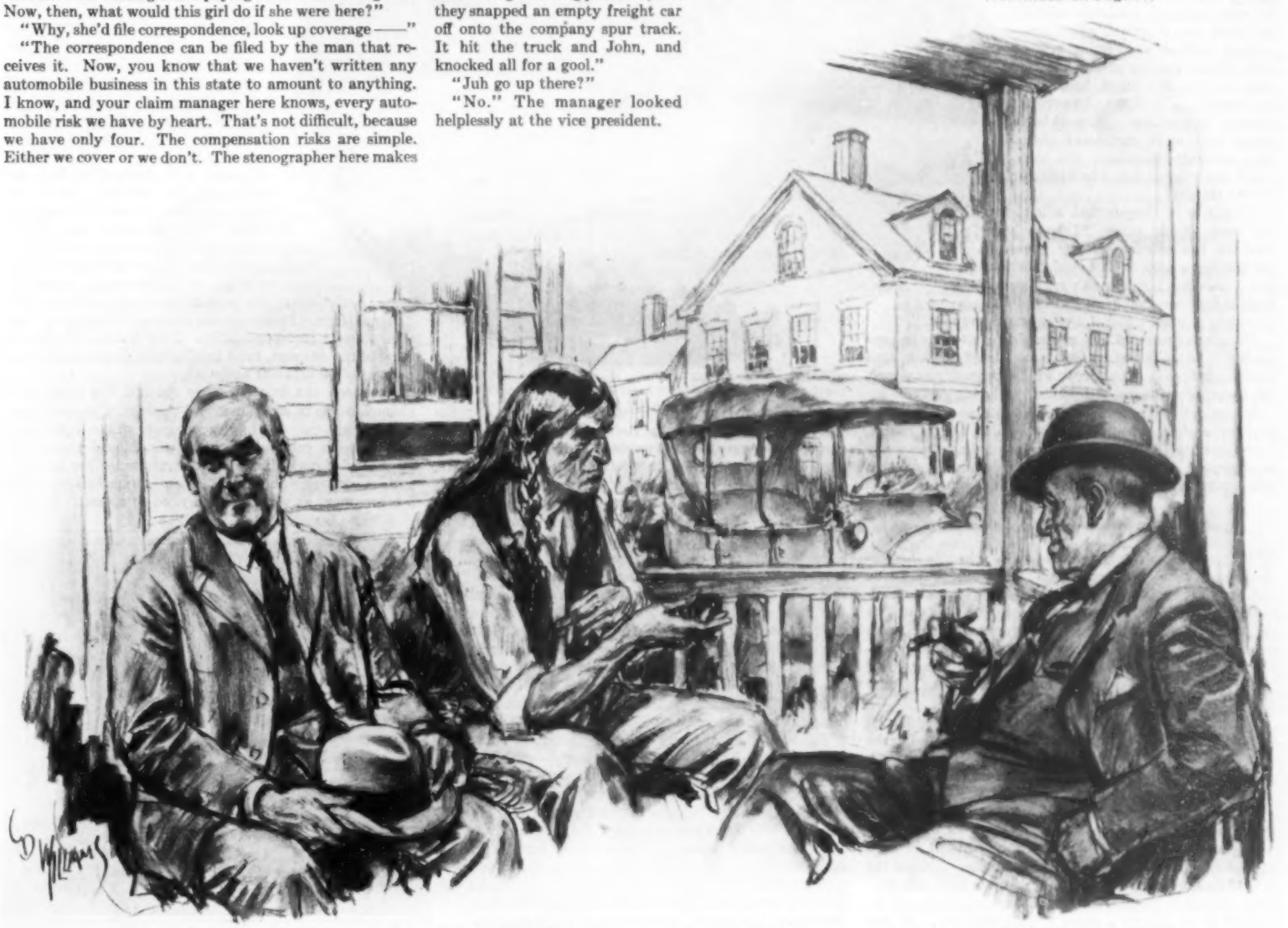
"Yeh, but you can get the assured sore," replied McClusky. "He wants to keep his employes happy, and if they have to wait for their money on comp cases, it's likely they won't be."

"Well, we could say we were going to pay the comp all in a lump when he went back to work. It gets them back to work quicker."

"It ain't right," said McClusky, shaking his head. "Comp is comp an' P. L. is public liability. Payments should start the second week and continue until the medical report says that the injured is able to go back to work."

"The main reason we did not start payments," went on the vice president, in that cold "listen to me and I'll explain in words of one syllable" tone, "was that the injured has a right to elect whether he shall take compensation or sue the third party that injured him—in this case, the railroad."

(Continued on Page 77)



"I Don't Care About the Money," Said John Walkaheap, "But I Want to Go to Court. I Never Been to a Courtroom. I Want to See it Work"

THE PROFESSION OF BEING AN AMATEUR

By Sol Metzger

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A Crowd of Golf Enthusiasts at a National Open Championship. In Oval—Part of the Four Thousand Spectators at a Pacific Coast Tennis Tournament

NOT long ago the head football coach of a famous university was called to the office of its most eminent academic official for what was described as an important conference. Fearing probable disqualification of one of his best players, the coach hastened to comply. His fears, however, proved groundless. Something bigger and more significant than mere academic standards was worrying the scholar and administrator behind the desk.

"Mr. Blank," began that official in his most affable tones, "I have been studying the schedule of our games for the coming season and should like to suggest a change. I notice an open Saturday the week before our final game. Couldn't we play on that date a team which I am about to propose?"

The coach protested. "I'm afraid it can't even be considered," he answered. "Our team already has a hard schedule before it. That break will be necessary to permit the players to rest and recuperate for the big game."

Solemnly the scholar pondered this statement. "Yes," he acknowledged finally, "I see your point, and, of course, I am forced to agree that it is a wise and almost necessary arrangement. And yet I am going to ask you to have that other game scheduled—for the sake of the school."

An Extra Game for the Legislators

THE coach was frankly puzzled. His schedule theretofore had been widely approved. The games offered wide sectional interest; the war board of young go-getter business men appointed by alumni had estimated big gates on the majority of them; no new drive for endowment funds requiring the publicity that accrues from a team's appearance in another state had been announced. What could be the object? Observing his bewilderment, the scholar deigned to explain.

"You see," he said slowly, "the situation is just this: Every time the legislature meets it is my duty to go to the state capital and to ask for generous appropriations to our university. Now, it is seldom difficult to convince legislators from our own eastern end of the state to treat us generously. The university is old, famous, popular, and boasts enough alumni among lawmakers from this vicinity to assure generous treatment on their part. But it isn't so famous or so popular in the western counties. Neither the legislators nor the voters in those districts have any personal interest in the school. I think such interest could be aroused if we played a game in that territory. As you know, there is a college in the section which has been seeking a place on our schedule. I want to see that game arranged. It will make my work easier, because I'll have less prejudice to overcome among the western legislators. It will prepare the way for those men to approve our appropriation requests, because the appearance of our team in the western counties will create popular interest in the school. And finally, it will help the university, because we really need bigger appropriations than the legislature, held in check by the westerners, has been able to provide. Can you and other responsible football officials make the necessary arrangements?"

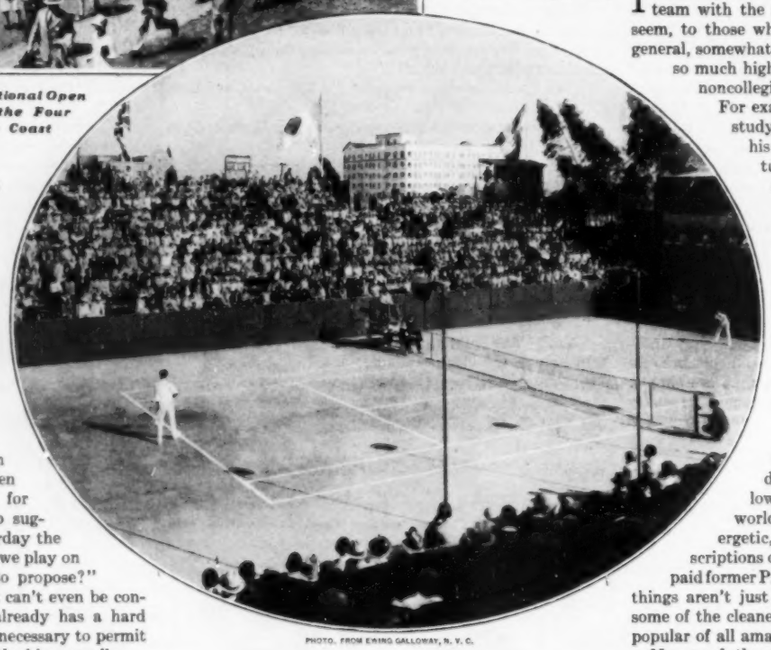


PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The coach saw the point immediately, and promised to do what he could. The task, he knew, wouldn't be a hard one, for the keen business minds composing the alumni war board, which ultimately made all schedule decisions, could be counted upon to grasp the financial significance of that game as quickly as he had. And the players—well, it was none of their business. But the game was played, the western legislators' hearts were opened, the university won its larger appropriations and everyone was pleased, except possibly the overworked members of the football team, who, in important affairs like that, didn't count anyhow.

This story is told for two reasons: First, to show that the frequently—and often justly—criticized alumni associations aren't the only college agencies which exploit the college athlete; and, second, to point out that the boy who uses his ability as a football player to help toward an education and a career, usually pays pretty generously for what he gets. Yet, oddly enough, it is the college football player who has been made the scapegoat in the many recent attacks on veiled professionalism in athletics, despite the fact that among famous and successful participants in prominent amateur sports he probably profits the least.

Even after accepting as facts—without attempts either to affirm or deny them—widely published statements that, in some colleges, some athletes receive alumni assistance in meeting tuition fees and living costs; that some are permitted to live during football season in the training house without paying board; that some are given opportunity to earn ten dollars or fifteen dollars a week by waiting on the tables; that some, because they are athletes, get jobs paying up to twenty-five dollars a week during vacations, the material rewards of the player do not seem to stack so high.

More Money in Minor Sports

IN FACT, if the college football player is going out for the team with the sole object of material profit, he must seem, to those who are familiar with amateur sports in general, somewhat of a sap. The rewards for amateurs are so much higher, the work required so much easier in noncollegiate sports.

For example: A college star, living rigorously, studying hard so that he may continue to play his favorite sport, and accepting the opportunity to wait on a table or engage in some similar work, may make, we learn, fifteen dollars a week, much of which is consumed in the wasteful practice of keeping decently alive. But if he should devote the same extraordinary coordination of mind and muscle which makes him a brilliant broken-field runner to some noncollegiate sport, if he should attain therein the national or international championship, he could, if so inclined, travel almost anywhere he chose, in almost any style that appealed to him, and could still be admired, petted and pointed out as a simon-pure amateur, a developer of the particular sport he follows and an inspiration to the youth of the world. Nor is that all he might gain. If energetic, he might write comments on and descriptions of the game at rates comparable to those paid former Presidents and wise-cracking actors. These things aren't just possibilities. They have been done in some of the cleanest, most intelligently directed and most popular of all amateur athletic sports.

Nor need the amateur have reached the pinnacle of championship to enjoy many of these peculiar privileges. Consider the case of a bright youngster still in high school, or perhaps in college, who has attained local prominence by reason of his swift serve in tennis or his low scores in golf. A country club some distance from his home is giving a tournament at which he is invited to appear. Now, in

Answering the Call of Niblick

the great majority of such minor tournaments no expenses are paid. But there is no rule against entertaining the participants. A popular method of such entertainment is the house party. Some well-to-do member of the club is prevailed upon to invite all the minor contestants to a house party at his home, which continues during the entire period of the tournament. There the youngster lives amid such comfort and luxury as only great wealth can assure. And, of course, there are luncheons at the club, theater parties in the evening, trained servants to anticipate his slightest whims, charming and often cultured men and women to meet. Sometimes even the cost of railroad travel is legitimately evaded. A not-uncommon example is that of a prominent country-club official who might send his expensive car across several states, if necessary, to the home of a famous amateur, to bring the star to the tournament, where he would live as a guest of the member. After the tournament the motor car, naturally, would carry him home again.

All this is, of course, legitimate. Many persons may even regard it as laudable, affording, as it does, a boy in moderate circumstances opportunity to see and enjoy the way wealthier strata of society live, and to meet men and women sincerely interested in the sport he follows. Yet even if laudable, it is to be remembered that this can impress on the boy early in the game that his proficiency doesn't mean simply greater opportunity to enjoy the sport. It can mean also free meals, free rides, luxuries far beyond his own or his parents' means, material benefits which years of study or of work cannot assure.

Heavy Expense Accounts

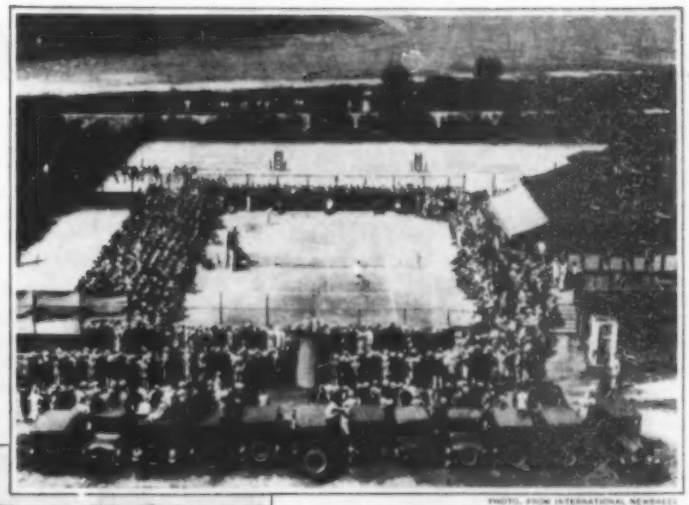
AS HE develops in ability there are international contests and their forerunners to which all his expenses—and he is not expected to live too frugally—are paid. Some of these, like the elimination contests for the Davis Cup team in tennis, have, in the past, lasted for months, keeping him away from his home and school, to live in expensive resort hotels at no cost to himself.

Now consider the youth who has achieved more than sectional fame—whose devotion to the game has won him a niche in the championship class. He is greatly in demand for tournaments throughout the country. His acceptance of an invitation to play in any tournament, except those of international importance, becomes almost a gracious act of condescension on his part. Tournament managers realize this, and with few exceptions stand prepared to make virtually any arrangements in their power which he may demand.

In tennis, for example, the parent body allows expenses only to sectional doubles champions participating in the National Doubles championship; to certain contestants in the National Clay Court championships and to Davis Cup and Wightman Cup players. But the amateur laws permit players attending other tournaments arranged by individual clubs to accept expense money from those clubs. In other words, any club, after observing certain formalities necessary to approval by the United States Lawn Tennis Association, can hold a tournament or exhibition, invite a famous amateur to attend, collect generous gate receipts on the strength of his name, and in return pay his expenses. When it is remembered that tournaments are held in various sections of the country throughout practically the entire year, it becomes obvious that a famous player, so inclined, can, by traveling from one to another, live comfortably, at little or no expense to himself, virtually from January first to December thirty-first.

Although the United States Lawn Tennis Association attempts vigorously to stamp out the practice of paying unreasonable expenses to players, there have been many tales of the advantage some stars have taken of such arrangements. These include stories of players who would travel only in drawing-rooms; who, if assigned to hotels, demanded suites in which to be interviewed by the press and to entertain their friends; who signed lavishly as hosts at dinners or theater parties; who, at fashionable summer resorts, asked for seaside or lakeside cottages for their living quarters, gasoline for their cars and similar privileges. I do not charge here that these things have been done by any individual player. I repeat what the knowing ones in amateur tennis have described as not unheard-of methods by which amateurism has, at times, been made worth while. Undoubtedly the prevalence of stories such as these had much to do with legislation enacted by the United States Lawn Tennis Association, of which the following resolution, adopted at the annual meeting held in St. Louis on February 15, 1930, is an example:

> Resolved, that any club or association directly or indirectly paying the expenses, board or lodging of any tennis player must send a detailed memorandum of such expenses to the United States Lawn Tennis Association, 120 Broadway, New York City, within ten days after the conclusion of the tournament or match for the information of the Executive Committee, or further sanction may be refused. Such payment shall cover only actual expenses, such expenses shall be proper, reasonable and moderate, and shall in no case exceed ten dollars per day, per player, exclusive of railroad fare. Proper charges may include single room with bath, three meals per day, but shall not include such personal expenses as laundry, telegrams, entertaining friends at meals, and other similar personal expenses.



PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

PHOTO, FROM ACME NEWS PICTURES

A Study in Contrasts. Above—The Metropolitan Tennis Championship in 1914 at Forest Hills, Long Island. At Left—A Modern Tennis Gallery at Forest Hills

Traveling expenses may include first-class railroad fare with seat in Pullman car, or lower berth.

Why, it may be asked, were promoters of country-club and other tournaments ever willing to submit to the demands of brilliant amateur performers—demands that at times were unreasonable, and which appear to have required corrective laws by the parent body? The answer is obvious. The star is the great drawing card of the amateur tournament. It is to see him that the public crowds the stands to capacity and pays generously at the gate. It is because of him that the tournament and the club that stages it receive the nation-wide publicity which some country clubs enjoy no less than do politicians and vaudeville performers. If for any reason his demands are refused, there is no power which can make him return to a later tourney. The value of famous players is, in fact, such that many clubs are willing to take a financial beating rather than run the risk of losing the prestige and glory which the appearance of these players assures. Some clubs have tried it and learned to regret their flashes of independence.

What Stars Mean to Tournaments

THERE are in this country and abroad so many clubs demanding the star that any player sufficiently famous has little difficulty in finding all the invitations he wants, and can thus afford to be dogmatic in dictating the conditions under which he will appear. If one club doesn't care to meet them, why should he worry? Others will welcome him on the same dates with open arms, and there are enough of these, both North and South, to keep him barnstorming throughout virtually the entire year if he so desires.

A number of popular vacation resorts are aware of this drawing power of amateur stars and have used it to their own ends. Through local clubs they could arrange interesting tournaments, first assuring themselves of the presence of famous players. The advertising and tremendous patronage thus brought to the resorts and their hotels make almost any expenditures worth while. And although the customary accounting of expenses paid to performers must be filed with the national organization, who is there to snoop behind the books and to swear that every courtesy extended those who have made the event a success is impartially reported? Our national bodies do not have this as their purpose, and rightly so.

Suppose, further, that an amateur champion cares to write—and who doesn't, with high earnings and little labor assured? A wide field awaits him, at rates of pay which compare favorably with those offered our most talented authors. Syndicate features and books flow from his pen to find certain sales. Few pretend that literary merit of unusual order creates the profitable demand for his works. Instead, the appeal lies in the drawing power of a name famous on the courts or the links—even though the title is not used with the signature. Some attempts have been made to limit this.

Many amateur champions have, of course, resisted this appeal. Others have held out for a while, only to succumb when temptation became too strong. Seven

(Continued on Page 177)

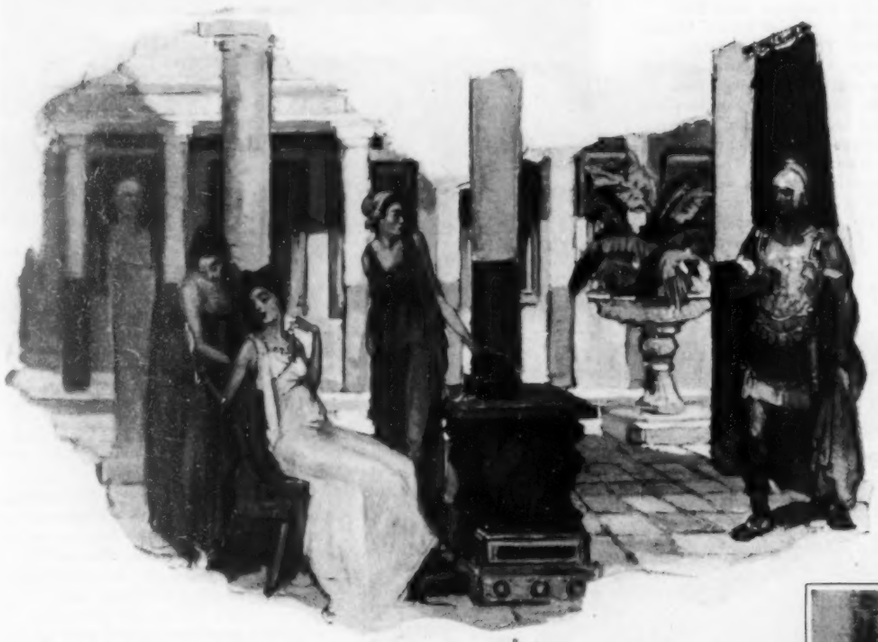
PHOTO, FROM ACME NEWS PICTURES

and Mashie. The Gallery on the Fairway at a State Golf Title Match

THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



He Pushed Aside the Hanging, Strode Into the Chamber. Hippolita Sat With a Mirror in Her Hand, Two Evidently Admirative Girl Attendants Close Beside Her

The Gladiator Revolts

IN THE canvas-roofed booth the gladiators prepared for combat. They exercised their knotty muscles to a final suppleness, rubbed oil into their skins, donned the differentiated equipment of their rôles, jested with coarse brutality in barbarous, broken Latin spoken with a variety of foreign accents, shouting, to be heard over the deafening din outside.

For on that summer day of the year 681 *ab urbe condita*, otherwise 73 B.C., Capua had gone mad with a familiar but never dulled excitement. The wealthy young patrician, Quintus Flavius Cossus, had billed ten pairs of gladiators to fight in honor of the *manes* of his deceased aunt—a small affair, but as much as could be expected in a provincial town at a time not that of public festival. Already in the Forum market place, cleared of stalls and cattle pens for the occasion, there was no more standing room for the mob, catcalling and whistling shrilly in anticipatory delight, yellingly exchanging bets with those perched on the roof of the columned Basilica, with those thick on the tiled roofs of the surrounding houses. Not until twenty-three years later would the tribune Gaius Curio, ingratiating himself with the Roman populace, build the first wooden amphitheater; and not until 29 B.C., when the republic had collapsed and Augustus reigned as emperor, would be constructed the first amphitheater in stone. Connoisseurs in gladiatorial skill were these citizens of Capua, proud of possessing that most celebrated of training schools, which supplied Rome herself with champions for the sanguinary games in the Forum Boarium and the Circus Maximus. Long ago some grimly Roman humorist had improved on the traditional practice of massacring prisoners of war over a chieftain's grave, had compelled those unfortunates to fight one another to the death, inventing that thrilling amusement which in the past two centuries of conquest and resulting plenitude of prisoners had increasingly become a passion with the Roman people. Numerous now were the private schools where prisoners of war, condemned criminals and specially purchased slaves were professionally instructed and hired out to mutual butchery in the arena. Like all other slaves, these, the most contemptuously despised, were of course but chattels, and not *personæ* with human rights.

The *lanista* Lentulus Batiatus, the rich freedman proprietor of the Capuan school and of this score of brawny slave duelists selected from the several hundred in his barracks, stood impatiently in the booth.

"Hurry now!" he commanded, with the callous brutality of one who had been a gladiator slave himself. "The people clamor!"

One of his troupe, a tall Thracian already partly accoutered in his national manner, with greaves on both legs, a small round shield and a sickle-shaped short sword, turned upon him rebelliously.

"There's time enough!" he said. "The Romans can wait a little longer before they see us die. You have your payment safe. What matters it to you?"

The *lanista's* bestial face went yet more ugly in sudden rage.

"Silence, slave!" he snarled. "Curse your insolence! I've had too much of your gab. It's thumbs down for you if you're beaten! And the torment if you get back to barracks!"

The Thracian shrugged his shoulders. Degraded gladiator slave though he was, there was something in his handsomely athletic bearing which distinguished him from his brutish fellows. He spoke the Roman dialect with a comparative purity.

"I can't prevent you damaging your own property," he retorted coolly. "You spoiled a good *retiarius* last week. I cost you twenty thousand sesterces, remember."

The *lanista* slashed him across the head with his whip. "I said silence, slave!" With an exasperated curse the impresario turned to lash savagely at a gladiator conspicuously laggard in preparation.

The adversary with whom the Thracian was paired, a burly Iberian in the equipment of a Samnite—a long semicylindrical shield, a greave on the left leg only, a metal sleeve and shoulder piece for his right arm, and a straight sword—laughed coarsely through the open visor of the great, plumed helmet he had already donned.

"You needn't fear the torment, Spartacus. It'll be thumbs down for you *certo*. I'm in form today."

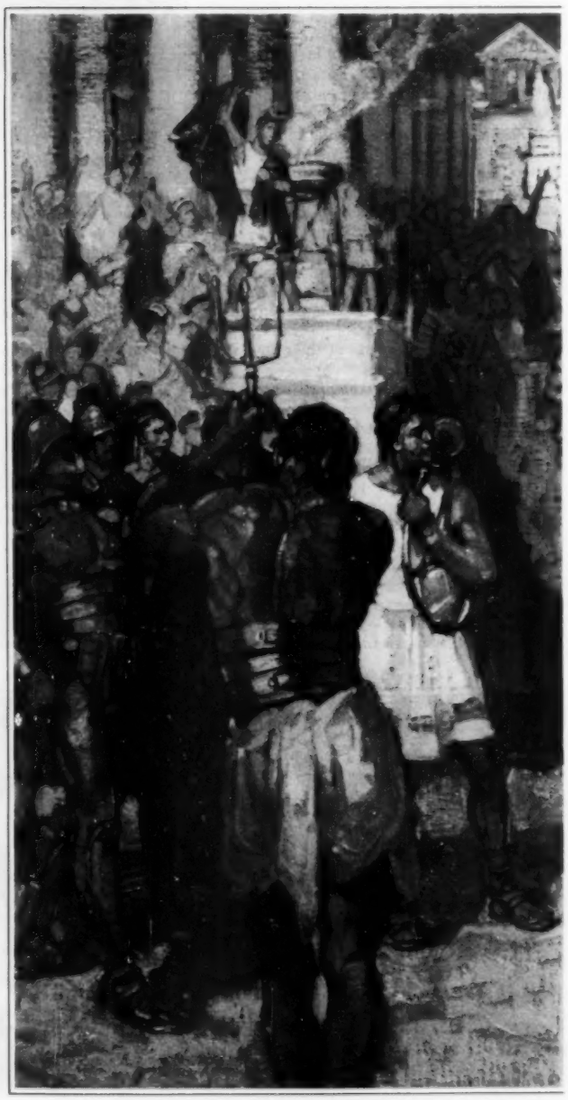
The Thracian looked at him contemptuously.

"Fool!" he said. "Do you boast of making sport for Romans?"

There was an inexpressible hatred in that word "Romans"—the hatred of all those subject peoples enslaved in multitudes by irresistibly invading armies, auctioned by the hundred thousand to the wholesale dealers, who shipped them to Italy, where, in hopeless misery, they ministered to that vast new luxury created by the conquest of the Mediterranean world.

A young woman slave offered the Thracian his large elaborately wrought gladiator's helmet, its hinged visor pierced sievelike on one half.

"Hush, Spartacus!" she said fondly in the Thracian tongue. Beautiful she was in a dark, wild fashion, her large gray eyes the uncannily ecstatic eyes of one who indeed had been the inspired prophetess of a Dionysian shrine in Thrace ere the Romans had sold the entire population of her district into servitude. "Only blows dost thou win for thyself with words against the Romans. As for this braggart Nobilior"—she turned a peculiar glance upon the Iberian—"I see his death." She looked again at the Thracian, went radiant with a loving admiration. "But thy fate remains to be accomplished, even as first I saw it. Great things and glorious wilt thou surely achieve ere thou diest, my beloved!"



They Met Again, Exerting All Their Strength in That Push of

The gladiator smiled at her in reciprocal tenderness. Strange things had she indeed spontaneously prophesied, being seized of the god, when she had first perceived him lying asleep, a new captive, his feet whitened in sign that he was for sale, in the Roman slave market. Her poignant Thracian cry had awakened him as, in that second-sight, she had checked before him, herself but just purchased by the scowling Lentulus Batiatus. He had jumped erect, and the professional eye of the *lanista* had lit at the magnificent physique of this slave, offered as a brigand chief renowned throughout his native hills for strength and daring. Promptly Lentulus had bought him for the *familia gladiatoria* he must incessantly renew. In the string of vile slaves tramping the long road to Capua, the two Thracians had looked into each other's eyes, whispered to each other a consolation.

"Fear not, my Hippolita," he said confidently. "Yet will I achieve those things. And with thee to arm me, am I ever scatheless."

It was to give him that spell-wrought protection, in which she herself superstitiously believed, that always she intrigued to be taken as one of the menial slaves accompanying the *familia* to whatever place of combat Lentulus hired out his troupe.

A young Greek standing near caught something of that Thracian speech. He was a novice, armed as a *secutor* for his first fight. Now he shivered at the imminent ordeal, his face ghastly.

"Would that I also had a charm to keep me scatheless!" he said piteously. "Counsel me, Spartacus, what best to do. Surely shall I be killed! I know it! I know it! Tell me how best to fight Crixus!"

Spartacus smiled. Crixus the Gaul was his own especial friend.

"Play the man, youth, and all will be well," he encouraged him. "I'll tell Crixus to wound you only slightly. Give the Romans good sport and they'll wave the scarfs for you, sure enough."

Equipped as a *retiarius*, with net and trident, the blond-haired Crixus approached at that moment. Spartacus spoke to him, extorted a disdainful promise to deal mercifully with the young Greek.

Trumpets sounded outside. A band of musicians commenced to play with a blare of brass, a clash of cymbals, a thud of drums, in an exciting, harshly marked tune. The *lanista* bustled among his troupe, lashing about him with his whip.

"March! March, you dogs!" he yelled. "Will you keep the people waiting all day? Two by two! March!"

Spartacus slipped his helmet over his head, took his place in the little procession. Two by two they marched out into the glare of sunlight, into the sanded market place that was walled with frenziedly vociferating people. The band of musicians put itself at their head. Led by the *lanista*, followed in rear by those most ignoble slaves with tridents and great hooks who would drag out the dead, they marched around the Forum to the stirring tune. They arrived where, in a raised scaffolding, the young patrician sat with his aristocratic friends, many garlanded ladies among them. He was attired in the magistrate's toga that was his temporary privilege as *editor*, or giver of the show. The music ceased abruptly. The gladiators lifted their weapons, shouted dutifully in unison: "*Ave, patricie, morituri te salutamus!*" The young patrician smiled fatuously, received the compliments of his friends applauding around him. The *pompa* had been very correctly accomplished.

The gladiators went now to the center of the arena, deposited their arms. Dummy weapons were served out to them. A trumpeter, with a huge brass horn that curled around him, sounded a call. The gladiators ranged themselves in two parties. The trumpet sounded again. With these dummy weapons they commenced a vigorous sham fight, the traditional *prolusio*.

It continued for some little time. The spectators began to shriek and whistle derisively in their impatience for the real thing. The young patrician rose in the *podium*, lifted his hand. Again the trumpeter blew a call. The sham fight stopped. The giver of the show shouted, hands to his mouth, the eagerly awaited formula: "*Ponite iam gladios hebetes, pugnatur iam acutis!*" ("Put down the blunt swords; fight now with sharp ones!")

The majority of the gladiators retired to the end of the arena. Only the first pair to fight, an Ethiopian, and a Gaul equipped as a *mirmillo*, remained with the *lanista* and a few attendants in the center. The *lanista* traced with his stick the lines in the sand which were to be the limits of the combat. The attendants armed the two antagonists with their appropriate weapons. One of them took the horn, sounded a challenge. The other answered it similarly. The adversaries went to their positions, the *lanista* holding his rod horizontal between them.

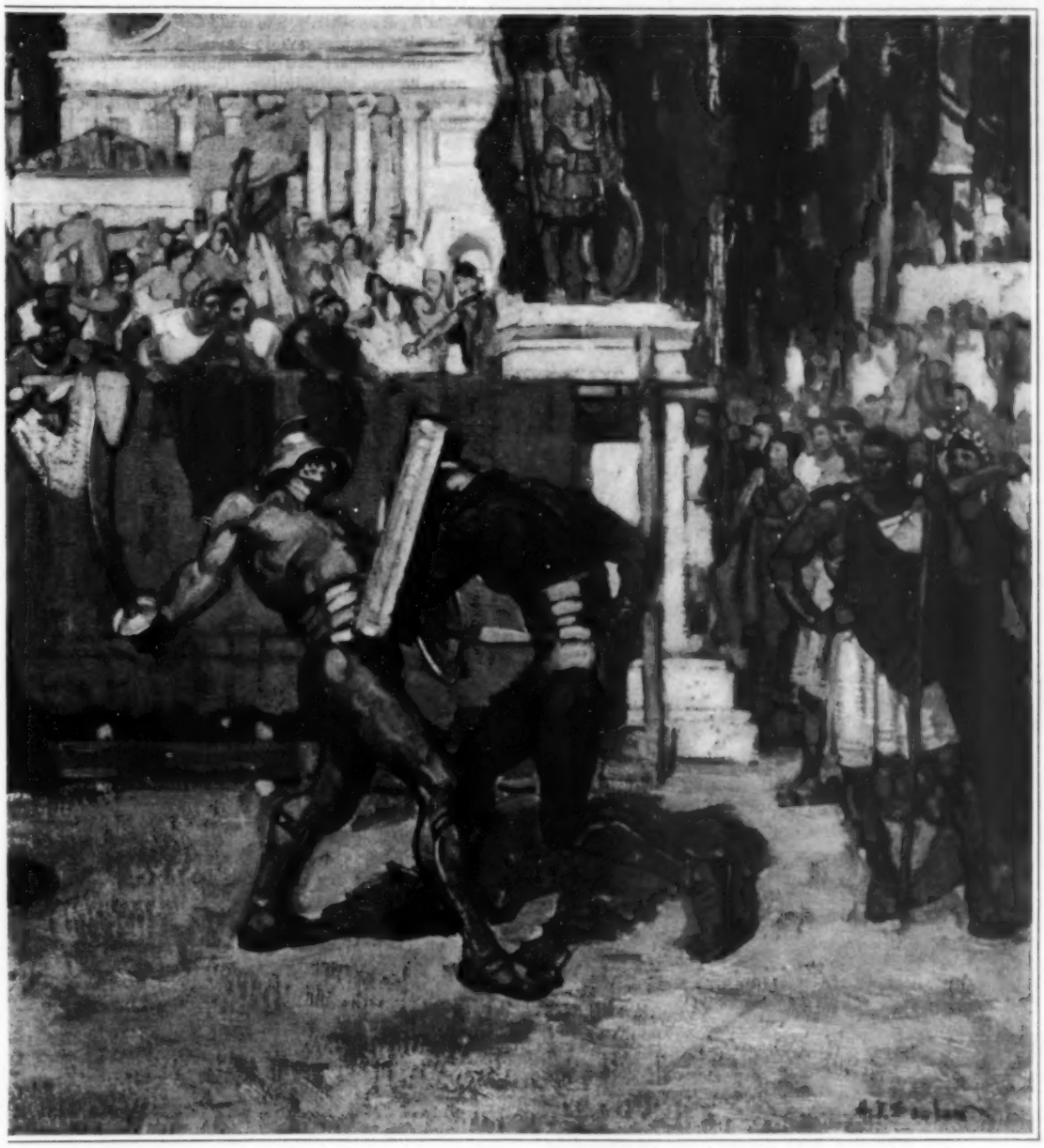
The rod was raised. To an instant uproar from the massed spectators, the gladiators sprang at each other, fiercely active in mortal combat as though they were indeed enemies. The Forum screamed and yelled encouragement and jeers, as strenuously, desperately, they circled and stabbed and hacked and guarded with their shields, their blows ringing in a smithy clangor of metal upon metal. The fight was short. The Gaul overreached himself, tripped, momentarily exposed his bare chest. In a flash the Ethiopian drove his sword home. The Gaul went headlong, lay in an increasing pool of blood reddening the sand. The Forum raved from end to end: "*Hoc habet! Hoc habet!*" The Ethiopian advanced to the timbered *podium*, removed the helmet from his grinning black visage, saluted with his weapon. The young patrician *editor* threw down a wreath. The *lanista* put it upon the winner's head, pompously proclaimed his fifteenth victory. There was a frenetic tumult of applause. In the center of the arena the slaves with hooks were dragging out the body of the slain Gaul amid howls of derisive insults from those who had bet upon him and lost, from those disappointed that he had given them so brief an excitement.

The next pair was that of the young Greek *secutor* and the *retiarius* Crixus. They advanced into the arena. The young Greek seemed dazed. He still trembled violently in all his limbs, had to have the weapon thrust into his hand by the attendants. The same preliminaries were gone through. The *lanista's* rod was again raised.

It was the *secutor's* business to follow the agile *retiarius*, who, in dodging away, would deftly fling the net over his antagonist and attack in his turn with the trident. Crixus commenced in the orthodox manner, sprang aside in avoidance of the sudden tricky rush which the novice had been carefully taught. But the young Greek did not move. He stood as if paralyzed, his nerveless hand dropping his sword upon the sand.

The Forum became a forest of uplifted clenched fists, resounded in a multitudinously voiced angry shout: "*Ferrum recipere! Ferrum recipere!*" ("Take up the weapon! Take up the weapon!")

Nevertheless, the Greek still stood fixed in that terror-stricken immobility. The howls of rage were a pandemonium. The *lanista* yelled to a slave: "The whip! The whip!" His bestial face was convulsed with fury that one of his troupe should thus disgrace him. A slave ran up with a heavy whip, slashed mercilessly at the wretch, piteous in his cowardice. The gladiator fell on his hands and knees, remained there under the blows. The spectators screamed frenetically: "The hot iron! The hot iron!" The *lanista* gave the order. A slave ran to the fire where irons were already heating for such an eventuality, came back with one that glowed dully red in the sunlight. He applied it to the bare legs of the gladiator again and again. The wretch screeched in agony, snatched at his sword, sprang to his feet, ran totteringly upon the *retiarius*, standing near.



Shields, All Their Cunning in the Avoidance of the Flashing Blows, in the Shrewd Dealing of a Dangerous Riposte

(Continued on Page 50)

BAD PENNY

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIII

VAGUELY, his thoughts a confused sort of nightmare, Burr tried to waken enough to consider his state. Surely he couldn't be ill. Not all at once, like this. If he could only remember, somehow grope back. The most he could get hold of with any faint clarity was a feeling of a lot of queer objects whirling around. Familiar things whirling—chairs and tables and beds and other household ware. And it seemed to him that at some time or other he had sat listening to an odd, rumbling sound. A long time back, that was. His head was on the pillow all right, but the bed was hard—painfully hard. And the ache that penetrated every bone in his body culminated in an agony at the top of his head. There seemed to be light somewhere, at a distance. What kind of bed could this be? Like a rock. Was he, perhaps, in a delirium? Possibly. It must feel a little like this. He couldn't recall ever having heard delirium described. Be interesting to know about that. People in hospitals might be able to tell. There was surely something pleasantly smooth and warm and wet pressing on his cheek. And a weight against his chest. And an odd salt taste on his lips; like tears. But this bed ——

He opened his eyes a little way. Moved a hand. There was light—a glow, as if from a shaded electric lamp. He couldn't make out much of anything because of a tickling something that got into his eyes. Another something, very soft and pleasant, pressed on his lips. Surely the thing over his face was a head. And he was being kissed. Funny!

He found himself coming gradually awake. His head, at least, was clearing. This thing over his face was a head, of course. And the wisps that tickled were hair—pale blond hair—Beth's. And she was hugging him. It hurt some. He was sore all over. Now he made out that he was lying on the floor. Somebody had stuck a pillow under his head. Beth, doubtless. She still had on that Japanese wrap. It was light blue. He could see the embroidery on the shoulder. That seemed to tie things up a little. But what things? His head was swimming.

With a mighty effort, he flung her off and got up on an elbow. "Ouch," he muttered. Then he shook his head, hard. There was a bandage about it. This was absurd. He must bring himself back somehow. What could it be all about, anyway? He looked at the girl. He could see her more distinctly now. She was sitting back on her heels, staring at him.

"You mustn't move," she murmured; "lie down again."

"Why?"

"You must. Doctor Braden says we must keep you perfectly quiet."

He lowered his head again to the pillow. It did feel a little better that way. For a moment or two he lay there.

Then he asked quietly, "Who on earth is he—Braden?"

"Our doctor. He's been here."

"Here? Good Lord!"

"Don't you remember?"

"Remember what? See here; what's been going on?"

She was sitting there, studying him. "If you're sure you can listen, I'll tell you. But you mustn't move. He says there's danger of concussion. Something about a clot of blood." She shivered. "He's going to keep you quiet for twenty-four hours, and watch you."

"Well—but just go easy on that kissing business, if you don't mind."

There was a silence. Then she moved her pretty head impatiently. "I didn't think you knew. Anyway, I was worried."

"Do you always kiss the nearest man when you're worried?"

She ignored that. "Doctor Braden's pretty old. We couldn't lift you over to the bed. But he said that you'd be all right here until morning."

"What time is it now?"

"Three o'clock."

"Three o'clock in the morning!"

"Yes. Now, you simply mustn't talk. I'm going to tell you. You lie still and just listen. And don't get excited. That's my job—to keep you quiet until he gets back. Funny you don't remember."

"All I seem able to get hold of is that I was sitting here—or somewhere, and I heard a rumbling sound."

"Yes. The garage door. I heard it too. But don't talk. Just listen. I was sitting by father's bed. It was going on one o'clock. I heard the garage door. Then, after a minute, a scraping sound. I thought I heard voices, too—men's voices. But it was pretty faint. I couldn't be sure. I'll admit it sort of froze me up. I didn't know what to do. Do you remember my being here while Dorothy was telephoning? And our talk afterward?"

He knit his brows. "It's coming back," he muttered. "Yes, I remember that."

"I was plumb scared. You see"—she made a face at him—"you'd told me not to come back here. A queer thing was that the noise—or the sounds—they were pretty faint—seemed to be working round to this side of the house—your side."

"Oh!" he put in. "Wait a minute! Du Rut—he was mixed about which side Dorothy's room was on. That's coming clear now. She had to keep correcting him, you know."

"Yes, I know. But please—please, don't try to talk. Just listen. That's your job now. Well, while I sat there, wondering if I oughtn't to do something—run up and warn you in spite of your being so cross ——"

"Was I cross?"

"Yes, you were—just that—cross. Of course, I knew you didn't like me."

"Don't be a silly child!"

"Keep still! Anyway, I heard queer sounds then, a minute or two later. You can't hear much around this house, you know. The partitions are thick. And of course I was downstairs and on the other side."

"What kinds of sounds this time?"

"I can't describe them. A sort of thump-thump—irregular. Like this: Thump, thump-thump-thump, thump-thump. It scared me pink. I went out into the hall. I could hear it plainer then. It was up here, and it was awful."

She shivered again, and covered her face. But in a moment she steadied. Very gently she reached for his hand and slid her fingers in among his. Oddly—the vague thought came—he didn't seem to mind that. Perhaps he was growing accustomed to her bold ways. Or perhaps the trembling of her fingers stirred his sympathies a little.

She went on: "I ran up here. I couldn't help feeling that if you were in real trouble or—well, danger—I wanted to be ——"

"But bless your heart, child, what possible danger could there ——"

"Look!" she said, waving her free hand about the room. Twisting his head about—he was really rather glad now of her injunctions to lie still—his eyes took in an odd scene. Near at hand lay a broken chair. The cover of the bureau had been wrenched off and all the toilet articles that had been on it lay about the floor. The curtains of one window had been torn down.

"My word!" he observed musingly. "There must have been a fight."

"Oh, yes! Didn't I tell you I could hear it? It was terrible. I've been figuring it out," her voice broke; he could see that she had to keep pulling herself together. "He must have hit you over the head with that chair. See, it's broken! Doctor Braden took four stitches in your scalp. There's b-b-blood on the floor under this pillow." She burst into tears.

"Then," he remarked, squeezing her fingers and contriving a ghost of a smile, "I suppose we won't try to turn it. I was thinking the cool side might feel a little better."

"I'll get another." She made as if to spring to her feet, but, with a twinge of pain, he held her.

"Don't bother! It's quite unimportant." Fully himself now, he was studying her. Clearly, she was spent, exhausted; nothing but nerve left to go ahead on. "It's about time you had a little sleep yourself, child." But she got away and brought the other pillow. Lifting his head, carefully, tenderly, she slid it beneath.

Looking Up With the Surprised Air of Men Who Had Been Roused From an Absorbing Conversation Were the Judge and Thompson Burr. The Judge Smiled, But Tom Was Frowning. And There

"I can't go to bed yet," she said. "I haven't finished telling you about it."

"Oh, there's more?"

She nodded. Her fingers were again twisting in among his, as if she were clinging for moral support. He hoped she wouldn't cry again. Weeping women were not in his line. They were unnerving, and his nature resented that.

"When I came in here, Tom, before I turned on the light, I stumbled over you. Fell down. I was pretty scared then. I'm afraid I just sat on the floor and held my breath. And to find you lying here —— I thought you were dead." She brushed the tears from her eyes. "While I was sitting here, I heard another noise—that scraping sound again. Right under the window there. I stood behind the curtains and peeked out. At first I couldn't see anything. The roof of the porch was in the way. But the noise went on, sort of slow and careful. Then I saw him. He had one end of the ladder and was dragging it clear of the rose bushes."

"Du Rut?"

"N-no."

"Not Du Rut? But surely, he must have got on the wrong side of the house and mistaken my window for Dorothy's."

"I'm not sure. I'm still awfully mixed up. There have been some burglaries lately, down in the Center."

"But ——"

"Please listen! I'm trying to tell you, as clearly as I can. All the wedding presents are up on this floor, in the sewing room. They're pretty valuable. I heard dad say that the jade teapot Mr. Deever gave Dot was priceless."

"But just a minute, child. If ——"

"I'm just telling you what I saw. And I did see him. In the moonlight. He had on white pajamas. His face wasn't clear. But I recognized him. I know the way he carries his head. It was Philip."

What Could it be All About, Anyway? He Looked at the Girl. He Could See Her More Distinctly Now

"Philip?"

"Our new chauffeur, yes. And he was alone."

"But you heard voices."

"I thought I did. I wasn't sure. Anyway, he was alone at this time. It's pretty puzzling. He dragged the ladder around the corner of the house, back toward the garage."

"Wait a minute!" said Burr. "It's coming back, some of it. I'm sure I pulled a chair over to the window and sat there. I must have dozed. Then he"—Burr knit his brows in bewilderment—"whoever he was, climbed up here, found me, and we fought. It must have been something like that."

She nodded. "I think so."

"But what on earth could Philip have had to do with it? He couldn't have known Du Rut."

In bewilderment as deep as his, she shook her head. "Of course not, Tom. But all I can do is tell you exactly what I saw. Philip was certainly up and around. I heard the fight up here. But he was the only person I actually saw. He certainly was the one who took the ladder away."

"Here, though! You couldn't have been the only one to hear all this. Didn't it wake the servants?"

"No. I don't think so. There wasn't much noise, really. Not outside. And they'd hardly have heard what happened in this room."

"But Dorothy. She must have ——"

"I looked in her room right after Philip disappeared. She wasn't there, Tom."

"Wasn't there?"

"No. Gone. Her suitcase was gone too. I looked all around."

"Then surely, Du Rut must have ——"

"I don't know, Tom. And I'm afraid I've about got to the point where my mind won't work. But that's just another fact. She's gone."

"But that, at least—oh, yes, surely—involves Du Rut. He's the one man she'd go to. We know that. See here, Beth; all this was two hours ago! What's happened since?"

"Oh, yes! I meant to tell you about that. I called up Judge Bisbee."

"You did!"

"Yes, Tom, I had to do something! I had to! I was pretty alone. I had dad on my mind. And here you were, on the floor, for all I knew, bleeding to death with a b-broken skull. You wouldn't expect me to sit down and read a book. Yes, I told him. I felt that something had to be done about Philip. The judge said he'd dress and come right up. Bring the police with him too. I told him to be sure and not drive their cars all the way up to the house."

"That was rather smart."

"Thank you! Then I went down the drive and waited. The judge promised me that not a word would be said. We walked up the drive, then; and they went on out to the garage and arrested Philip. They made him dress and took him down to the station."

"That was wise."

"Oh, yes! You see, whether he was the one that did it or not, he certainly knew. Knew all about it. And it was criminal."

"Yes, it comes under that head, all right—breaking and entering. And from the feeling in my head, I'd say an assault was committed. You can't climb into a man's bedroom and beat him half to death without incurring some slight —— Look here, my dear, you go right down to your father and try to get a little sleep. That's the next thing. You're all in. And believe me, you've still got to have your wits about you. There's the problem of Ben, and the wedding only five days off."

"But how can there be a wedding, Tom?"

"At the moment, I'll confess I haven't an idea. But things may happen. Simply don't talk. Your poor father won't be in a condition to ask questions. And if you must explain Dorothy's absence—yes, that'll probably be necessary—there's Mrs. Anthony!—simply say that you persuaded Dorothy to run off early this morning for a little rest before the wedding. Say you're making her hide away where no one can bother her. With some girl friend. That might go down. And then we'll see what happens and what we can do. Trail Du Rut. I'll do that. Jump quick."

"But, Tom, dear, you mustn't move! Doctor Braden says it might be awfully dangerous."

"All right. I'll think. There may yet be a chance for a sympathetic show-down with Dorothy. If she's got to go with that devil finally, all said and done, we can't stop her. But at least we can try. There's one weapon—she doesn't know of your father's condition. That must move her." He patted Beth's hand. "Go now, for heaven's sake!"

She kissed him before he could stop her and went downstairs.

The arrival of the doctor and nurse, hours later, woke her. At once, while they were going over Mr. Grove, she slipped upstairs. Burr was gone, bag and baggage. His car was gone too. She ran out to the garage to see.

IX

BETH couldn't sleep after that. Fortunately her aunt was a late riser, and the girl's apparently offhand explanation that she had spirited Dorothy away directly after breakfast for a few days of seclusion and rest sounded

(Continued on Page 149)

Was an Intent, Almost Hostile Look About His Eyes

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1930

Our Ailing Monarch

CONSIDER the case of King Cotton. For ten years the state of this ailing monarch has been causing anxiety. He has not lacked physicians. The Department of Agriculture has been prescribing for him for years, and so has the Federal Farm Board; but those who are most directly responsible for his well-being have rather commonly thrown the prescriptions out of the window.

What has happened is that the quality of American cotton has been steadily running down and its staple has been becoming shorter and shorter, while that of other countries, notably Russia, India and Egypt, has been coming up. The irony of the situation is that the foreign planters who have lengthened their staple have done so by the use of American seed of high quality. What aggravates the case is the fact that the short-staple cotton still produced in these countries by the cheapest sort of coolie labor comes into direct competition in world markets with the poorer grades of American cotton. The situation is serious. During the past twenty years foreign consumption has risen some sixty per cent, while exports of American cotton have remained almost stationary. This means that other countries are getting the business that our own planters might have and ought to have. Both the Secretary of Agriculture and Mr. Carl Williams, cotton member of the Federal Farm Board, have warned the planters of the inevitable consequences of growing short-staple cotton and of putting acreage above quality, and have pointed out the excessive economic wastes which flow from the production of inferior fiber.

Planters, on the other hand, have much to urge in extenuation of the policies which they feel they have been forced to adopt. In some primary cotton markets, it is declared, buyers have entered into agreements to pay no more for long staple than for short. In many districts poor varieties have been planted because they possess the merit of coming to maturity before being subject to destruction by the boll weevil. Another menace to long-staple crops is cross-pollination, the contamination being effected by the wind and by insects which carry pollen from inferior plants in the same neighborhood.

These are the difficulties which confront planters who are sincerely desirous of raising the quality of their product. Formidable as they are, these obstacles are not insurmountable. California has been the notable leader in carrying out the suggestion of the Department of Agriculture that only one variety be grown in a given neighborhood. Georgia and the Carolinas, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona all have local organizations pursuing a like policy; and it has been estimated that they are cashing in on their wisdom and public spirit to the extent of from five to fifteen dollars a bale added to the selling price. When intelligent cooperation of this sort is effected over large areas, prices rise to their proper level, the staple can be lengthened and detrimental cross-pollination can be minimized. Further standardization at high levels can be attained by reducing the number of varieties raised. Some four or five hundred are now being planted, though the best authorities maintain that a dozen or fifteen would be ample to meet industrial and agricultural requirements.

For the long pull it would seem that more can be done to improve the quality of our cotton crop and to better economic conditions for planters, for domestic consumers and for the nation as a whole by the general adoption of scientific methods and intelligent, widespread coöperation, than by the imposition of the heavy tariffs which have been proposed in Congress.

No nation—not even our own—is so rich that it can afford to ignore with complacency wastes in its basic industries. Cotton production, like oil production, is notoriously wasteful; and directly or indirectly the entire population is bound to feel the effects of the policies now being pursued. Happily, we are beginning to realize our mistakes in both these fields and to take steps to prevent their recurrence.

National Wealth

THIS is a statistical age. Few days go by without the newspapers containing some new estimate of the average length of life, the population of a given city or of the country at large, the income of the people or the wealth of the country. The foundations upon which all these studies must be made are the reports of the Census Bureau, which, in turn, are built upon the decennial enumeration of population which is required by the first article of the Constitution itself. But as the years have passed, the Census Bureau has undertaken more continuous studies or tabulations, in addition to those of the compulsory decennial enumerations. The same practice is followed by many private agencies. The result is an increasing mass of statistical data, for the most part sufficiently accurate, but confusing if not taken in connection with plain everyday facts.

An example is to be found in a recent estimate of national wealth, which shows that in 1928 the total was $360,100,000,000 as compared with $320,800,000,000 in 1922. This means an increase in the intervening years from $2919 to $3000 per capita. But people are most interested in the distribution of wealth, and not in its average. John Smith wants to know about his own or his neighbor's share and is but slightly concerned in the average arrived at by adding rich and poor and dividing by the total. Then, too, only physical assets, such as land, buildings, railroads, livestock, automobiles, and the like, are counted in making up national wealth. There is no place for intangibles, such as stocks, bonds and other credits. It is physical property and not property rights which the statisticians employ. In real life, however, property rights may mean more than the physical assets upon which they are based.

But it is useful to have such figures. They serve as a gauge, as a sort of weather vane. There are higher values than those measured in terms of dollars—values which statisticians cannot measure at all. But wealth, income and purchasing power must increase. There has been splendid progress in recent years, but we all hope that it has only begun. The average wealth is larger than it seems if we consider only the gainfully employed, the actually productive. They are worth more than $3000 apiece on the average, for sixty-one per cent of the population are supported by thirty-nine per cent. The gainfully employed carry not only the infants and children but a multitude of the aged, ill, insane and criminal. An average wealth of $3000 may seem large as measured by countries more backward economically, but it is not large enough to meet our problems.

Senatorial Dignity

THERE is a general impression that the Senate wastes time in futile talk, useless inquiry and noisy arraignments. No outsider is so ignorant or prejudiced as to suppose that all senators are of this stripe, but there is a rather scornful pity for a body which permits itself to be ruled so extensively by a few noisy spellbinders.

In contrast, the House of Representatives has become a drab and businesslike body in which fireworks are absent; in the north wing of the Capitol the show is nearly always better. There are a few persons, of course, who defend the confusion and harangue which mark the Senate, and declare that freedom of speech is throttled in the House in the interest of organized party rule. The Senate, they declare, is the only place where free discussion is permitted. It is the one untrammeled open forum.

There is a measure of truth in the comparison. The country needs such a forum, but it does not require or benefit from the degeneration of one of the highest branches of the Government. There is reason in all things. Great freedom of debate in the Senate is in the public interest, but the removal of restraint merely destroys public respect.

The dignity of the Senate tended to fall when executive sessions were done away with. As in the case of hearings before a grand jury, the discussions in executive session of the Senate served as an admirable sifting process. Actual freedom of discussion in executive session was far greater than in open session, but ranting and malice were less. With no press representatives or gallery present, members were obliged to stick to facts. As to which type of debate brings out the truth the more fully, it is unnecessary to speak.

The public may easily gain a wrong impression from the behavior of a few men. Quiet, hard-working, intelligent senators are numerous, and it is to be hoped that their numbers will be added to in the fall elections. Yet the fact remains that the solid, sensible elements have not been vocal, while the loud-mouthed few have been. The sound, moderate men in the Senate need to speak out more vigorously. If they did so, the effect upon the country would be as wholesome as upon the Senate itself.

The Price Puzzle

SEVERAL years ago intensive and extensive studies of distribution were started in this country. These investigations were based upon the tentative view that the spread between raw materials and finished products was too wide and that the cause lay not in the manufacturing costs but in the expenses of distribution. It was clear that the circumstance was not peculiar to this country.

An illustration of the spread between wholesale and retail food prices has recently been given out in England. Contrasting the wholesale food index of the Economist and the retail food index of the Ministry of Labor, it was shown that during the past five years the wholesale prices had declined 24.6 per cent, while the retail prices had declined only 11.8 per cent. Only half of the price reductions at wholesale were passed on to consumers.

Poland affords another illustration. Using 1927 as base, the wholesale food index has declined from 90 to 80, while the retail index remained constant at 102. In this case the disparity is made worse by the fact that the index of farm prices fell from 87 to 57. Similar conditions are to be found more or less over Europe.

Keynes has recently laid stress on the world-wide decline in prices of raw materials. This ought to mean cheaper finished goods in importing countries, but such figures as shown above indicate that this is not the case. The low prices impair the purchasing power of the producing countries, which hurts the export trade of Europe. If, in addition, the workers in Europe do not obtain cheaper costs of living, then there is double injury. Certainly it does not look like progress for raw materials to suffer low prices, and to have manufacturers cut costs and have the savings lost in the channels of trade.

Judge and Jury

By Richard Washburn Child

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS necessary to point out, at the very beginning of any comment on our judges and juries, that in the last analysis the people's will—and nothing else—is to blame if judges are restricted in usefulness, underpaid, overworked or allowed to become the creatures of politics, and the jury system is allowed to degenerate into a farce. Just as the social will is superior to misfit law, so, also, social will, when stirred, is powerful enough to demand and get a machinery of justice better organized, better manned than in the present practices of our courts, civil or criminal. The purpose of these articles is not to engage in what are termed erudite emanations from elaborate and cold statistical research; their purpose is to reach the large numbers of plain-thinking citizens, lawyers or laymen, from whom the only effective push for housecleaning will come. The same social will which overrides useless law must be depended upon to raise up effective processes of legal administration. The best respect we can have for law is that which demands that the law be respectable.

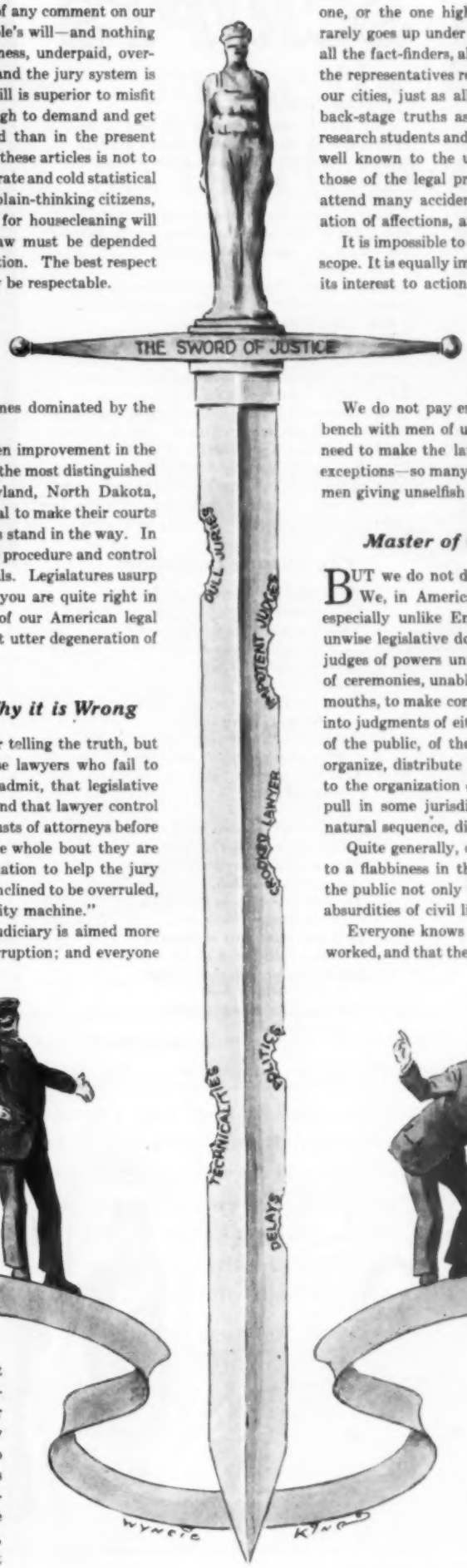
It requires no very exhaustive survey to convince us, particularly where the system of judges is an elective system and where the population is crowded, that we often have not only a badly organized judiciary but one which is stripped of power by our American practices and by legislation, and one which is sometimes dominated by the political machine.

"No one can deny that in many states there has been improvement in the organization of the machinery of justice," writes one of the most distinguished of my recent correspondents. "Massachusetts, Maryland, North Dakota, California and several other states have done a great deal to make their courts efficient. In other jurisdictions constitutional provisions stand in the way. In others, the legislature, as usual, attempts to dictate the procedure and control all things which affect our judge-and-jury system of trials. Legislatures usurp the privilege of the judiciary to organize itself. But you are quite right in presenting the general picture of the disorganization of our American legal machinery, the impotency of our judges and the almost utter degeneration of our jury system."

Finding What is Wrong Instead of Why it is Wrong

ANOTHER says: "No doubt you will be assailed for telling the truth, but be certain that the protest will come from those lawyers who fail to concede, as their more enlightened brethren have to admit, that legislative control of courts has meant lawyer control of courts, and that lawyer control of our courts has made of our courts an arena for the jousts of attorneys before juries selected for their unfitness and befuddled by the whole bout they are made to attend, and a judge whose powers and inclination to help the jury are throttled by law or by personal caution because disinclined to be overruled, and even sometimes by political dictation from some city machine."

Everyone understands that any indictment of our judiciary is aimed more at its disorganization and its helplessness than at its corruption; and everyone knows that principles applying in one jurisdiction or district may not be applied in another. Everyone knows, too, that in spite of the fact that elective judges may be above political intrigue, there are plenty of bad spots, particularly in the lower courts.



In as much as I have shown in another article that the lower-court judges are those who, together with the district attorneys, can free the gangster and politically backed criminal, it is no wonder that only what Warden Lawes of New York State calls the "small fry" are usually sent up to Sing Sing or even are available as clinical specimens for psychiatrists, parole boards and probation experiments. No one can oppose the application of science and a new humane intelligence to the American criminal, but the fact is that the real American criminal—the smart one, or the one higher up, or the one allied with political machines—too rarely goes up under a corrupt municipal or state régime. All the scientists, all the fact-finders, all the medico-legal reformers in the world may never see the representatives really responsible for crime waves and reigns of terror in our cities, just as all their statistics and fact-finding may fail to reveal the back-stage truths as to why such statistics exist. It is utter folly for the research students and the public to be blind to the devious workings of a system well known to the underworld, to political bosses, to shyster lawyers and those of the legal profession who know the farces and the blackmail which attend many accident cases, bankruptcy, divorce, breach of promise, alienation of affections, and gangster and racketeering criminal prosecution.

It is impossible to learn the habits of the flea by examining it through a telescope. It is equally impossible to touch the imagination of the public or awaken its interest to action with learned generalities. Common sense should not be the sole exclusive property of the underworld; it should permeate the labors of all our tortoise-shell-glassed fact-finders. So also should the defects in our prosecuting systems, our judiciary and our degenerated jury practice.

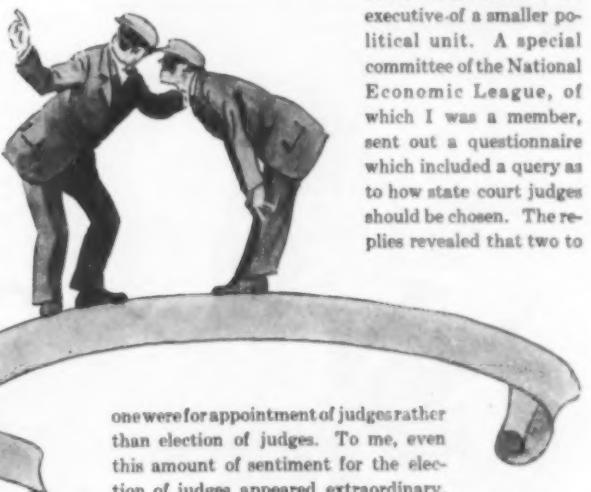
We do not pay enough in either money or honor to the bench to fill the bench with men of universal quality and competence appropriate to our dire need to make the law respectable enough for respect. Of course, there are exceptions—so many, indeed, that the numbers of wise, practical, well-trained men giving unselfish service still constitute the citadel of our respect for law.

Master of Ceremonies in the Court of Justice

BUT we do not divorce our judiciary from politics and political machinery. We, in America, unlike almost any other country in the world, and especially unlike England, have, by outworn constitutional cautions, plus unwise legislative domination of our courts and their procedure, stripped our judges of powers until in many jurisdictions they have become inert masters of ceremonies, unable, without fear of reversal by upper courts, to open their mouths, to make comment, give advice or, in some cases, even to put a finger into judgments of either facts or law. There is almost complete delinquency of the public, of the bar, of the judiciary itself to insist that the judiciary organize, distribute the work to be done, and create a machinery comparable to the organization of any business, any profession or any science. Political pull in some jurisdictions elects or appoints judges; political pressure, of natural sequence, dictates or impedes their conduct.

Quite generally, disorganization, plus absurd restrictions of powers, leads to a flabbiness in the judiciary which in a vague way amazes and disgusts the public not only with the feebleness of prosecution of crime but with the absurdities of civil litigation.

Everyone knows that judges and magistrates are usually underpaid, overworked, and that they are either elected after nomination by political machines or are appointed by a political figure such as a governor of a state or an executive of a smaller political unit. A special committee of the National Economic League, of which I was a member, sent out a questionnaire which included a query as to how state court judges should be chosen. The replies revealed that two to one were for appointment of judges rather than election of judges. To me, even this amount of sentiment for the election of judges appeared extraordinary. Since I began this series of articles I have had a large number of letters from lawyers and legislators and political figures in jurisdictions where election of judges is in effect, urging that this system be retained. The general arguments put forth are that the people are capable



(Continued on Page 186)

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

First Modern Suburban Child: "She Uses Make-Up an Inch Thick." Second Ditto: "Yeh—and They Owe Everybody in Town"

The Romantic Viewpoint

SHE: I think people are getting awfully sort of cynical about love these days, don't you?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: I mean, I really don't think people actually consider the love part hardly at all, when they get married nowadays, do you?

HE: I guess lots of 'em don't.

SHE: But I think the old-fashioned way of marrying for love is the only right way to look at marriage, don't you?

HE: Oh, sure; you bet!

SHE: I mean, I couldn't possibly ever marry anybody I didn't love, could you?

HE: Sure not!

SHE: But I guess loads of love matches are awfully impractical, sort of.

HE: Oh, yeah; I guess so.

SHE: Because I mean the people are so much in love with each other, I spose, that they don't think about the practicable side of it—I mean, the money and everything—do you know what I mean?

HE: Sure, that's right.

SHE: But I mean if you're not sort of hard-headed and all, my dear, about things like that, I spose your marriage goes on the rocks or something, don't you?

HE: Oh, sure; you bet!

SHE: I mean there's lots more to marriage than just being in love with the person you're marrying—don't you really think there is?

HE: Gosh, yes!

SHE: I mean, anyways, my dear, love is lots of times just an illusion or something, don't you think?

HE: Yeah, I guess that's right.

SHE: And if you sort of haven't got the comforts of life and everything after you're married you're practicably certain to be disillusioned, I spose.

HE: Yeah, I guess that's a fact.

SHE: But what makes me simply livid, my dear, is how awfully cynical everybody's getting about this love and marriage situation at this point, because, I mean, I honestly think you have to be really romantic about things like that to have them mean anything in your life, my dear—I mean, I actually do!

—LLOYD MAYER.

The Missing Ingredient

THERE are fighters who are giants
Carted in from foreign parts;
There are fighters who have science
In the shrewd commercial arts;
There are fighters who are actors
In a semisort of way;
There are fighters who are factors
In financial marts today;
But the trouble with each blighter
Who collects with left and right
Is to come across a fighter
Who can fight.

There are fighters who speak seven
Or eight languages, I know;
There are fighters with the leaven
Of the literary glow;
There are fighters who look flossy
In the dinner jacket's coil,
And their shiny hair is glossy
With a subtle touch of oil;
But the trouble with each blighter
In the pugilistic flight
Is to find some blinking fighter
Who will fight.

—Grantland Rice.

DRAWN BY C. D. FULLER

He: "Darling, May I Call Tonight?"

A Handy Guide to Murder

MURDER has become one of our major industries—not, happily, actual murder, but synthetic murder in fiction form. It has been estimated, by the sort of scientist who estimates that sort of thing, that 40 per cent of our population is engaged in writing murder stories, 59 per cent in reading them and 1 per cent in living them. One widely read author commits at least one first-class murder a month with his lethal typewriter.

It is no uncommon experience to overhear in the subway two mild-eyed little men saying to each other:

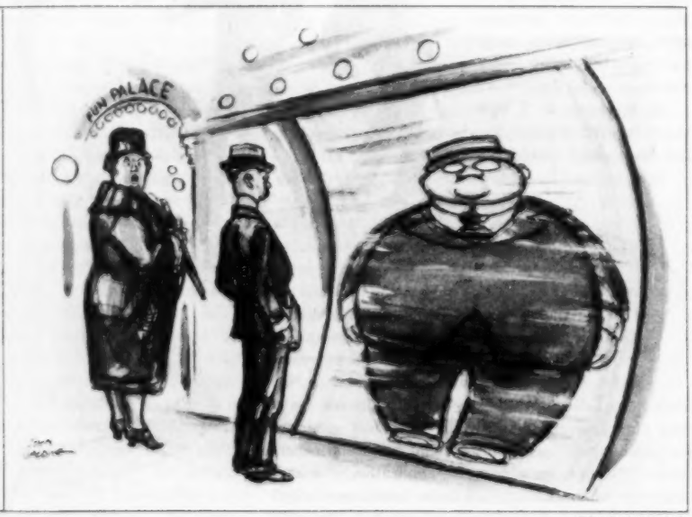
"Well, I've thought up a new way to kill the fellow. I'll shoot him with an icicle shot from a crossbow. Icicle melts. Leaves no trace. Neat, what?"

"Been done," answers the other sadly. "Now, today I just finished off an old banker by presenting him with the bulb of a rare African orchid. He raises it, see, but doesn't know it is the dread cannibal orchid which eats animals, and one night in his hothouse it gets hold of him and strangles him. Of course, probably, there is no such orchid, but you can get away with murder in a murder story. Pretty killing, I think."

(Continued on Page 60)

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Well, You Would Jump That Gate; I Hope You're Satisfied!"



DRAWN BY JOHN HALDEN

"Go On, Don't be So Vain"

Soups make the daily meals so much more enjoyable!

Your choice . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

There's a kiss in each spoonful,
A kiss from the sun,
In Campbell's Tomato—
I treasure each one!

Start to eat soup every day, and you will quickly find your appetite looking forward to it with the utmost eagerness as one of the most enjoyable "moments" of the day. It is so delicious in flavor, so refreshing, so invigorating!

Hearty soups—each a meal in itself. Dainty clear soups—most delightful of appetizers. Strictly vegetable soups for Fridays and any day. Soups for the hostess. Soups for the children. All the popular favorites, as well as many less usual kinds are listed on every Campbell's label. Best-liked of all the soups in the world—Campbell's Tomato Soup. Look for the Red-and-White Label. 12 cents a can.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

HARD MONEY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"It is Better if You Practice Not to be So Hard. Sometimes There Must be Yielding as Well. Always to be Stubborn is Not Good. And You are More Than Stubborn, Daughter. I Have Never Known a Man So Hard"

XXI

THE years between 1830 and 1840 were golden years for the broker and the private banker. Andrew Jackson, that turbulent old soul, was denouncing the Second Bank of the United States as the scourge of the people and vetoing Henry Clay's bill to renew its charter. Then, in '33, he carried his vendetta to the point of withdrawing from the bank the Government's deposits, and chaos resulted and lean, perilous times fell upon the country. There was not enough money—hard money—and few bankers knew what to do with what existed. Jan Van Horn did understand, and prospered mightily.

Jan had changed; where before he had been solid and silent, he was now taciturn. The wound dealt him by his elder son had been deep and all but fatal, nor could it heal. Had it not been for Mary and for dependable young Claas—and, perhaps most of all, little Anneke—his head would never have lifted itself again to erectness, nor his energy revived to drive him to fresh enterprises.

Through those first long, dark days and nights Mary Phillipse sustained him; she bore him across that grim, terrible passage upon her will and her love.

"You have Claas," she repeated insistently, iterating and reiterating. "You have Claas. He is a good son, dear, like yourself. Your plans and your hopes are safe. Claas will carry on. He will carry on the family and the bank. You should thank God for Claas, my husband."

"Yes," he said, and then, after a long pause: "Yes, Claas is good. He will carry on." He nodded his weary head and held her hand more tightly. "And you are good, wife."

But perhaps the strangest outcome of this calamity was the alliance which sprang up and persisted between Jan and his little daughter Anneke—an amazing alliance, and one which grew closer with the years. At night he played the banking game with her; in the morning she drove to the bank with him—for he drove now instead of walking, as had been his custom—and with the child he discussed the problems of the day as if she were a man and an equal.

Never did he confide in Claas as he confided in this lovely girl child, for Anneke was lovelier than even her mother had been and as her mother remained. At the age of ten she promised beauty of that arresting sort which comes only to personages; it was the beauty of aristocracy—true aristocracy—lighted and embellished by a personality peculiarly her own. A strange child, Anneke, but a child who arrested the attention. Precocious, yes, but not with that precocity which one often sees with regret in the spoiled children of doting parents. It was the precocity of genuine intelligence, quick, flashing, searching, masculine. Never did there live a child more feminine of body and of face; never did there live a child whose mind was more the opening, expanding mind of a man of tremendous promise.

It troubled Mary; it delighted Jan. As the mother listened to conversations between her husband and daughter she frowned with uneasiness but maintained silence. This was not as a daughter should be—a daughter for whom she planned a brilliant social career; it was incredible and unnatural that this lovely little morsel with the beautiful, waving hair of darkest red should sit and chatter with comprehension of funds and exchanges, of specie and of suspensions, instead of dolls or frocks or bonnets or parties.

"Nick Biddle has beat Andy Jackson," Jan told Anneke delightedly in 1836—when she was thirteen. "He's got a charter for the bank out of the Pennsylvania legislature, and will take over the affairs of the Second Bank of the United States; but the terms ain't good, Anneke."

"Why?" Anneke was always asking why.

"To get the charter the bank had to promise bonuses to turnpike and canal companies and the public-school system." Jan shook his head. "I see bad times ahead. They can't make enough money to pay these bonuses—not in such times as these. Bribing a state!"

"How was gold today?" Anneke asked with shining eyes.

"Premium was 20 per cent and on silver 15," said Jan.

"That is nice for us," said Anneke.

"For all brokers and unchartered private banks," agreed Jan. "Most of the currency comes through us for redemption and we negotiate most of the loans for merchants."

"And we handle most of the foreign exchange, don't we?"

"More than all the chartered banks of the city put together. Today we bought a half a million dollars' worth of coin."

It was with Anneke that Jan planned the coup in five-dollar bills of the United States Bank. Its charter, not carefully studied by many dealers in money, stipulated that specie payment must never be suspended on this denomination.

"Gold is rising," said Jan.

"Why?"

"Because there isn't enough of it," said Jan, "and because too many banks issue too much currency. There's not enough hard money to redeem." He chuckled. "But the bank has to redeem its five-dollar notes."

Anneke considered this. "Then if I have a five-dollar note I can get five dollars in gold or silver for it."

"Yes."

"Papa, why don't we buy all the five-dollar notes there are and make the bank give us gold for them?"

"Eh?" Jan considered. "We'll see," he said, and in the morning he instructed his agents throughout the country

(Continued on Page 34)

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

THERE are few families unresponsive to the lure of a strawberry pie. People who can talk quite coolly and collectedly about apple pie, who get only a slight flush over pumpkin and no quickened pulse for lemon custard, are apt to be the very ones who beam in sheer bliss over strawberry. Strawberries glisten so, with their own glaze. Their syrup is so rich, their flavor so delectable. But a strawberry pie is nectar and ambrosia only if the crust is also fit for the gods. To assure its being so, *never* roll out a piece of pie dough that's not made with Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Sweet and pure, rendered from choice fat, "Silverleaf" is practically infallible for even novice cooks. When you market, be sure to ask for it. In the half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

(Continued from Page 32)

to collect and hold bank notes of this issue and denomination. In Massachusetts, in Missouri, in New Orleans, in Georgia, Jan's correspondents obeyed instructions, buying up paper with hard money and shipping packets of five-dollar notes by fast express to Jan in New York. Four dollars in gold would buy five dollars in paper. In September of that year Jan Van Horn presented to Nicholas Biddle's bank in Philadelphia a half million dollars in its five-dollar notes. The law compelled redemption in specie. His profit on this transaction was close to a hundred thousand dollars.

As for young Jan Van Horn, he had disappeared into the West with his bride. From time to time word filtered back through one of his father's agents, but never word of a cheering nature. In January of 1830 a daughter, Christine, was born, and in May of 1831 a son, Henry Clay, came into the world. Following that, for years there is little known of his life or his movements; almost nothing excepting the monthly record of remittances still visible on the books of Phillipse & Van Horn. His father never spoke his name; indeed, to the day of his death the name of his son never again passed Jan Van Horn's lips.

Nor did he name Abel Betts, even when that man returned to New York a year and a half after he left it in haste. But he kept his eye on Abel; every movement was reported to him and recorded. It would almost be the fact to say that Jan maintained an Abel Betts department of his business. The black, murderous rage of that first night smoldered to embers—inextinguishable embers whose hot glow never diminished. Even in those first hours Jan uttered no threats, but he formed a resolution from which he never wavered, which was never absent from his mind. Abel Betts must be destroyed.

It was a curious hatred, for there was no haste in it. It was not a vocation, as is the case with the enmity of some men, but an avocation, relegated to its proper time and place. It was a patient hatred, which Jan did not permit to interfere with any plan or project, but which he nursed of spare hours as another man might nurse a hobby—might collect pictures or raise blooded stock or conduct a stable of racing horses. Not even the need for revenging himself on Betts must interfere with the progress of safety or integrity of the House—the house of Phillipse & Van Horn.

If Jan could have broken Betts into tortured fragments at any given instant by jeopardizing some widespread plan or by risking for an instant the good name or the sound standing of his bank, he would have withheld his hand. Aside from that he was ruthless. If to destroy Abel he must destroy innocent men and women associated with Abel, then these innocents must suffer. To Jan they were not innocents. Any association with Betts, be it ever so tenuous, rendered them guilty and liable to pains and penalties.

But patient as he was, he left nothing to chance. He was no opportunist in his hatred, as he was never an opportunist in his business. Always he builded from a firm foundation, a trifle grimly and sometimes very slowly, but with a definite end in view and well-surveyed roadways by which to reach that destination. So, in the year 1829, he laid the first stones of the foundation of his vengeance, and he counted that day lost during which he added no rock, even the tiniest rock, to the wall of the edifice.

He knew Betts. Possibly he knew him as no human being ever knew any other human being. Day after day, year after year, he studied Abel as a scientist will study some obscure member of the animal kingdom until no more remains to be discovered. He tested Abel's weaknesses and assayed his strength, and with these data in hand he commenced the construction of his pitfalls and his gins.

Doubtless there was a sort of pleasure in it; unquestionably, as the years went by one after another, until ten had gone and his own age was fifty-six and Abel Betts' age was fifty-seven, the matter became ineradicable habit with him and its working a joy.

He was planning for no mere raid upon Betts' increasing fortune, no mere coup which would diminish Betts by a million. It was to be no mere defeat, but a debacle; an enveloping movement which must result in destruction, complete and terrible.

Nor, though Jan seemed to sleep, did Abel Betts believe that he slept. He, too, knew his man, and in his devious brain lay uneasily the knowledge that they two were moving glacially, inevitably, toward a battle to the death.

But Abel's way was not Jan's way. He was no great strategist, but a raider, brilliant in sudden forays, quick to strike and quick to retreat with his booty. So, through a decade, Jan found it necessary to fend off Abel's sudden descents with one hand while he continued his stolid, invisible building with the other. There were minor skirmishes in scores, from which one or the other retired with surface wounds and increased hatred. It was such a feud as New York hitherto had never witnessed, and it became an institution in the financial circles of the young metropolis. Men bought and sold, invested and reinvested with an eye on the Van Horn-Betts warfare. It became historic and gave birth to its legends. It was discussed in the Tontine and traced back through the full thirty years of its life to 1809, and heads were shaken and wagers placed as to its outcome.

Betts was rich, and in his way respectable; not so rich as Jan Van Horn, or so solid, but because he made a spectacle of his life, because he loved the light to shine upon such of his acts as would bear the light, he had attached to himself a following and found for himself a position in the life of the city. He was a religious man and it was among the religious that he lived and moved in his unctuous way. Perhaps there was present in him a terror of the justice of heaven, because, as many men have done before him and as many men will continue to do after him, he sought to purchase immunity with his right hand for the deeds of his left. It was his boast that he gave his tithe. One tenth of every dollar he gained—if he is to be believed—was devoted to the service of God. It moves one to wonder with what eye a Supreme Being regards such benefactions, and if prayers arising from a church erected by money acquired by Abel Betts' methods sound as sweetly and as appealingly in His ears as the prayers which arise from the tiny temple builded by the sweat and the toil of honest men and women.

(Continued on Page 85)

"If One of Her Name Comes Near to One of Our Name, it is for a Reason. I Give You One Command That is Over All Commands. Never Speak a Word to Man or Woman of the Name of Betts"

Large American manufacturers who design and build machinery and engines for modern industry are probably the most exacting group in the world, in their lubrication requirements . . . Upon correct lubrication depends the very life of their products and their own reputation. It is significant, therefore, that—

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Above:—"ARCADIA" a brand-new idea in rug design. It is *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug No. 618.

THIS SUMMER why not be a *PART-TIME* housekeeper?

SUMMER DAYS are just around the corner—bright, sunny days when you long to be out-of-doors. Will you repress that desire and be a *full-time* housekeeper? Will you go out to play and be a *slipshod* housekeeper? Or will you be—as thousands of women are today—a spick-and-span, *part-time* housekeeper . . . . . with the aid of easy-to-clean *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs?

These modern, labor-saving rugs will help you to "get through sooner." Dampen a mop—whisk it over the smooth, water-proof surface. Watch the dirt vanish. Watch the lustrous colors come up smiling. In no time, you're finished—free to enjoy golden hours of leisure.

Fascinating new patterns—every one as colorfully captivating as the four shown on this page—are now on display at your Congoleum dealer's. And don't let any fear of high prices keep you from seeing these delightful new designs. Rugs that bear the Gold Seal guarantee are the most *economical* rugs money can buy.

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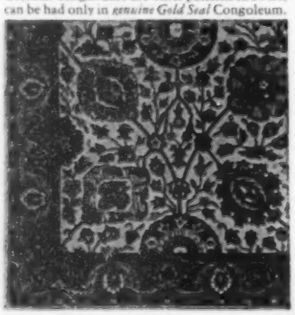
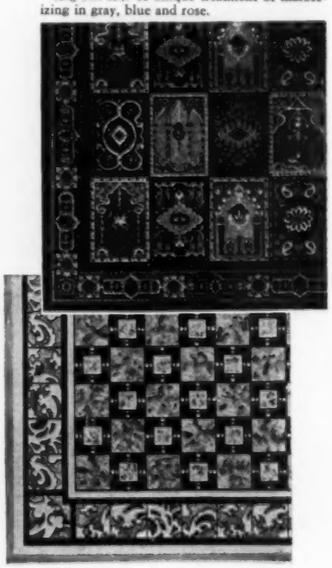
THE ONE AND ONLY *genuine Gold Seal Congoleum is identified by this big Gold Seal, pasted on the face of the pattern. Insist it appear on the rugs you buy. Accept no substitutes!*

"TURKAN"—*Rug No. 621.* A richly colored Oriental design. Like the other patterns shown it can be had only in *genuine Gold Seal* Congoleum.



Below—"MECCA"—*Rug No. 615.* Rich in the harmonized colors of a group of interesting Mohammedan prayer rugs. *And*—"SPARTA"—*Rug No. 624.* A unique treatment of marble-izing in gray, blue and rose.



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WANTED: A DREAM MAN

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Llew Said, in a Surprised Voice, "Not Wearing a Derby? The Ground's Awfully Hard Today"

DEAR ETHEL: Well, kid, it's a long time since I wrote you, but I've been awfully busy living the latest chapter of my Love Life. And what a chapter! Honest, girl friend, I'm a wreck. My sensibilities are bruised, and that ain't all. You should see my chassis!

Here's how it happened, and if you don't believe my story, come and see me some day, and I'll show you the scars.

You know, after that disastrous affair of mine with Arthur, the anæmic boy Galahad, I decided that chivalry isn't all it's cracked up to be. I was on the look for a modern man who realized that a girl enjoys being treated as an equal instead of a little tin god. Somebody with not enough romance in him to wreck his common sense. I painted attractive pictures in my mind of striding shoulder to shoulder through life with a big-game hunter or something, popping off a rhino here and a hippo there, feeling myself well rewarded if I could but detect a prideful gleam in the steel-blue eyes of my spouse.

Well, I hadn't been looking any time before the gods dumped what was apparently the answer to my Maiden's Prayer right into my lap.

One day about a month ago, Flo Andrews, who lives next door, said to me: "Billie, drop in tonight and play some bridge. Bob"—that's her boy friend—"is bringing over a fraternity brother of his who'll make you forget home and mother. He may be a bit hard to get acquainted with, but he's perfectly stunning-looking and his father has oodles of jack."

Well, little Billie is nothing if not an artist at getting acquainted, so I said "Sure" and went over to Flo's.

The title to this bundle of attraction was Llewellyn McNiff, and he had everything that Flo claimed he had. A great big guy, with just the sort of steely blue eye I'd been yearning for, and one of those interesting weather-beaten complexions that make you think of grouse shooting in Scotland, if you ever do think of grouse shooting in Scotland, Ethel. And I could judge by the chariot parked in front of Flo's house that his old man wasn't having any trouble keeping the wolf from the door.

But he certainly was a gosh-awful bridge player, and as I'm no Hoyle myself, we were soon losing everything, including my next month's matinée money. Finally, noticing an expression of intense boredom fluttering around on his well-bred map, I pretended a headache and we went and parked on the davenport.

You know yourself that generally means the end of my troubles as an entertainer. But not so with this lad. Just try and get him to talk. After Arthur, it was a relief in a way to have a fellow sit by the hour and yes you without interrupting, but even I at times get tired of the sound of my girlish soprano. Just when I was pretty near desperate and he was pretty near asleep, I happened to mention horses.

Ethel, you might think somebody had set a bomb off under him, he snapped out of the fog that quick. It was the magic word, and would that I had never hit upon it! Maybe then yours truly would have been spared the most harrowing adventure in a lifetime full of harrowing adventures.

Be that as it may, the magic word "horse" pulled him out of his coma, and from then on I did the listening. It seems he was crazy over horses and fox hunting. Worked in town during the week, and over the week-ends buzzed out to the family homestead in the country for the hunting. It sounded awfully swanky, and so sort of red-blooded after the boys around here, whose idea of vigorous outdoor sport is going to football games in sedans. Anyways, Llewellyn talked my ear off, and when he asked me did I ride, and I rashly answered yes—well, I have jogged around the park a few times, and I do have a snappy riding habit—well, after that we got along like nobody's business.

Flo said to me later: "I see you've made a hit." But she underrated it. I'd scored a knock-out.

Believe me, Ethel, that boy may have been hard to start, but once started, there was no stopping him. He certainly gave me the rush. Before I realized what was happening, I was wearing such a big rock on the proper finger that it tired my hand all out carrying it around, and the orchids were arriving regularly every day. The family was all hot and bothered, because they couldn't understand what Llewellyn was saying half the time; his talk running mostly to spavins, bowed tendons, hocks and withers—things like that. But, as I told them, they should worry. His conversation might be a trifle incoherent, but the orchids were easy to understand.

What a Jolt!

It seemed to me that I had at last found the man. I had dreamed of a big-game hunter, but a fox hunter was even more ritzy. Also, the idea of a married life completely surrounded by horses struck me as being much more comfortable than one cluttered up with hippos and crocodiles. Little did I know. If you ever have to choose between a horse and a hippo, Ethel, take the hippo every time.

Well, everything went along as smooth as a Princeton man's line for several weeks, and I was getting the hope chest filled with all sorts of practical things. The only spot on my mental tablecloth was the thought that some day soon I was going to have to go out to that farm and go fox hunting. Llew was awfully big-hearted about it, and promised to start me off on an old mare of his, who, as he said, hadn't a bad bone in her body—I'll give you my opinion later—on just a small quiet hunt. But, nevertheless, Billie could feel her dogs going icy just at the thought of it all. Finally, however, he talked me into it and I agreed to make the break. So one fatal Friday afternoon we drove down to the homestead. And it certainly was a wow. A big farm, with a huge white house and the latest thing in barns. Eight horses, and dozens of grooms running around with towels and whisk brooms, in case a horse should happen to get a little dust on him. They had everything for those horses' comfort except picture books for them to look at in case they should get bored. No fooling, Ethel, they had electric fans, vacuum cleaners, individual electric lights, running hot and cold water, downy straw beds, and the sheets were changed every day.

I met Llewellyn's mother, and she was very sweet, though, as I thought, slightly sad and subdued. I now understand why. Her husband and four sons were all fox hunters, and if you think that isn't enough to squelch any woman, then you never met a fox hunter.

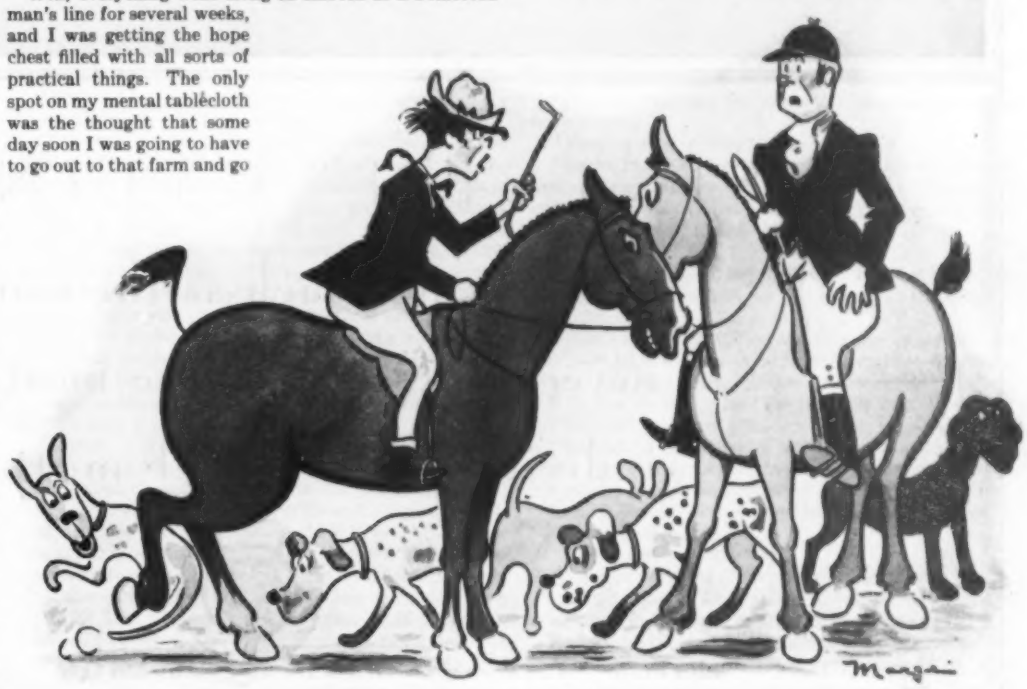
Well, we spent a snappy evening, the four sons having a red-hot argument with Papa McNiff as to whether the sorrel filly wasn't getting bow-legged or some such thing, and along about ten o'clock, Llew says to me: "Well, dear, I guess you'd better be getting to bed. The hounds meet tomorrow about five miles from here, and you'll need lots of pep for your first hunt."

I said, "Good gravy, Llew, do you mean to tell me we have to ride five miles before you even begin to go fox-hunting? Why, gee whiz, I've never ridden five miles all at one time in my life!"

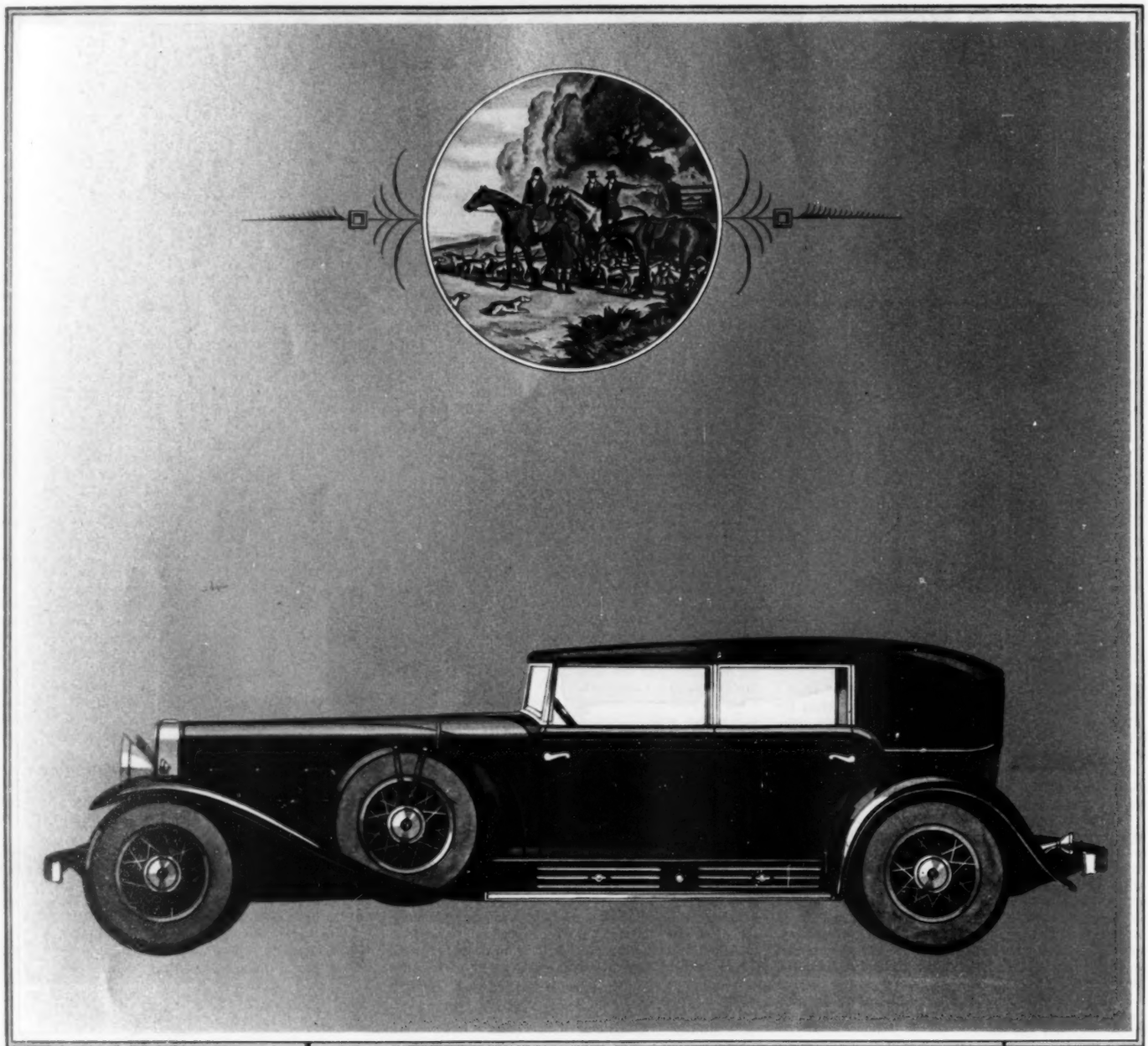
That shocked him, but he bore up under it like a man and told me not to worry, we'd take things easy, and shooed me off to bed. His mother gave me a funereal glance as I went, and golly, I was feeling plenty uneasy already, without her hanging any more crape on the situation.

I didn't get a whole lot of sleeping done that night either. Haven't gone to bed so early in years, and besides, my

(Continued on Page 158)



"Llewellyn, I Want to Go Home"



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THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE

Rida Ticknor Stared at What Would Have Been Spouse Six if Nature Had Been Permitted to Take Its Regular Course

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

WHEN the war is over, we emerge therefrom in good health and come rolling home, Roscoe and self on the same transport and Whitey one week behind us. The last I see of Whitey, he is having trouble in France.

Whitey is the kind that has trouble anywhere, and as the soldats get ready to start home, Whitey is having his final peace conferences in France with a bright-eyed frog by the name of Berth, a blonde.

Whitey explains to Berth that now the war is all over, he believes he will go home with the boys and get him a nice job repairing motors on Madison Avenue, and Berth bets him the equivalent of two American bucks he doesn't do anything of the kind. Berth bets him, six, two and even, he will stay right there in France and become a good Frenchman, raising asparagus and bulbs; and in the middle of this tough spot, Roscoe and I pull out on Whitey and come home, leaving him to see if he can win any part of the argument. The last we see, they are debating in a French wine groggery, with Berth making nervous gestures and Whitey looking out the window and saying very little.

"We will meet you in New York," we told him, "in the little Italian dump on Forty-ninth Street."

"Let us hope so," he said, still looking out the window.

Well, we do not meet Whitey in the little wop dump on Forty-ninth Street, for the war has changed everything and the place has reformed and is now a store where they sell birds and dogs, no liquor being sold there any more, the same as everywhere else in New York. So Roscoe and I start looking for suitable employment, and we hear no more about Whitey. I figure he is still over in France, wearing a pointed beard.

We finally procure refined work on a steamboat as deck hands, and later we hear Whitey is driving a motor bus between Boston and New York, he being of a mechanical bent. But we never see him. Our time for the next few years is spent on ocean liners, and we finally wind up in a stucco lodging house in Pasadena, California, where we pause to go over the books and contemplate the future, which is all pink.

Things are looking up for Roscoe and self, for after a vagabond career, we are now at the end of the scallywag trail. We are all through with aimless wanderings at small pay and our feet are pointed for Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, where we are crashing into the pineapple business, along with Mr. Russell McEwen, the pineapple baron. He is a gentleman we met going out to Java on the Mongolian.

It is during this period of meditation in Pasadena that Roscoe loses part of our passage money to Honolulu, he being a person who thinks well of himself as a dice shooter. He was out throwing dice with three other Pasadena gentlemen, and when he reappeared at the stucco lodging house some of our passage money was missing.

"Not much sense to that," I said in mild reproof, remembering how we had earned the money on steamboats by hard deck labor.

"Maybe you think I went out and got skinned on purpose," he reflected. "Well, I did not. It may be them dice was funny."

"How much is left?" I inquired, and he replied about one hundred, which happened to be in the bureau drawer, and that is why the Pasadena gentlemen did not get it.

"I will take charge," I stated, "because I know I can't throw dice. We will thus have one hundred for more than the next fifteen minutes."

You cannot purchase passage to Honolulu for two persons with one hundred—a fact known to Roscoe. We therefore lingered idly in the rooming house, spending the balance in small dribs, because one of us could not sail as passenger on the Honolulu boat, leaving the other to work as dining-room steward. We decided to ship as deck hands when the money was gone and to spend the hundred for blue-silk shirts and movies, and were happily doing this when we came out of a movie one night, and being dry, I said to Roscoe:

"What about a nice ice-cream soda at the Dog and Washboard?"

"A can of beer would be better," answered Roscoe, who has never got over his boyish ways.

"You cannot get a can of beer in Pasadena," I said coldly, and without further controversy we strolled into the Dog and Washboard and sat down on the little iron chairs they always have in confectionery stores for human suffering.

"Bring us two lemon ice-cream sodas," I told the young woman; and, upon turning around, I perceived a look of blank surprise on Roscoe.

"Well, I'll be dead in a minute," he said, staring fixedly across the room. "There's Whitey."

I followed his gaze, and at first I wouldn't believe it was Whitey. But it was, for the person's face was shining, the hair was not combed, and the man was deep in argument with a personable female, all of which made it Whitey.

"That is Whitey!" I cried, rising.

We scurried across the room and stood there, gazing down for a brief instant. The last time we saw him was over in France, and he was telling Berth he better go home and she was saying on the contrary. And here he was in the Dog and Washboard in Pasadena, arguing with another member of the gentle sex. This one was a slightly older dame than Berth, but snappy.

"Look at the little runt!" Roscoe howled affectionately, and the lady glanced at us with inquiry.

"Roscoe!" Whitey shouted, knocking over a banana split. "And Eddie! Darn if it ain't the both of them!"

He leaped up and cracked us in the ribs, clamoring so that everybody stopped eating splits and delights, and we held a reunion. He was the same old Whitey, with his hair this and that way, and the kid grin that gets him along so easy with femmes. He can do more with that grin than most men can with seven hundred dollars and a closed car.

"Meet Mrs. Ticknor!" he cried, pausing in the excitement, and we bowed to his companion, who had shiny black hair and a pleasant smile. She was made up a little, but not too flagrant, and there was a generally capable look about her that marks the smart woman. You knew if she started down the street to get a couple of cans of crab meat, she'd come home with a couple of cans of crab meat.

Chairs were pulled up and we went over facts during the next half hour, with Mrs. Ticknor maintaining a friendly silence and listening to the jabber of the reunited.

"I'll come over tonight," Whitey said, and we gave him the number of the lodging house.

Roscoe and I said we were glad to meet Mrs. Ticknor, and presently departed.

"How do you like the woman?" he asked me as we walked home.

"Fine," I said. "Why?"

"Looks funny to me," he said, but I merely grunted, because practically everything looks funny to Roscoe. He still believes nobody has ever been any nearer the North Pole than Bangor, Maine.

At eight o'clock, Whitey boiled in, flung his hat on the floor and resumed where we had left off at the Dog and Washboard.

"Here's the way of it," he said in a glow of enthusiasm. "First of all, I'm going to be married, and second, I'm an aviator now, and third, I may not be an aviator very long if Rida has her way, which she generally has."

"Aviator?"

"No less. I got a ship of my own, and a student's license, and I was expecting to have a commercial license, but maybe I won't on account of Rida."

"An airplane?" Roscoe asked in a tone of wonderment. "You got an airplane?"

"I borrowed it from a man."

"And you are going to marry this lady we met?"

"I hope to say," Whitey replied, taking on the look we used to see in the war when he began discussing Berth.

He used up the next fifteen minutes with a glowing portrait of Rida Ticknor and how he met her at a dance, along with details of their mutual friendship. The marriage was just ahead. Mrs. Ticknor was a lady of means and

owned a spreading orange grove somewhere south of El Tonto.

"Time I settled down," Whitey stated, "and it wouldn't do you two any harm to find a couple of nice women. Remember, we are no longer young lads, and a good wife is God's finest gift to man."

"Hear, hear," I said. "But maybe you better give up this strange idea of marriage, and gallop over to Honolulu, where you will get eight dollars a day and a Jap servant."

Whitey smiled and shook his head, passing into further eulogy of Rida.

Roscoe gave me a significant glance and grinned. It was the same old Whitey, weaker than sick kittens when it came to women.

When he started home, he made us promise to visit him at El Tonto and peek at his Red Bird, which was a jenny or a mabel or some other kind of outmoded air machine, and not any too reliable even on a calm day.

The next week uncovered a number of interesting items relating to our wartime pal. It was almost immediately obvious that he was making a mistake in marrying Rida Ticknor. That was one thing. Another was that while Whitey might have been a high-class bus driver on the Boston turnpike, he was not the world's foremost birdman. In disregard of law and human life, he was taking people up at two dollars and fifty cents a shot, and he had no business taking them anywhere.

If the Government found out how he was risking innocent lives, they would have put him in the jug and set fire to his jenny.

Roscoe, being a natural pessimist on the subject of woman, was the one to have news, and came in all steamed up.

"Eddie," he said seriously, "it might be we got here just in time."

"To what?"

"To keep Whitey single. Nobody ought to marry a woman with five husbands."

"Who has five husbands?"

"His Rida. At least, she did have. She hasn't got them now."

"Where are they?"

"They kicked the bucket. Without exception, they are all dead and buried in cemeteries."

We discussed this social surprise and agreed it would do Whitey no great benefit to ally himself matrimonially with an orange-growing matron who had already been to five funerals. One or two husbands may not materially alter a woman's character, but when she has returned half a dozen pale helpmeets to the fecund mold, there is something amiss, even though she did not personally poison their soup. We decided, after thoughtful conversation, to beguile Whitey out of the notion and take him to Honolulu. First thing we did was to run over to El Tonto, which was a brisk little town even before it got the airport. Every California city now has its own airport, the same as it has a dog catcher.

It was a sunny day, and we found Whitey bootlegging unsuspicious people aloft at reduced rates and without supervision. Naturally, he was eager to take us up for a short jaunt and show us the sky line, but we stated we could see all the sky line we needed from where we were.

"No," said Roscoe, who gets ill in an elevator, "you ride Eddie. I will stay here. Somebody might come with a telegram, and I will be here to take it."

Whitey was keenly hurt, and doubly so when I also refused to get air-minded. He explained that anyone can run an airplane these days and that it is really simpler than operating a motor car.

"In spite of which," Roscoe told him, "I will be found sitting here on a stump, because I have noticed a stump doesn't go into a tail spin and set fire to your hair."

Finding us adamant, Whitey took a final death defier up with him, collected two-fifty and invited us over to the ranch. This offer we accepted, for we meant to say a few words concerning Mrs. Ticknor.

Our visit to the estate was pleasantly brief, and Mrs. Ticknor showed us her oranges and how she was encouraging chickens to lay eggs. We sat in the front parlor, twiddling our hats and trying to decide what had become of the five who were no more.

"I am going to set out an avocado orchard," she announced, thinking we were interested in that dejected-looking fruit. "There is a great deal of money in avocados, and we will need lots of money later on, for we intend to take a long trip, don't we, Whitey?"

Whitey nodded, moved over and sat on the arm of the lady's chair, taking her hand in his. I thought of the long trip now being enjoyed by the five ex-bachelors, and made a fresh decision to keep Whitey from a fate worse than staying alive. The odd thing was that Rida Ticknor looked really amiable and even jocular. She laughed easily and there was nothing of the Mary J. Borgia in her bearing.

"I do believe," she said anxiously, "Whitey should give up flying, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Roscoe.

"It is so dangerous. You will give it up, won't you, Whitey dear?"

"Maybe," announced the bridegroom. "If you insist, I probably will, because your slightest wish is my law."

I winked over at Roscoe, for that was the way Whitey talked to Berth. We enjoyed a pleasant chat, complimented Rida and returned to Pasadena, outwardly friendly, but feeling certain that the sooner Whitey got over his matrimonial intentions, the safer he would be, even if he continued to fly around in his jenny.

(Continued on Page 160)

There Was Whitey, as Usual, Curled Up on the Floor, Playing Chinese Chess With Kew Loon, While Hop Jing Stood By, Making Sounds of Approval

The NEW ESSEX Challenger

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It is a Complete Essex—Included in the list prices are:

- **4 double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers;**
- **Manually controlled radiator shutters;**
- **Starter, electrolock and motometer on dash;**
- **Electric oil and fuel gauge on dash;**
- **New simplified windshield control;**
- **Double cowl ventilators;**
- **Adjustable seats and steering column.**

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RADIO

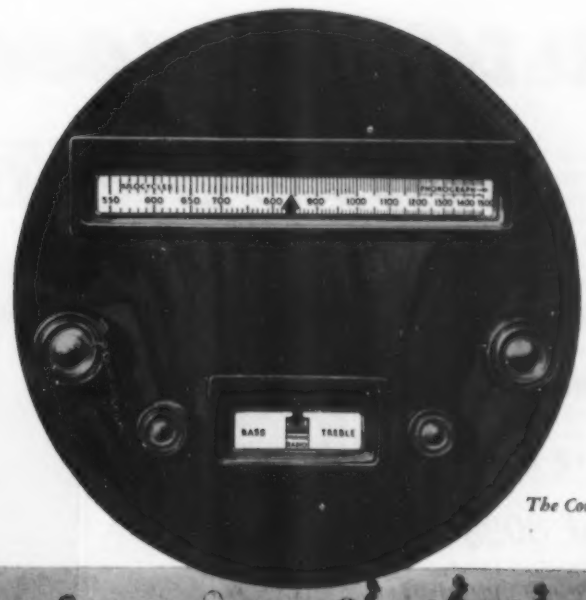
THERE is a significant new name in radio—General Motors! Everything that *Product of General Motors* stands for —advanced design, proved performance, exceptional value—is exemplified in the new radios announced by the General Motors Radio Corporation. And, in addition, the entry of General Motors into the radio field is marked by a remarkable new contribution which gives you actual *mastery of tone*—the Tone Selector!

The Tone Selector, an exclusive feature of the new General Motors Radio, brings you radio reception *as you choose to hear it!* If you enjoy the deep, sonorous basses of an orchestra, move the Tone Selector toward "Bass" on the tone-indicator and instantly you hear the tubas, drums and bass viols come out of the background into sharper relief. If you prefer the high-pitched instruments, move the Tone Selector toward "Treble" and the high, sweet voices of the violins stand out, clear and true... Radio has never before been so enjoyable! Now, the exact tone that pleases you most can be found for every type of broadcast program.

When you go to hear the new General Motors Radio you can confidently expect exceptional performance, for here is an

S T A N D A R D

RADIO *Selector!*



The Control Panel

The deep melody of the basses is brought out when the indicator of the Tone Selector is in this position

Reverse the tone indicator to "treble" and the instruments of higher pitch come into sharper, clearer relief

instrument thoroughly qualified to give it. The tone is extraordinarily life-like, remarkably faithful, in the reproduction of both instrument and voice over the entire scale of expression. Clear, sharply defined separation of stations and far-reaching range bring you the entertainment you want as you like to hear it. The electro-dynamic speaker, of the most modern design, is very carefully matched with the chassis to assure unblurred, unblemished volume from a soft whisper to magnitude that will fill an auditorium.

As noteworthy as this outstanding performance, is the attractive appearance of the new General Motors Radio. The cabinets are made of carefully selected and matched woods, beautifully finished. All five models conform to the traditional lines of fine period furniture. The Hepplewhite Lowboy, with its simple charm . . . the graceful Sheraton . . . the rich Italian . . . the handsome Queen Anne radio-phonograph . . . and the impressive Georgian radio-phonograph—all will delight you when you see them.

Every model has a totally shielded eight-tube screen-grid chassis, precision-built throughout. Radio models $136 to $172—radio-phonograph models $198 and $270—without tubes. Any model may be purchased on the GMAC plan of convenient payment—through which millions have bought General Motors products.

By all means see and hear the new General Motors Radio. The nearest authorized General Motors Radio dealer will gladly demonstrate the newest and most important development in radio reception—the Tone Selector.

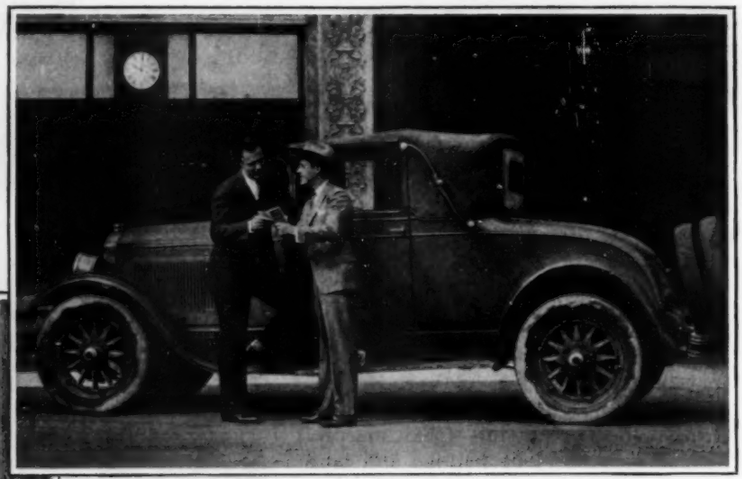
* * *

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

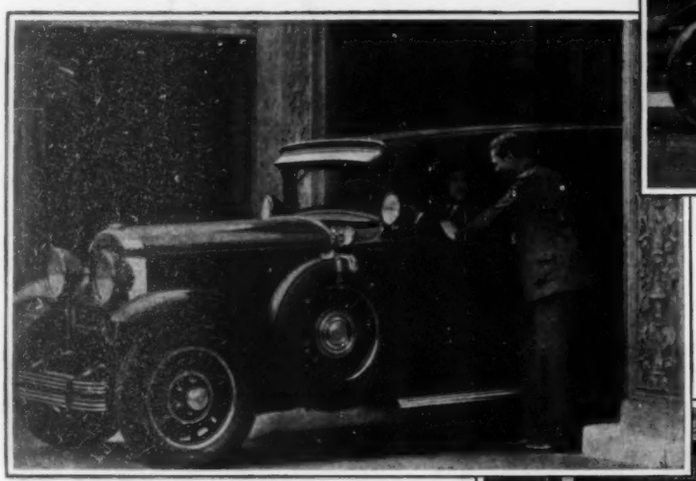
OF QUALITY

How to Increase the "Trade-In" Value of Your Car

A new nation-wide service that retards depreciation and keeps your car "running like new." Also avoids the cause of 80% of all repair bills



"Yes, Recorded Alemite-ing makes your old car worth more to us and we'll make a better allowance."



"Take care of this like you did the old one and you'll always have a sweet running car."

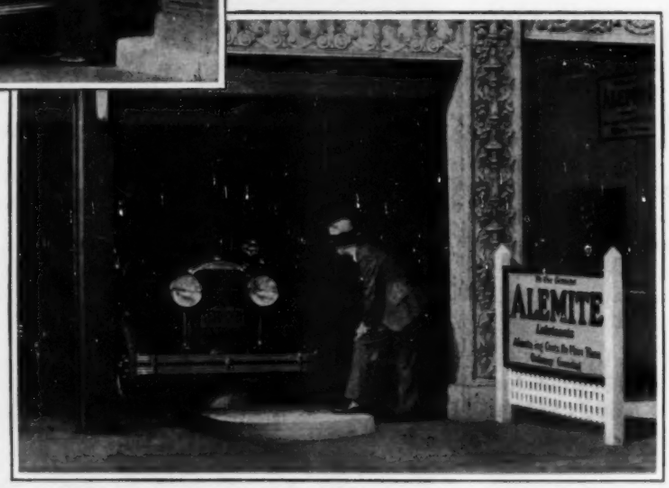
PEOPLE today who take good care of their cars can now secure a better trade-in allowance—or a better price when they sell.

The plan is simple. Any dealer will tell you a car that has always received proper lubrication has a higher resale value. And the performance of a car in its second year depends upon how it was cared for in its first.

So the makers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubrication Systems, now on 95% of all cars, devised a plan called "*Recorded Alemite Service*".

Give Your Car a Pedigree

Now when you have your car Alemite-ed at the regular 500 mile interval, a record is kept of all the service performed on your car. A certified copy of it is given you to carry. This record is your car's pedigree. It shows the careful attention it has had. And that means much to the man who may later buy it. This record shows not only that your car has been lubricated regularly—but also that it has been lubricated properly.



"Give her the gun, Jack, and I'll be back for another Alemite-ing in 500 miles."

This Protection Insures Good Performance

Genuine Alemite Lubricants are offered by the Makers of the Alemite systems
Alemite
ALEMITE
Alemite Push Type
Genuine Alemite fittings are stamped "Alemite"

For ordinary greasing, even though regular, may be ruinous to good performance and dangerous to the life of your car. Many cheap greases are being offered by unknown and irresponsible stations. Those greases often contain abrasive filler, soap and acid. They are unsuited to the Alemite system on your car.

Proves Car Properly Cared For

Recorded Alemite Service shows you have avoided haphazard greasing. It shows you have permitted none but Genuine Alemite Lubricants in your car. It shows you have entrusted that car to efficient mechanics at Genuine Alemite-ing stations, to men thoroughly familiar with proper ways to service it.

That proves to others your car has had the best attention. It increases the resale value 10% by average.

Thousands now are availing themselves of this extra service. The cost is no more than ordinary greasing. The result is a smoother performing car, without squeaks and rattles, and a major saving in repair bills.

Stations offering 100% Alemite-ing service are conveniently located everywhere. Look for one as you drive. They are identified by the sign pictured here.

100% Alemite-ing Means:

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics —every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Vesuvius Graphite Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2670 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

SEVENTY-FIVE million dollars has been recovered by the United States Steel Corporation in the last few years from the Government of the United States. The amount in issue was double that sum. The Government didn't intend to mulct the United States Steel Corporation and the latter didn't fail to claim every deduction to which it felt entitled. The controversy arose from the complicated nature of the war-revenue acts and the complicated business of the Steel Corporation. Yet through a curious turn of fate the Steel Corporation found that it had been overcharged an amount it believed to exceed that $75,000,000, and the Government was so convinced it had made an error that the case was compromised.

Back of this episode lies the story of a young man who prosecuted these matters and spent years of his time proving his contention, until victory came the other day, in the last payment of $33,000,000 to the Steel Corporation, after the Treasury Department's action had been fully reviewed by the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation.

Six years ago a public controversy arose when the Senate Committee, headed by Mr. Couzens, of Michigan, began discussing the operations of the Income Tax Bureau. The Steel Corporation had been granted a deduction by the Treasury for amortization of plant facilities erected for war purposes. The corporation retained Wayne Johnson, a New York lawyer, to defend its interests. Under existing law, the taxpayer, if he wins in court, can recover not only the excess tax but interest thereon; so the Treasury faced a bill of about $155,000,000 in case it lost. That is why the compromise of $75,000,000 was reached.

Johnson had served the Government in the White House, on the Federal Trade Commission and as Solicitor of Internal Revenue, from which he had resigned four years before Judge Gary asked his advice, and he started the legal machinery going which has just led to the biggest single refund of taxes in American history.

President Wilson grew very fond of Johnson, who aided him at night during the eventful months of 1914 and 1915. Through the help of the President, Johnson became special attorney in the Trade Commission, which position he held until he went overseas as a captain of artillery in 1917. On his return to the national capital he served as special attorney in the Bureau of Internal Revenue and was about to leave there in 1919, when the late Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, who had been impressed with Johnson's work, urged Commissioner Roper to recommend Johnson for the appointment of Solicitor of Internal Revenue.

It was most unusual for a Republican senator to intercede in the appointment to a high place in a Democratic Administration, but those were the days in which the Government was losing its men rapidly, and Johnson's understanding of the big tax questions that arose out of the war was recognized as extraordinary. He remained as Solicitor of Internal Revenue for less than eight months. His knowledge of the application of the law, however, and of the theory of taxation, was derived from an analysis of some of the largest cases that the Government tried.

The settlement of the suits of the United States Steel Corporation marks definitely the beginning of the end of the liquidation of wartime taxes. The tide of litigation over controversies caused by the wartime taxation policy is perceptibly receding. There are still thousands of cases in the courts, before the United States Board of Tax Appeals and the Treasury Department, but each decision by the Supreme Court disposes of other hundreds, and as the Commissioner acquiesces in the decisions of the Board of Tax Appeals, thousands of others are thereupon settled in the Treasury Department. The next year or two may see an end to the Treasury Department's consideration of the returns filed for the so-called war years of 1918 to 1920, inclusive. And not less happy than the taxpayer will be the Treasury Department itself, which doesn't relish the idea of constant refunds on errors made in the hectic days of war-tax administration.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Millions of tourists every year see Niagara Falls, but relatively few ever learn that behind the sheet of water, on the river bank, hidden by trees, shrubbery and a great wall, is a vast supply of power which has built a fortune for the Schoellkopf family. For hundreds of years the rushing water from the Great Lakes had been pouring over the steep declivity, but Jacob Fred Schoellkopf, who bought many miles of the river bank for $100,000 or thereabouts, never thought of it except as a means of running a flour mill. He came to America in 1838, and in 1850, joined by a few associates, started a flour business with old-fashioned water wheels.

PHOTO. BY BLANK-STOLLER, INC.

J. F. Schoellkopf, Jr.

It was not until 1890 that the use of water for electric power began to be developed, and the elder Schoellkopf died in 1899 without ever realizing that the millions of horse power generated by Niagara Falls could make millions of dollars for him. It was not until 1909, after a period of nearly twenty years—during which the elder Schoellkopf's money went constantly into the enterprise—that any returns were realized. Once a court action was begun to condemn the river bank and recover possession from the elder Schoellkopf.

"How much did you pay for it?" he was asked.

"About $100,000," he said.

"Why do you think it's worth $1,000,000?" continued the interrogator.

"Don't I own it?" he countered.

And just as intangible as that reply was the general conjecture as to the true value of that river bank. Up to only a few years ago the value of the Falls as a source of electric power was not widely recognized, and there were obsolete plants doing business as they did fifty years ago. The Schoellkopfs agreed to electrify the plants of the other companies along the river at practically no expense, if they would let the former use the water, because it was possible to modernize the plants and give them all the electricity they needed and have a great deal of power left besides.

A few years ago the Schoellkopfs bought the Niagara Gorge Railway in order to get the riparian rights, and recently the old Buffalo, Niagara & Eastern Power Co., which embraced all the Schoellkopf properties, was appraised at $220,000,000. A few months ago all this became a part of the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, which owns plants along the Hudson and steam plants as well as hydroelectric developments in other parts of the Empire State.

But with a natural reservoir like the Great Lakes, and with Western New York absorbing large amounts of power for industrial purposes, the Falls, for many years to come, will continue to furnish electric power at a relatively low rate.

The elder Schoellkopf had no idea what the power would be worth. Some of the contracts he made then were for forty or fifty years—and they are still running—with a charge of approximately eight dollars per horse power as contrasted with twenty dollars nowadays. He did have another kind of foresight, however. He provided in his will that his properties shouldn't be sold for a period of twenty years after his death. It was long enough for his six sons to see their father's plans come to a wonderful fruition.

Not wishing to have his family risk all on the power business, he put two of his sons in the leather industry, two in the chemical business, one in the law, and Jacob Schoellkopf, Jr., into the development of electric power. The six brothers each had one son, who have again diversified their interests.

Two of them—Paul and Alfred, the one president and the other vice president and general manager—are operating the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, one of the largest units in the world. They do not control the company. They tried to retire from business when the Buffalo, Niagara & Eastern was sold to the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, but Floyd Carlisle, chairman of the board, who represents the Morgan interests, wouldn't hear of it, for the names "Niagara" and "Schoellkopf" have become interwoven in the evolution of hydroelectric power in America.

Now the Niagara Hudson is urging the state of New York to consider the development of the St. Lawrence on a basis whereby a state-owned corporation can develop the waterway and market its power through private operating companies.

"Throughout the Niagara Hudson system," testified Mr. Carlisle before the New York State Commission on the Revision of the Public Service Law, "only 15 per cent of the kilowatt hours are sold to householders, farmers, municipalities and small users, 85 per cent going to large industrial users. Largely for that reason, the average rates of the system are the lowest of any large company or group in the United States, and lower than those of the Hydro Commission of Ontario, when consideration is given to taxes paid."

A curious phase of the St. Lawrence development is that some of the power-company officials think that if in some way the state of New York can assure a large enough purchase by industries, the rate to the consumer for household uses can be materially reduced, because for only 15 per cent of the time do the householder and farmer use electricity. This would mean great economies.

And if anyone doubts that statement, the Schoellkopfs point to the fact that with a larger and larger use, by industry, of the power generated at Niagara Falls, it is possible for the consumers in the Western New York area to get their power at one-quarter of the rate that consumers pay in New York City.

Literally, much water has passed over the dam since the elder Schoellkopf started in the flour business on the river banks of the Niagara.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

With an experience of thirty-five years in business, Henry C. McEldowney, president of the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh, says there is plenty of room at the top.

"Business has undergone many changes in the last thirty-five years. We have seen remarkable growth and an extraordinary efficiency, but there is just as much need for good men now as there ever was—only they have to be better men and there have to be more of them."

Mr. McEldowney's contacts, as the presiding officer of an institution that serves a big economic area, are diversified. He has seen the development of a good many successful enterprises, and he puts management first as the prime requisite of industrial growth today.

(Continued on Page 181)

FAT OR THIN WOMEN

By Brenda Ueland

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

MANY doctors are vehemently opposed to the way women are dieting in order to become fashionably thin. "What do you eat for breakfast?" one of these asked a patient who was worried about her very peculiar feeling of lassitude and inertia.

"I take," she said, with that rekindling of interest that even a dying reducer shows when talking about food—"I take just some black coffee, very strong. You see, I have to lose about fifteen more pounds, doctor."

"What do you eat for luncheon?"

"Well, for luncheon I allow myself all the lettuce I want, with mineral-oil dressing."

"For dinner?"

"Oh, for dinner I let myself go—lean meat, celery, one piece of dry toast and grapefruit."

"Well," said the doctor—a rather fat man himself, as it happens—swelling with rage when he told about this, "I told her, 'The reason you are tired is that from starving yourself you have got just a little tuberculosis, that's all. Good morning, madam. I hope you enjoy your luncheon.'"

He went on to say that at the theater he and his practitioner friends will while away the *entr'actes* by looking over the audience and picking out the dieting women who are already tubercular. "A return to Rubens is my slogan!" he said passionately. "We have had enough of Burne-Jones women!"

And not only doctors but husbands and men in general all over the world seem to be exercised about it.

"Our women must please us, not the Parisian tailors," wrote a Fascist editor the other day, "and we—let there be no mistake about this—like pulp, not bone. . . . We ask the government to take ferocious measures against the peddlers of thinness. We propose to watch in our own families to make sure that no such crimes are committed by women under our direct control." Well, though he appears to be a boastful man, we wish him luck. But can he do anything about it?

A Queen Under Full Rigging

NOT long ago, twenty-two of the leading physicians and dietitians from all over the country held the first adult-weight conference. The majority of them were very grave, full of warnings. They condemned the boyish form. They said all women seem to be trying to pour themselves in one mold, which cannot possibly be done until, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, we are able to "select our ancestors with much greater care." No matter what the diet, a Percheron cannot be a race horse.

They pointed out that in junior high schools hundreds of girls were going without breakfast because they were afraid that otherwise they would get fat, and a considerable number of these children were under twelve years of age; and that undoubtedly tuberculosis is a disease that attacks the undernourished young. They pointed out that in a study of the women who worked in twenty-five big Eastern department stores, where there is a terrific epidemic of reducing, it was found that these girls, in buying themselves meals, always searched the menu for what would nourish them the least. They also told how some women reduce so fiercely they will never be able to have children. Some take thyroid extract, get a charming slim figure, a bad heart and frequently an obituary.

About the weight of women in the past little is known. You can comb volumes about the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, for example, and discover that she was beautiful, had light brown eyes, get an accurate description of just how her upper lip rested on her charming under lip as though on a little cushion, and so on, but there is not a word as to her fatness or thinness except the general statement that she had a beautiful figure. But what she weighed, how she was actually constructed, measurements of chest, hips, waist, calves, ankles, such as we read now almost daily of every moving-picture actress and others, there is not a word. And there is no knowing, because her portraits have clothed her in as much rigging as a ship "under full sail," as a court minister said, "with her tops and topgallants and her upper decks and nether decks, and so bedeckt with her streamers, flags and ensigns, and I know not what."

When Henry VIII wanted to marry a new wife his ambassadors sent him minute descriptions of eligible princesses. "A marvelous good, brownish face she hath, with fair red lips and ruddy cheeks." And: "She is not so pure white as the late Queen, whose soul God pardon, but when she chanceth to smile, there appeareth two pits in her cheeks and one in her chin the which becometh her right excellently well." But not a word about her figure. Today such specifications would come at the very beginning: Five feet, five inches tall; weight 118 pounds; perfect legs; might take a little off the hips, and so on.

The Goncourts made a study of the French beauties of the eighteenth century—the beautiful, well-fed *inhumaines* of that age—and they were all plump, pneumatically plump under their stays and billowing taffetas. Once in a rare while there was a thin one like La Guimard, the dancer—"Plain, thin, dark." Her thinness made her hideous to everybody, and the marvel was that the painter Fragonard was so tormented by her *beauté diable* that he could do nothing but paint her frivolous emaciation in all his work. The only other thin beauty was Madame de Pompadour, whom society life reduced day by day, "until she became a veritable skeleton weighing only 111 pounds." Yet, since she was not particularly tall, this was not so very thin according to our standards.

Early Victorian women seemed to want to be plump but pale. Pallor and a look of ill health superimposed on plumpness was the thing, because only servant girls and dairymaids had red cheeks. But after 1850 thin women began creeping up on us.

Now, there are some doctors—a small vanguard—who are in favor of thin women. They give some very good reasons. Thin women, they say, are due first to changes in food supply and, second, to changes in women themselves.

Before 1700, in England, all the food eaten was found on the island. None was imported. After that, tea, coffee, sugar and other things began to appear. There were then tea and coffee for breakfast and a sweet confection after dinner, and meals were better tasting, richer, less monotonous, more stimulating; though Jonas Hanway, who was the first to have the courage to carry an umbrella, wrote an essay attacking tea, saying, "Your very chambermaids have lost their bloom by sipping it."

A Few Kind Words for the Thin

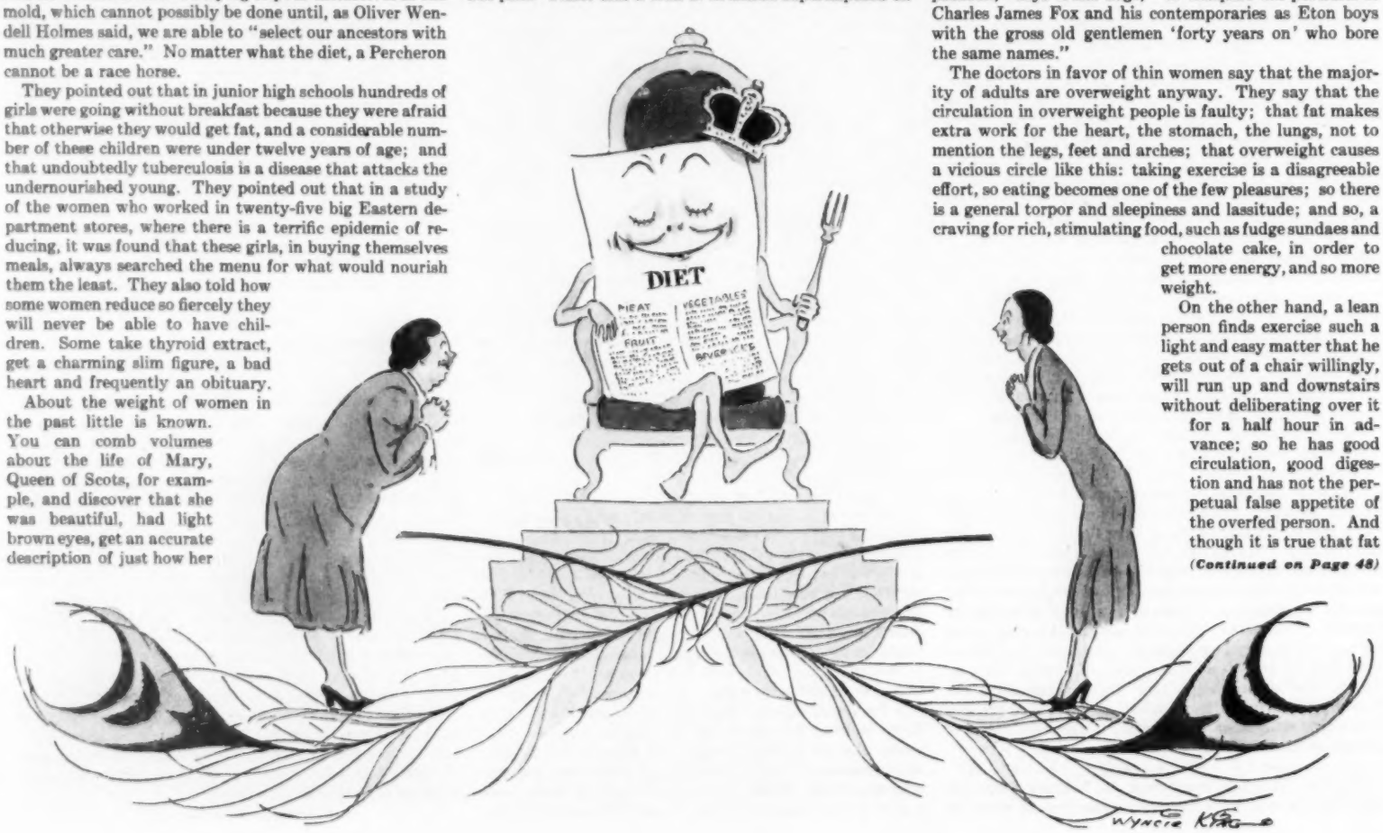
FROM that time onward, food became more abundant and palatable, up to the present. But there have been some bad effects. For one thing, a change in food supply destroys the ungovernable gluttons. The healthy poor man who becomes a millionaire immediately digs his grave with his teeth, becomes fat, ailing, apoplectic, arteriosclerotic, the victim of such degenerative diseases as cancer and diabetes, many of which, it is held, come from overfeeding on imperfect food. For example, one of the most remarkable changes in our food habits, say the dietitians, is the increase in sugar. A century ago an American ate about eight pounds of sugar a year; today he eats about 110 pounds. Some try to blame this on prohibition, but, as a matter of fact, prohibition has not affected the sugar consumption appreciably. Physiologists say that while once sugar was 1¾ per cent of our nourishment, now it is one-fifth of our nourishment, with the result that it makes us fat and spoils our appetite for food that would nourish us much better.

Therefore the doctors in favor of thin women think this epidemic of reducing is a good thing, for it represents the reaction of self-control and common sense after 200 years of overeating on the wrong food. It was no accident that the few persons who lived to an old age in the past are generally recorded to have been abstemious. "And it is pathetic," says Dean Inge, "to compare the portraits of Charles James Fox and his contemporaries as Eton boys with the gross old gentlemen 'forty years on' who bore the same names."

The doctors in favor of thin women say that the majority of adults are overweight anyway. They say that the circulation in overweight people is faulty; that fat makes extra work for the heart, the stomach, the lungs, not to mention the legs, feet and arches; that overweight causes a vicious circle like this: taking exercise is a disagreeable effort, so eating becomes one of the few pleasures; so there is a general torpor and sleepiness and lassitude; and so, a craving for rich, stimulating food, such as fudge sundaes and chocolate cake, in order to get more energy, and so more weight.

On the other hand, a lean person finds exercise such a light and easy matter that he gets out of a chair willingly, will run up and downstairs without deliberating over it for a half hour in advance; so he has good circulation, good digestion and has not the perpetual false appetite of the overfed person. And though it is true that fat

(Continued on Page 48)



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NOW BRINGS INTO THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD THE LARGEST, FINEST, MOST IMPRESSIVE CARS EVER OFFERED AT SUCH LOW PRICES—NEW SPEED, NEW POWER.... *SMARTER*

NEW

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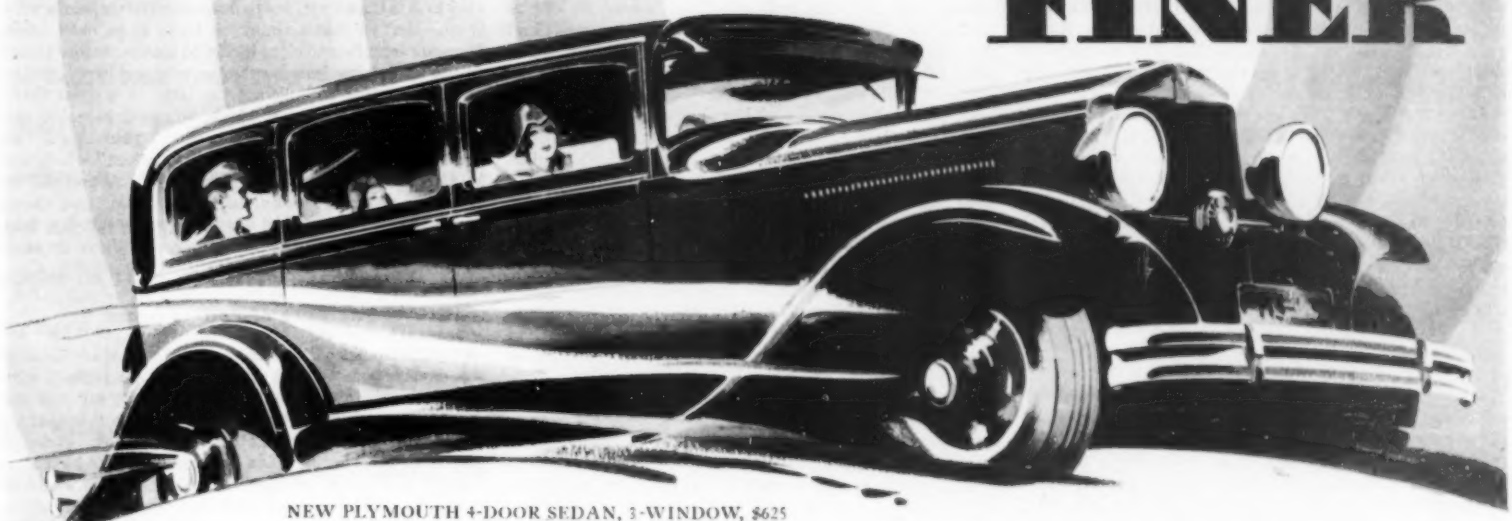

NEW PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR SEDAN, 3-WINDOW, $625

See the *new, finer* Plymouth—on display today in 10,000 Chrysler, Dodge Brothers and De Soto dealers' showrooms.

Product of Chrysler Motors engineering and precision craftsmanship. Entirely new performance. New power. New, startlingly high speeds. New smoothness, flexibility and economy. All resulting from new, larger high-compression engines. Weatherproof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes . . . literally beyond comparison.

A new and impressive kind of beauty . . . with new-type, low-swung lines sweeping back from the new, high radiator and long, high hood . . . and French-type roof to accentuate its Continental smartness.

New comfort and new luxury . . . new dimensions and new roominess. Riding and driving ease beyond anything you ever expected to experience in a lowest-priced car.

The *new, finer* Plymouth is now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world. See it. Drive it. Buy it. Own it with new pride and pleasure!

FEATURES OF NEW PLYMOUTH

Beautiful new safety-steel bodies of new strength and silence—new radiator and hood design—full-size leg-room, head-room and seat width—larger high-compression engine—new-type rubber engine mountings—full-pressure engine lubrication—crankcase ventilator—Chrysler-designed weatherproof self-equalizing 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—safety gas tank in rear, with gauge on dash

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (*rumble seat*), $610; Coupe (*rumble seat*), $625; Touring, $625. *F. O. B. Factory.*

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 46)

people are undoubtedly good-natured, they certainly have not the force, will or fire of lean ones. And this leads us to the chief reason why men dread dieting wives—their dispositions are certainly not good.

The best way to arouse a modern husband is to say in an undertone to his 112-pound wife:

"I think—take off about seven more pounds and you'll be just about right." No matter if he is asleep, this will bring him to his feet with a cry of protest. And I suppose you cannot blame him. I remember three strange, melancholy periods in my life that have always puzzled me, when I, a sanguine, good-natured and almost imbecilely optimistic person, became for a few weeks not only melancholy but the victim of a vague neurasthenic fright and sadness. Just the fact that it got dark after twilight, or that it was the month of March, or that company was coming for dinner seemed a terrible thing, filled me with a foreboding and a dreadful loneliness.

Well, just a short time ago, when I had turned the fifteenth day of the Hollywood diet, I suddenly found myself in this very same state of mind, and looking back at those other periods, I realized that then, too, I had been trying to get thin by living on coffee, cigarettes and lettuce. Yes, undoubtedly starvation plus indigestion, with plenty of coffee and tobacco to keep you nervous, works like a poison in the system. And the worst thing is that the judgment seems to fall off. A friendly, jolly, competent wife who is full of horse sense will begin to think that her husband does not like her because he reads the newspaper, or that friends give her compliments just to hide their true feelings about her, or that the man who dances with her is waving a five-dollar bill at the stags.

But the doctors in favor of thin women counter by saying that it is not the reducing that is bad, it is the inexpert methods of doing it. For example, thousands of stenographers are trying to get thin by living on a chocolate soda and two sandwiches a day. On the other hand, thousands who are not trying to get thin are living on four or five meals a day consisting of buns, cake, tea, jam, candy, pie, crullers, meat and potatoes, with spaghetti for a fresh vegetable. These are undoubtedly nice and plump—if they are not emaciated from dyspepsia—but they are probably worse off than the others, say the pro-lean doctors, as far as health and teeth and general condition go.

In other words, it is not how much you eat but what you eat that is important, and to illustrate this, Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous English surgeon, tells how Wellington's soldiers and their wives, who were allowed a ration of a pound of ground wheat a day and lived on that and nothing else, had better physiques and better teeth, though they were exposed to constant hardships, than modern English soldiers who have a wide variety of food, but who, in their ignorance of diet, probably eat and drink too much of what tastes good but does not nourish them.

Banting for La Belle France

NOW those who rail against thin women seem to think they came into style one season a few years ago, like a novelty bracelet or a new kind of beaded bag, but really they have been creeping up on us for nearly a hundred years. In the last half of the nineteenth century there were Burne-Jones women and Rossetti women. Du Maurier's Trilby was very tall and fairly slim. Manet exhibited his painting, Olympe, and threw almost all France in a rage. They were used to the soft women of Bouguereau and to the women in the paintings of the classical school, who, in their Greek draperies, had large, dimpled ankles and slim feet that toed out excessively, and fat wrists with a dimple where the wrist bone is today. To us, Manet's Olympe is a limber, compact girl; "just right," we would all say. Yet, fifty years ago, all French artists and critics and the general public set up a resentful cry that she was a ghastly consumptive; they shuddered to look at her horrible emaciation.

And as far back as twenty years ago, when women were still wearing corsets, underwear and long black stockings in bathing, they were quietly beginning to reduce. I know that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the leader of the Four Hundred, used to walk five miles every morning in heavy wool garments and had tea and one bleak slice of thin dry toast for breakfast; and though her dinner parties had the requisite number of eight or nine courses, for the first time, under her dictatorship, dinners were not feasts, but each course was whisked away so quickly that there was hardly time to eat more than a few mouthfuls. Dinners that had taken more than two hours she reduced to an hour.

But it was during the war that thin women came in with an overwhelming rush. One reason was, as the French explain it, that it was patriotic to eat little; so thinness became an evidence of patriotism. Then, because of the necessity of economy, dresses were made of the least possible cloth—no petticoats, no ruffles, no corsets. Now the skimpier a dress is, and the more diaphanous, the harder and more compact you must be to wear it without shocking people. In fact, for the present sensibleness of women's clothes, and the consequent slimness of women, perhaps we have to thank—or curse—musical comedies and chorus girls. Ever since the Black Crook, when the chorus appeared in black tights instead of long skirts, for the first time since perhaps the Greeks, people have taken a sensible, dispassionate, critical interest—and not a facetious and waggish interest—in women's figures. Exposure has done it. In fact, women's figures are fast becoming better than men's, since the latter still wear so many clothes you cannot tell whether they are living skeletons, Adonises or fat men, and not being exposed to criticism or admiration there is no incentive to improve.

Bernard Shaw wrote, nearly forty years ago, of the absurd fact that a portrait is not a portrait of a man or woman but of a dress and a pair of shoes. "Bereaved parents, orphans and widows weep fondly over photographs of uniforms, frock coats, gowns and hats, for the sake of the little scrap of humanity that is allowed to peep through these trappings. Women with noble figures and plain or elderly faces are outdressed and outfaced by rivals who, if revealed as they really are, would be hardly human."

But as far as women are concerned, this is less and less so. No longer can one whose face, a small disk about one-twentieth of her surface, is kept thoroughly pummeled, pomaded and wrinkleless—"youthful" is the word—compete with a woman who may have some lines in her face, but who is at the same time, in her grace, vigor and construction, a magnificent human being.

Our Changing Food Habits

CARLYLE staggered humanity by inviting the House of Commons to sit unclothed, so that we, and they themselves, shall know them for what they really are. Everyone shudders at this, but I feel certain that within a month the figures of all would be tremendously improved, and, in almost every instance, reduced. That is why, as long as women's clothes are diaphanous, I doubt very much that there will be many Rubens or Renoir women, no matter what the doctors say, or men like, or how much they are admired in life classes.

Of course now that dresses have become longer and more concealing, there is a cry of relief from the plump: "Now at last this unhealthy thinness is going out of style!" But I think not, or at least not for long, for this reason: Women have now experienced the physiological benefits of having sun and air on their bodies—the well-being, the comeliness, the sleekness, the prettier color, the metabolic improvement—and so they have developed a craving for it which is still foolishly denounced by some as immodesty. Where there is exposure there is bound to be slimness and compactness. After all, economy is the underlying principle of beauty and grace, and slimness is economy in action as well as line.

Other things account for thin women; well-heated houses have had something to do with it, because they have made scanty clothes possible the year round. And because of heated houses it is no longer necessary to eat so much to keep up the body temperature. Then the food supply, due to transportation, has become steady, resulting in two things: First, fresh fruit and vegetables—nonfattening—the year round. Formerly a winter diet was of meat, bread, cake and other heavy nonperishable foods. Secondly, with the grocery man delivering twice a day and with three meals a day absolutely assured, people acquire the habit of eating just enough at each meal for a few hours' maintenance. Thus they gradually have got over the old mental attitude, still experienced by poor people, that because the present meal may be the last one and lean days may be coming, it is downright blasphemous not to eat all you possibly can and store the surplus away in fat. But today we can even skip a meal without a feeling of absolute guilt. It is, therefore, possible to keep down to a narrow margin of slimness.

This is borne out by the fact that not so long ago stoutness was a sign of opulence and social position, because it seemed to announce to the world that you could afford roast saddles of mutton every night, as well as entrées of fish and fowl and terrapin before and after the roast, and sherry, claret and champagne coming along with the proper course. Not so long ago a man was proud of his bay window and described its curve with a big gold watch chain. "Well-favored" was the adjective applied to beautiful women, and if it could not be applied they were not beautiful.

And how we used to urge children to stuff, force them to eat pails of revolting mush! Anything to make them fat, to blow them up! It is sad to think of those years of wrestling to break childish wills, the long grim meals of forcible feeding, when now it looks as though even children should not be fat. Yes, they've even found that out. Fat children tire more easily than other children and, in a curious way, though they may seem placid, they are more apt to suffer from fear and anxiety and inferiority feelings.

Poor people and elderly people still show the old-fashioned attitude toward food and fatness. Note how such will say to you "How well you are looking" when they mean "How very stout you are getting." Yet a person would not say "How well you are looking" to a fat dog. His impulse would be to starve him at once.

One reason men think women's reducing is silly is that they are less critical of women's figures than women are of their own. The opposite is true, of course—that is, I look at a homely woman in a street car, a stranger—for our friends never seem homely to us, because we have become used to them—and she seems very plain indeed, and then I imagine her a man. Immediately I see that it is a kind, honorable face; the long upper lip becomes droll and full of humor; the long cab-horse visage becomes almost distinguished. In the same way I find that while I will be secretly critical of women I know for letting themselves get fattish, I then realize that I have utterly forgiven a dozen nice men for very wide girths or double chins or even for a general matronliness, with knock-knees and hips; for do not delude yourself any longer—men have hips just as much as women, but we rarely discover it because of their tremendous superfluity of clothing—the layers of thick, scratchy, woolen coats, vests, pants.

In the same way, I find men admiring women who seem to me very undistinguished as to physique—plumpish, even billowing women with those weak, slightly backward-bending legs—the kind that look stuffed—and double chins, and so on. In other words, women who are not nymphs at all but built pretty close to the ground.

You see, what men do not realize is that those women who are now trying so desperately to get thin are perfectionists. It means that instead of looking not fat in street clothes, they actually want to look not fat in a bathing suit. They have taught themselves not to edit their figures when they look in the mirror, but to make themselves see the whole truth—that is, that actually, as there is on most adults, there are from four to eight inches of blubber before you get to the underlying framework of muscle and bone. Instead of being content to bulk not too large in a dress that is known as a stylish stout, which, as the dressmaker says, has "long lines" and "does not cut off your height" and gives you "that straight-up-and-down effect" which their husbands and doctors assure them is their natural size and weight, they want to look actually slim—slim, long, sinewy, pantherlike—with a waist that is actually concave when they sit down, with arms that are smaller above the elbow than below? Why not?

The Lure of Lolling Grace

AND the trouble with reducing under medical advice, as the doctors insist, is that so few doctors are perfectionists. I suppose we can't blame them, because they are used to so much serious sickness, but all they care about is that you are on your feet and getting to work every day. It doesn't matter to them if you have a complexion like tweed, are padded and round through the shoulders like a sloe-gin bottle, or so without waistline that when you are sitting down you look as though you were standing up. In fact, they feel a little safer about your general health if this is so.

A doctor will advise a woman who is thirty-eight years old, five feet, five inches tall, that her weight of 138 pounds is not too much for her; she should not reduce a pound! They say: "Look at the standard table of correct weights."

Well, this woman knows in a disconsolate way that she looks no more dashing than a washerwoman, feels porky and swollen and ill at ease in a short-sleeved dress, feels stuffy and short of breath when she sits in a deep chair. She cannot loll to save her neck, is not graceful, cannot cross her knees and have one long shank drooping gracefully down beside the other as Greta Garbo, Katherine Cornell, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Lady Asquith, Gertrude Lawrence, Mary Garden, Evelyn Laye, Marilynn Miller, the Marquessa Cassatti, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Peggy Joyce can. The 138-pound woman can only try to hide her plump insteps under the davenport and pull her skirts down over her solid calves.

The doctor is annoyed at her silly ideas. Look at the table of correct weights! Well, that is all very true, but those weights represent the average, and who wants to be an imperfect average in this underexercised and overfed world where almost everybody, from the point of view of an ancient Greek, or a modern Zulu, is much too fat. And even the doctors, if you press them, will say that while fairly good correct weights have been worked out for children, there are none yet that are entirely satisfactory for adults.

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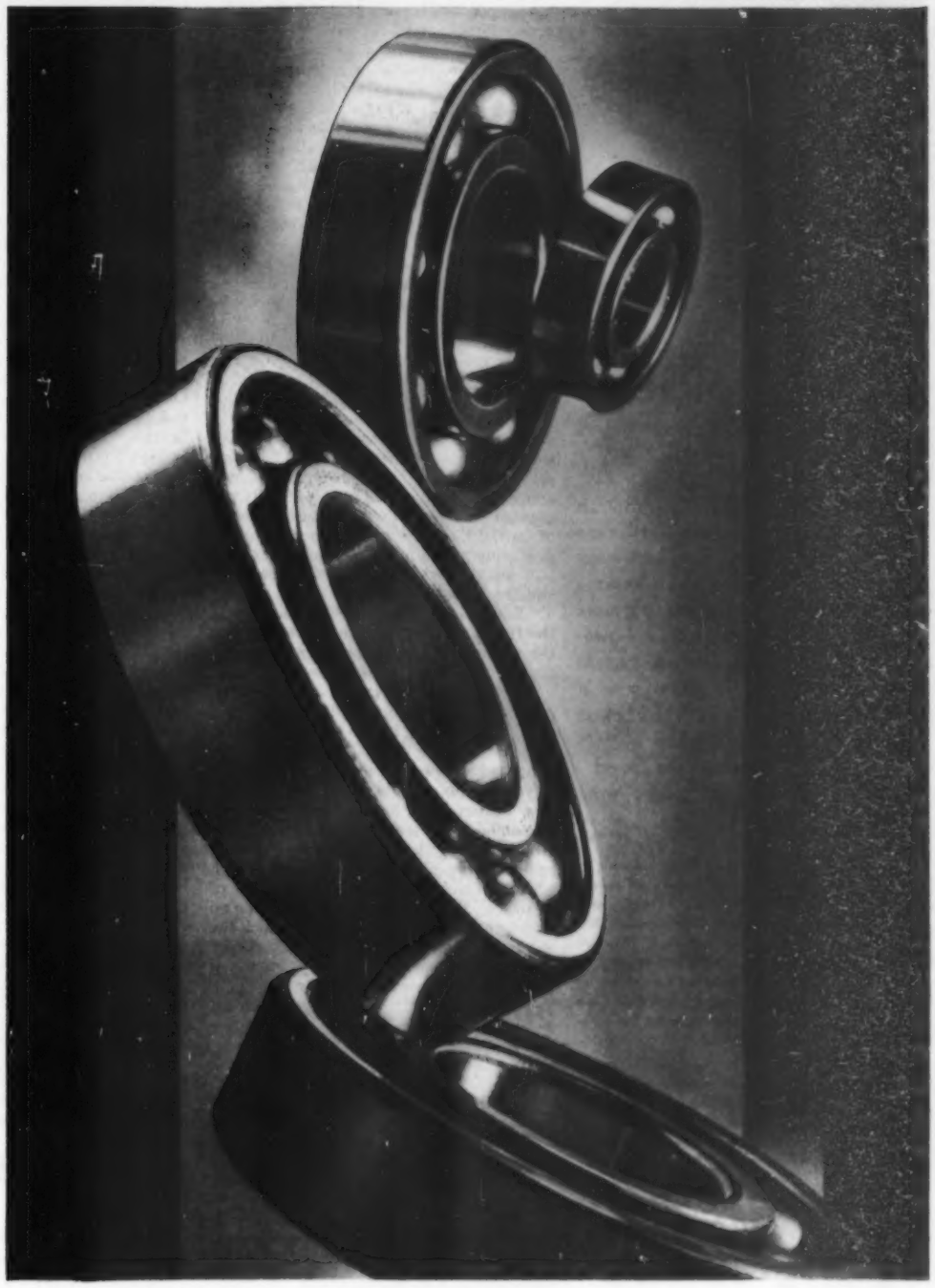
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



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IT IS TRULY SAID that the world beats a path to the door of one who creates a masterpiece. Seventy per cent of the millions of ball bearings made in this country are New Departures. Because of their matchless quality they are the choice of the majority of engineers when wear, waste, and friction must be reduced to the vanishing point. They are manufactured of electric furnace, high carbon chrome steel, to standards inconceivably fine—designed on the indisputable law that "Nothing Rolls Like a Ball."

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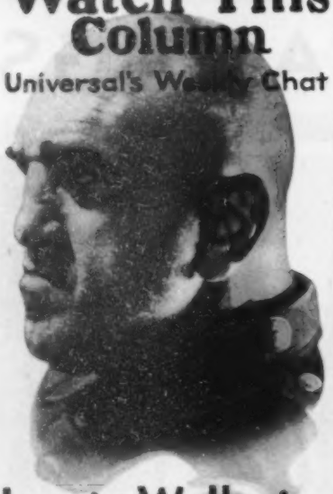
Universal's Weekly Chat



Louis Wolheim

in "ALL QUIET on the WESTERN FRONT"

"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD" is the new title for the beautiful and flaming romance previously named "La Marseillaise." The change was made because the new name is more appropriate, more dramatic and also because theatre-owners say "La Marseillaise" is difficult to pronounce. In this delightful musical drama, LAURA LA PLANTE plays the part of "The Torch" and JOHN BOLES is the "Captain of the Guard." As soon as you see the picture, write me about it, please. *–C. L.*

Members of the German Reichstag (similar to our Congress) take exceptions to Universal's great picture "All Quiet on the Western Front," written by Erich Maria Remarque. They complain that it is emphasized in anti-German form. They are mistaken. The picture is a faithful reproduction of Remarque's fine novel. Universal has taken no liberties with the story, and I predict that the picture will prove as entertaining to the Germans as it will to the rest of mankind.

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
Creator of Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz"

Jimmy Starr, regarded as the foremost among the critics in Los Angeles, describes Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz" as "the finest film revue and the most sensational production yet made. John Murray Anderson, who conceived and directed the massive feature, shows the world in fine fashion that he is indeed a master of cinematic entertainment." Unless I am terribly mistaken, the whole world will flock to this brilliant performance.

Have you any ideas that might make good moving-pictures? If so, write me. Do you know of any scene which we might put into our Talking-Newsreel in which the celebrated Graham McNamee, National Broadcasting Company's Star, is the announcer?

Carl Laemmle,
President

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THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 25)

The attack was too clumsy for Crixus even to feign an avoidance of it. In an instant his net enveloped the *secutor* and his trident had thrust through the meshes, wounding the Greek in the chest. The youth dropped his sword, sank to his knee, raised his left hand with extended forefinger in the conventional appeal for mercy. But there was never mercy for the coward. All round the Forum the spectators screamed "*Verso pollice! Verso pollice!*" Held out their arms with the thumbs conspicuously down. In the *podium* the *editor* also turned down his thumb. The *lanista*, who had the final decision in the life and death of his own property, could not defy so universal a condemnation. Similarly, he made the fatal signal. Since the trident was not a convenient weapon for quick dispatch, another *secutor* came forward. He pushed back the doomed man's head by the helmet and thrust his sword into the throat. The spectators jeered.

The next event was a long and exciting contest between two evenly matched and experienced gladiators, each with many victories to his credit. The spectators yelled deliriously until they were almost weary of yelling. Both men streamed blood from superficial wounds, when, at long last, one sank on his knee, threw down his weapon and gestured the appeal for his life. It was granted with a wildly enthusiastic waving of scarfs. Foolish was it to slay a champion promising yet so much of future sport.

It was the turn of the Thracian Spartacus and the Iberian Nobilior.

"Look out for yourself, Spartacus!" said the Iberian brutally as they advanced into the arena. "I'm going to have your girl tonight."

Spartacus frowned grimly and answered nothing. He had no doubt that the *lanista*—vindictively hating him as the least submissive slave in the *familia*—had meant the threat, which was entirely within his prerogative. It was thumbs down for him if he were beaten. And he must not be beaten. Too much just now depended on his life. He glanced at the Iberian, a great stupid ruffian, arrogant in the immense strength which already had won him half a score of victories. With Nobilior there could be no secret understanding like that in which the last pair had artfully succeeded, no skillful simulation of long and ferocious combat and a well-earned reprieve for the Iberian, yielding with feigned reluctance at the end. Nobilior boasted vainglorioustly that never would he yield, betted heavily upon himself at every *ludus*. He must kill him or himself be killed. Yet more bitterly did the Thracian hate these howling, blood-lusting Romanized Capuans for that necessity.

They stood fronting each other, the head of each completely covered by the large visored helmet pierced on one side with peepholes, the Iberian with long semicylindrical *scutum* and straight sword; he with the round *parma*—shield—on his left arm, his sickle-shaped, razor-sharp sword in his right hand. The *lanista* raised his wand. Nobilior came toward him in the Samnite manner, with the greaved left leg perpetually advanced, his body crouched behind the shield, his right arm drawn back for the sudden stab with the sword. The shields met and clashed as each strove to overbear the other. The Samnite sword darted out. Spartacus swung down his shield to catch it, sprang sideways, scored at the other's neck with his curved weapon in a blow just warded by the *scutum*. They broke apart, met again, exerting all their strength in that push of shields, all their cunning in the avoidance of the abruptly flashing blows, in the shrewd dealing of a dangerous riposte. Around them the enthusiasm of the spectators was an intoxicating roar.

Spartacus gasped in that desperate intensity of effort, the sweat pouring down his face within the heavy closed helmet that narrowed his vision. They broke away once more, again met. He could just see the Iberian's eye through the monocular sieve of the visor as the *scutum* dropped abruptly, jerked up again to permit a swift stab from under it. Spartacus knew of old that lethal straight stab at the stomach. In the instant that it was delivered he had leaped sideways, had slashed down with his sickle sword upon the shield arm of his adversary exposed at the shoulder in the disarray of his thrust. The shield dropped to the ground, a severed arm still within its loops. Nobilior swayed on his feet for a moment, slowly turned his helmet to see the blood spouting. The Forum roared: "*Hoc habet! Hoc habet!*"

Then he sank to his knees, dropped his sword, feebly held up his remaining hand with forefinger outstretched.

Spartacus stood over him, awaiting the answer to that pitiable supplication. He hoped that they would let the maimed wretch live. No. Of what use was a one-armed gladiator? "*Verso pollice!*" they yelled, in a cruelly universal gesture of downthrust thumbs. "*Verso pollice!*" Yet for a moment Spartacus hesitated, glanced at Lentulus. The *lanista* brutally jerked down his thumb also. The spectators clamored, fiercely impatient in their lust to witness death: "*Verso pollice!* Kill! Kill! *Verso pollice!*" He had no option but to obey. One of the *spoliarii* took off the Iberian's helmet in readiness. Spartacus saw Nobilior's face looking at him in an odd, bewildered agony. Then brusquely he thrust his open hand over the doomed man's eyes, drew his curved sword sharply across the neck, stepped back as the body fell.

The Forum was acclaiming him in frenzy: "Spartacus! Spartacus!"

It was late in the afternoon. They were back in the barracks, twelve out of the original score of gladiators, and eight of these more or less badly hurt. In the courtyard, surrounded by the double-storied building of little cells, each the dwelling of a pair of gladiators, Spartacus sat with Crixus, his friend. At the farther end a number of *tiros* were still practicing with wooden swords against posts and dummies stuffed with straw. Others of the slaves were coming from the cookhouse, bearing steaming bowls of that especially strengthening food, the *sagina*, which was their regular ration. Most of the three hundred gladiators of the *familia* were sitting grouped in their various outdoor messes, some gambling to pass the time before their meal, others laughing with the slave girls of the establishment in coarsely obscene merriment.

It would have been difficult to find a more degradedly brutish crowd than these huge-limbed men. Spartacus glanced around him somberly, whispered to Crixus: "Any more names?"

Crixus shook his head, whispered in answer: "No. The rest are not safe. Be satisfied with those we have."

Spartacus pondered. "Two hundred out of three. There is to be a *ludus* at Neapolis the day after tomorrow. Lentulus has already sent off the carts with the arms." Gladiators were of course carefully deprived of weapons, except when in the arena. "We must overtake them." His face went grim. "Pass the word, Crixus, that we break out at dawn."

Crixus looked thoughtful. "And if we have to fight before we can overtake the carts?"

"To the cookshops first. There will be hatchets, spits and knives enough."

"Very well. We all trust you, Spartacus. At dawn, then."

At that moment the *lanista* appeared, accompanied by several of the armed personal slaves with whom he made his rounds. He came straight toward Spartacus, a malignant fury in his face. He pointed to the Thracian.

"That's the ringleader!" he cried. "Seize him! More than the *tormentum* I promised him he shall have! To the rack with him. I'll twist him till he shrieks the last man's name before he dies! I'll teach you dogs to make conspiracies!"

The groups of gladiators jumped up in startled alarm. Their plot was discovered! A number of them vanished prudently out of sight. Spartacus sprang to his feet as the slaves ran at him. Behind the *lanista* he saw Hippolita, gesturing with a strange exaltation in her face. To what was she inciting him? Suddenly he divined it. He dodged one of the slaves, overthrew another, leaped straight at the *lanista's* throat before any could interfere.

As he crashed to earth upon the man he strangled, he half saw Hippolita throw herself between him and a slave who struck at him with a sword, heard Crixus cry: "Gladiators! Gladiators! Comrades! It is the signal! The signal! Death to the Romans! Death to the Romans!" There was a piercing whistle, repeated all over the barracks, a wild outcry.

Spartacus rose, snatched the bunch of keys fastened to the dead man's girdle. He waved them above his head.

"Freedom! Freedom! Death to the Romans! Follow me! Freedom!"

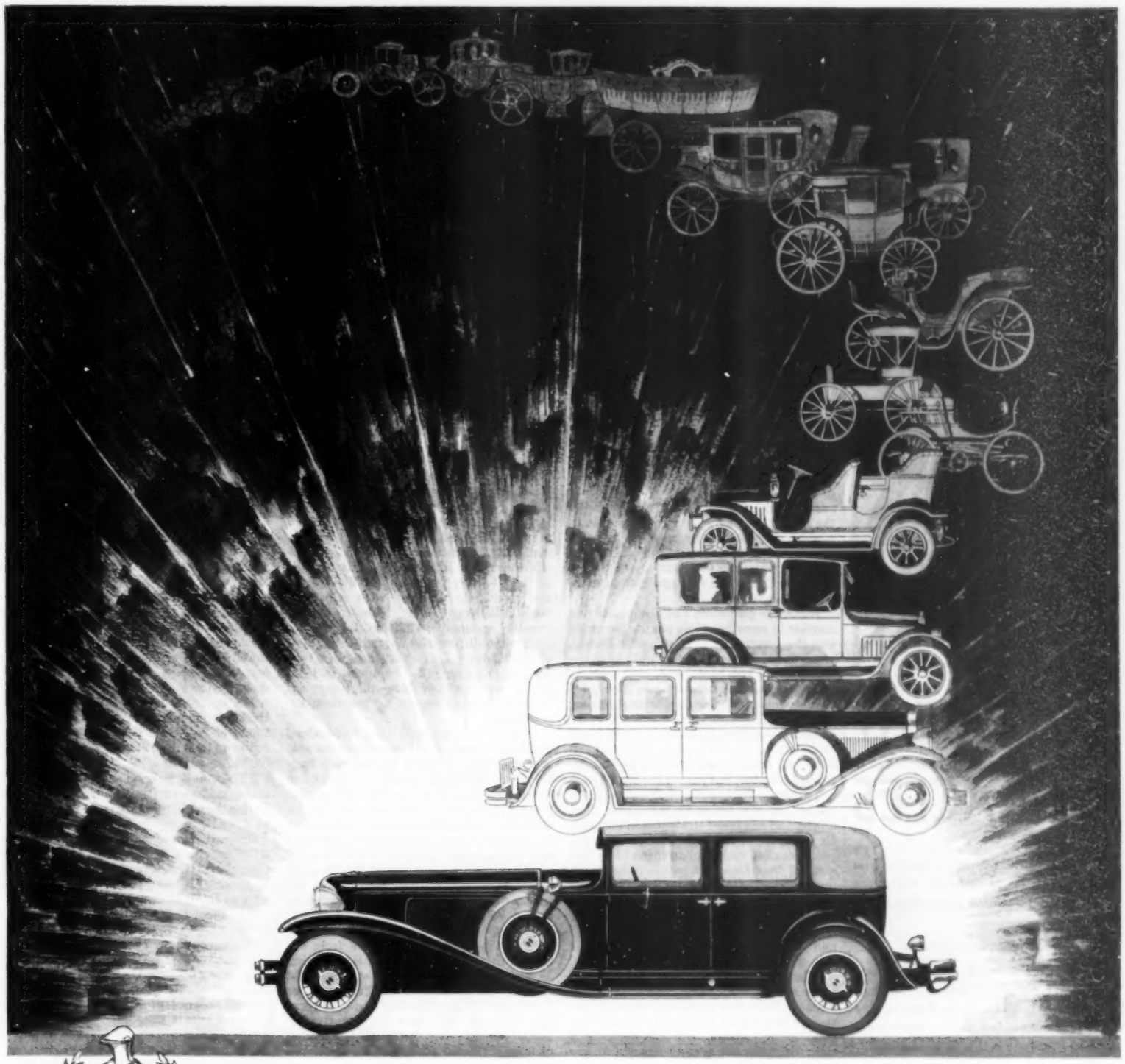
Hippolita and Crixus with him, a ferociously yelling band of gladiators behind him, he rushed to the gate of which he had the keys.

They were camped in the vine-grown crater of Vesuvius, extinct since before the memory of man, a disorderly army of a couple of thousand ferocious ruffians, less than half of them equipped with helmet and cuirass and the orthodox weapons of war. The others were still in their slave rags, as they had escaped, were armed with scythes and pitchforks and iron-shod staves. A heterogeneous mob of Gauls, Germans, Thracians, Syrians, Iberians, Africans, Southern Italians, all the subject peoples of Rome. They crowded clamorously around Spartacus as, with Crixus and another Gaulish gladiator, Œnomaus, his two seconds in command, he left his own bower of vines and bushes, walked through their similarly improvised huts. With the unreasoning anger of hungry men, their squalid, brutish faces pinched and gaunt, they hemmed him about, furiously demanding food. Of what use was all this plunder of gold and silver that they could not eat? Was he going to keep them cooped here to starve? It was the sixth day that they had been blockaded in their mountain lair by the prætorian legate, Claudius Pulcher, with three thousand Roman troops, not regular legionaries, but local levies, holding in force the one precipitous path by which they might enter or leave.

Spartacus looked round upon them, raised his hand for silence. They ceased their clamor. A faint smile came on his strongly featured visage. Still unbroken was his ascendancy over these rough, simple wretches who owed to him their deliverance.

"Listen, men!" he said authoritatively, in the broken Latin dialect which was the common language of all these alien slaves. "Have patience, and trust me! Do I not share your hunger? Do we not share everything equally among us? Do we not share equally plunder and hardships? All shall yet be well! Did not Hippolita prophesy that Rome should tremble at my name? Did she not prophesy that we should march in a mighty army to free all the slaves of Rome? Did she not prophesy that the plunder of Italy should be ours and that the end of all should be glorious? When has Hippolita prophesied the thing that has not happened? But scarcely yet have we begun to do these things. Not yet are we sure of freedom—only of being crucified like dogs if we yield. Be patient, then, and obey as I command. In a little while there shall be food and booty enough for all. Even now I go with Crixus and Œnomaus to make a plan by which we shall destroy these accursed Romans!"

(Continued on Page 52)



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(Continued from Page 50)

They shouted in naïve enthusiasm. "We trust you, Spartacus! True are the words you speak! Lead us and surely shall we wipe out these Romans! *Vivat* Spartacus! *Vivat* Spartacus!"

He left them in that restored confidence, clambered with his companions up the steep interior slope of the crater.

Much had happened in the months since they had broken out of the slave barracks of Lentulus Batiatus. At the moment of action only seventy-eight of the gladiators had dared to follow him to that desperate adventure inexorably punishable with crucifixion. This little band had rushed to the cookshops and taverns, had armed themselves with spits and choppers and fleshing knives. Then, ranking themselves into an ordered body, they had marched boldly through the town, the inhabitants running in panic before them, none daring to oppose these fiercely formidable professional fighters. Emerging from the gate, at a little distance along the road they had overtaken the wagons containing the arms they were to use against one another in the *ludi* at Neapolis. Unfitted for regular warfare though were these specialized weapons of the arena, yet were they better than nothing. They had seized upon them, had shared them out in approximate equality of equipment, had marched on.

Presently, glancing back from a rise in the road, they had seen a cloud of dust in evident pursuit. It was obviously the Roman militia from Capua, hurrying to extinguish ruthlessly, as was its frequently performed duty, the first spark of an ever-dreaded slave rising.

While the gladiators had shouted to one another in something like panic—for awful was the prestige of the invincible Roman arms, and they were but demoralized slaves whose spirit had been broken with defeat and the subsequent crushing in them of a claim to manhood—he, Spartacus, had perceived his opportunity. The dusk was deepening. It would be night before the Romans could arrive at this ascent cleft between rocks and brushwood. Rapidly he had explained his plan, had posted the scared men in ambush. With none of the disciplined precaution of a legion on the march, that militia had advanced straight into the trap. By the glare of suddenly kindled fires, the gladiators had rushed upon them. Few had escaped that ferocious massacre in which unspeakable hates had for the first time been glutted. They had stripped the corpses, had themselves donned that Roman armor, equipped themselves with Roman swords and *pila*, had scornfully thrown away their own dishonorable weapons.

When in the morning they had resumed their march, they were several hundreds strong. With a mysterious swiftness the tidings had spread among the slaves of the neighboring estates, and all night long these wretches had arrived, crazy with joy to join them. They had marched through a countryside in terror, had broken open the dreadful *ergastula*, windowless save for tiny openings near the roof, where the multitudes of slaves working the colossal *latifundia* estates of Roman capitalists were normally fettered for the night and whither they had been driven for security at the approach of these ferocious deliverers. They had plundered villas and the *coloniæ* of Roman veterans, had murdered and robbed travelers upon the road, had committed every kind of horror in an orgy of appallingly released vengeance that mocked at shrieks for mercy.

Daily their numbers had grown, weaponed from the stores of arms they plundered in the *coloniæ*, from small detachments of troops they massacred to a man. Invincible and terrible, they had left but fire-blackened ruins behind them as they had marched to this inaccessible summit of Vesuvius, whence at their leisure they had swiftly and fiercely raided. And then at last, Claudius Pulcher had taken the field against them, had cut them off from recruits and provisions, had skillfully maneuvered them back into their fastness, where it seemed that they must starve or surrender.

Spartacus drew himself up to the edge of the crater, gazed around at the magnificent panorama of islanded blue sea and curving golden shore whitely patched with the cities of the gulf—Pompeii, Herculaneum, Neapolis, Baiæ—dotted with the splendid villas of wealthy Romans. He had no æsthetic enjoyment in it. He looked to see whether other Roman columns were marching along its ribboned roads. He could perceive none. There was only the regulation square camp of Claudius Pulcher, hundreds of feet below him, on a grassy plateau of the mountain. Nearer at hand, occupying the ruggedly steep path from this summit, he could discern the helmets and spear points of the enemy advance guard. Apart from that one path, the exterior of the cone descended in a sheer, almost perpendicular wall, without foothold for man or beast. The Romans had them neatly trapped.

The three men looked over that precipice in silence. Crixus glanced round to him.

"I'd rather starve than be crucified," he said grimly.

"Crucifixion is quicker," remarked Œnomaus. "And we could die fighting our way out. We'd kill some of the Romans first."

Spartacus frowned. He liked not such gloomy talk. Superstitiously confident in Hippolita's prophecy, not for a moment did he permit himself the thought of defeat. He must and would escape from this predicament, annihilate this one little Roman army. Then assuredly would the myriads of slaves in Southern Italy flock to him as their deliverer, gathering to a desperate and overwhelming host with which he might challenge Rome herself. Incongruously vulnerable at home, indeed, was the tyrant all-powerful abroad. Every one of her legions was away on foreign service, winning new laurels for Pompeius and Lucullus, winning new but still precarious frontiers for her empire of merciless exploitation.

In Italy the local militias of half-trained youths and retired veterans were her sole military force. And the Italians were anything but united in a common loyalty to her upstart greatness. If a tiny minority of great landowners, speculators and politicians had derived a fabulous wealth from her conquests, the ancient free yeomanry had lost its small holdings in the creation of the colossal estates owned by the capitalists of Rome, and the majority of the free town dwellers had been degraded to pauper voters kept alive by almost gratuitous corn. Both classes hated those oligarchs in a bitterness surviving from the devastating civil wars of Marius and Sulla. There was at least a chance that they would give him some assistance. Even without them, appallingly formidable to Rome was the swarming multitude of recently imported foreign slaves, supporting, in a mass of misery beyond computation, the entire edifice of her novel splendor. Those personally attendant upon their owners might indeed have a hope of eventual freedom, but the vast majority dug naked in the mines, tilled in fetters the *latifundia* managed by slave bailiffs, in little groups of ragged desperadoes tended great herds of cattle and sheep on the lonely mountain grazing grounds of the south. Legally mere animate instruments of their proprietors, specifically denied the status of human beings, every affection and social tie abruptly severed when they had been uprooted from their homes, but one sentiment was left to them or indeed expected—that of hate. Already, a generation before, there had been a slave rising of indescribable atrocity in Sicily which had taken years to quell. The Roman world lived in perpetual dread of another such insurrection erupting in its midst.

Himself the embodiment of all that hate, Spartacus gazed frowningly over that far-stretching prospect of cities and arbored villas. Harshly intensified in him, a rightless slave, was the brooded dream of his precociously intelligent boyhood, the theory with which he had plausibly justified his old brigand existence. To him that elegant civilization was but an intolerable oppression. Born a shepherd nomad on the Thracian plains, he had a primitive contempt for the corrupt effeminacies of urban life, for all that was not the simple communal existence of an age when empires were unimagined and all men dwelt together in a natural equality. A vagrant Greek philosopher, sojourning in their tent when he was a boy, had told him the tale of such an ancient time. Assuredly, if Hippolita's vision came true and he were at the head of a mighty army before which Rome trembled, he would abolish that golden dross which was the curse of the world! Only a useful metal such as iron should be the medium of exchange, even as in that austerely communistic Sparta of which the philosopher had spoken fascinatingly, so that boyishly he had vowed himself to that ideal, had dubbed himself Spartacus, making himself in spirit one of her citizens. Every vestige of this iniquitous tyranny where a bloated few pitilessly exploited a degraded and wretched majority would he destroy, if he but had the power. He would institute a society where all men should be equal in severe virtue, sharing impartially all their store, even as impartially he shared with his men the loot they plundered.

Crixus broke in upon that idyllic vision, brought him back to actuality.

"If only we could get down this cliff!" said the Gaul. "Look! Those accursed Romans leave their camp unguarded. If we could only slip down—get in their rear——"

It was indeed so. Entirely confident that they held the only path by which these revolted slaves could descend, the poorly disciplined Roman levies had disdained to post guards for their camp. If only they could get down this cliff! Spartacus thrilled at that tantalizing perception. His mind leaped to feverish activity. If only they could get down! How? How?

His eye rested on the long festoons of thickly stemmed wild vine trailing over the lip of the crater. They had pulled themselves up by it in their ascent. The solution flashed upon him.

"The vine!" he cried excitedly. "We can make ladders of it. Let ourselves down during the night! Attack them from the rear at dawn!"

Œnomaus agreed enthusiastically: "That's it! The vine's strong enough. We'll cut their cursed throats before they know what's happening. *Vivat* Spartacus! You're the man to think of things!"

"I thought of it first," said Crixus jealously.

Spartacus glanced at him. Entirely novel was that tone from the Gaul who had been his greatest friend in the gladiator barracks. He could hardly credit it, so like brothers had they been. He laughed good-humoredly over the hurt it gave him.

"What matters who thought of it first?" He spoke with that comradely eager intensity of purpose which always was an inspiration to those he led. "The thing is to do it. Set them all to make ladders at once. We'll work round that ravine there." He pointed to a gully leading round to the plateau where, in rear of their camp, the Roman baggage wagons were parked. "Attack in the first light——"

It was a year later—a year of amazing victories that had shocked an originally incredulous Rome, of unchecked depredation far and wide. After that first daring exploit which had annihilated Claudius Pulcher on Mount Vesuvius, they had successively beaten every Roman army sent against them, had repeatedly defeated the Prætor Publius Varinius, had defeated and killed his colleague Cossinius. They had marched at will across Campania and Lucania, had sacked cities, had plundered and burned with so complete a devastation that, half a century later, the poet Horace, calling for wine, would add, "if roving Spartacus have left any." For months past they had numbered seventy thousand well-armed slaves—thirty thousand Gauls and Germans

(Continued on Page 54)

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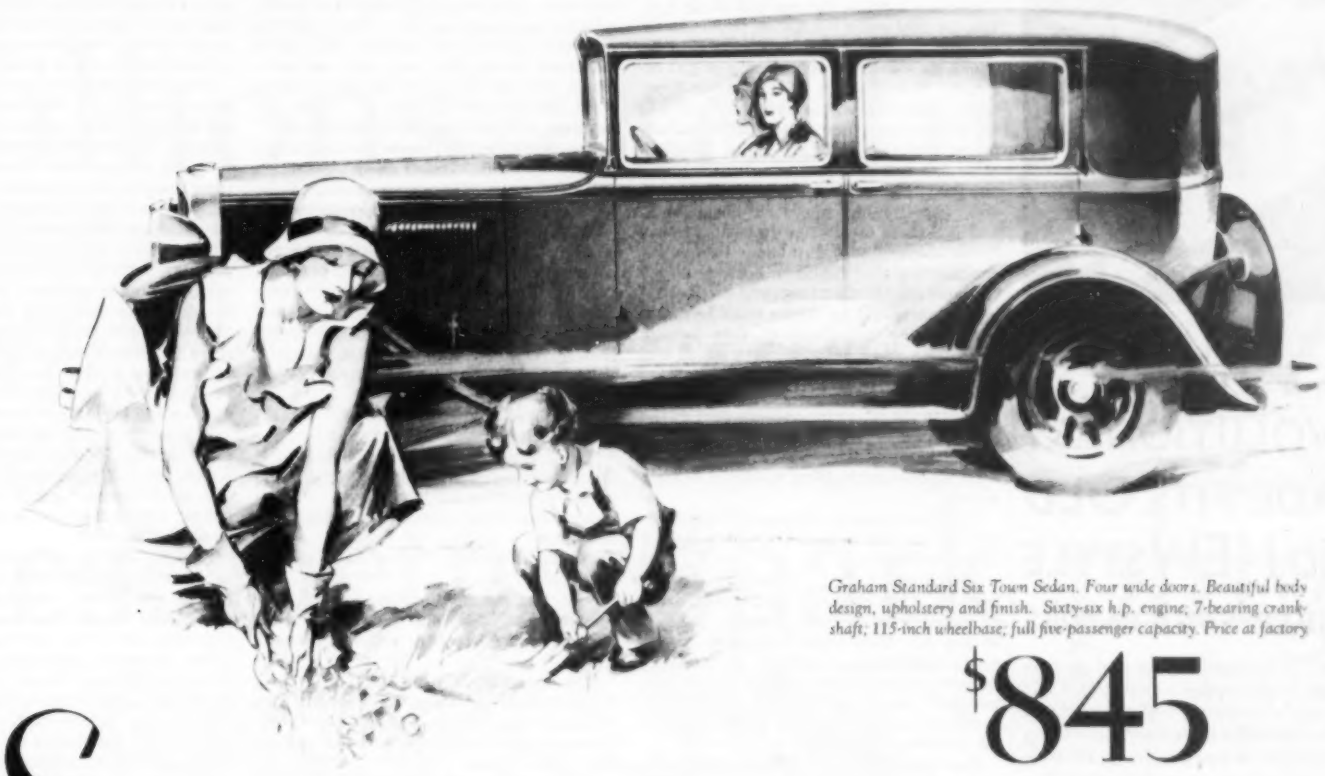

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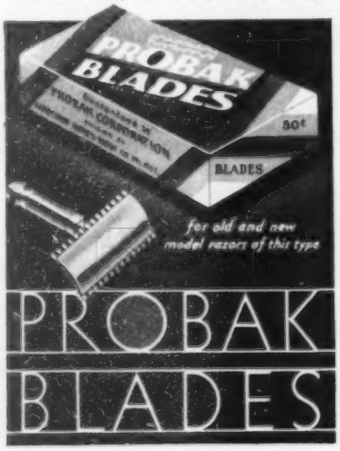

PROBAK BLADES

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marching under Crixus, forty thousand Thracians, Greeks, Syrians and South Italians directly under Spartacus, who alike retaliated their wrongs in atrocious excesses which no command or entreaty might restrain. Nevertheless, in one matter Spartacus had enforced his authority. In the shifting camps where these squalid ruffians forced well-born Roman ladies to share their drunken revelries, none might retain any gold or silver from the booty divided in strict equality. By an order it was death to disobey, those metals had to be sold to the horde of greedily unscrupulous traders accompanying that fantastic host, receiving for them only iron and copper. So, justifying his name, did he revive what he might of the stern ordinances of that harshly egalitarian communistic Sparta which was his ideal.

Now he sat in his booty-furnished tent, central in the swarming encampment on the Apulian plain. Crixus was with him, and Hippolita. The faces of all were expressive with the debate that had suddenly become violent.

The Gaul crashed his great fist upon the table of marble mosaic plundered from a luxurious villa.

"To Rome, I say!" he reiterated vehemently. "Let us march to the city, make an end of these accursed Romans. What is to stop us? They haven't dared to bring a single regular legion home. As for these levies of Arrius, these armies of the consuls, you talk about, we'll smash them as we smashed Varinius and the rest! Think of the plunder, Spartacus!"

Spartacus frowned. Not so easily disposed of might be the three Roman armies in their vicinity—one under the Prætor Arrius, the others separately under the two consuls for the year. Yet was that hazard not his main objection. His shrewd mind realized the odds against them as this barbarous Gaul, intoxicated with loot and hitherto facile victory, did not. The free Italians had utterly refused to assist them. Whatever their temporary success, they could not hope permanently to maintain themselves against the immense resources of Rome. Sooner or later she would recall her war-hardened legions from foreign service and exterminate them. Even if they captured Rome by an audacious rush upon it, they could certainly not hold it. Their seventy thousand, even joined by every slave in the city, demoralized as they would be by that unmatched plenitude of loot, would be caught in a trap where all would be destroyed. The Roman fleet would assuredly at once stop the corn supply from Sicily, without which Rome would starve. No. He saw their one chance of safety clearly before him. They must break away to the northward in this opportunity when as yet the weak consular armies were not reënforced by regular troops, must force a passage through the Alps. Then might they disperse to their homes, Gauls and Germans and Thracians and Greeks, freedom victoriously achieved.

He repeated this argument again, pleaded with this subordinate who of late had arrogantly more and more assumed an independence that must wreck everything if he persisted in it.

"Trust me, Crixus! In my plan alone lies safety. Always have I been right. I have led you with success until now. We must break out of Italy. You can get all you want of plunder on the way north. Once we are beyond the Alps, Rome cannot touch us. Crixus, my friend, trust me in this matter as you trusted me when we plotted against Lentulus."

Crixus rose from the couch. His debauched features were contorted in a sudden anger, in a long accumulated hostility at last irrepressible.

"Listen, Spartacus!" he said coarsely in their vernacular. "I've had enough of being bossed by you. I've had enough of your infernal tyranny, your idiotic nonsense that we leaders should share equally with the rest, that a man should not keep for himself the gold and silver that he gets! From now on I'm going to have a leader's share and I'm going to stick to all the gold I can lay hands on. And I'm going to march on Rome, whether you march or not. You're not the only one who can win battles. My thirty thousand Gauls obey me, and me only. There are two hundred thousand slaves waiting in Rome to help us. . . . For the last time, will you march with me to Rome?"

Spartacus rose also, his stern countenance visibly regretful.

"No, Crixus. These poor wretches trust me to lead them from slavery to their homes. Your march is madness. I will not go."

"Then I go alone! My men march out of camp today. You can do what you like. We're going to get the gold of Rome—more gold than fools like you dream of—and keep it!" He ejaculated in angry scorn, snatched his helmet from the table. "*Vale!*" he exclaimed in curt farewell, strode out of the tent.

Hippolita laughed maliciously—an ill-omened laugh.

"He goes to his death! I see it in his face." She laughed again, stopped as suddenly she perceived tears in her lover's eyes. "Spartacus! Dost thou weep for him who abandons thee?"

Spartacus looked at her, took a deep breath.

"He was my friend, Hippolita. I had thought ——" He checked. "But I remember that Cleomenes also was without friends."

She stared at him uncomprehendingly. Never had she heard of that late Spartan visionary king who had attempted to enforce upon his people a return to their ancient communism.

She threw her arms about him. "Am I not sufficient for thee, Spartacus? I who love thee, who will be faithful to thee until thy glorious end?"

He looked down tenderly into her face. "Hardly can a woman's love replace a man's comradeship, my Hippolita. Weak is woman, even though she loves as thou lovest. May the Fates bring nothing between thy love and me, for thou art now all I have!"

A few days later ten thousand panic-stricken fugitives came rushing to rejoin the camp of Spartacus. The Prætor Arrius had caught the Gaulish host of Crixus, had trapped it on Mount Garganus, had slain him and twenty thousand of his men. Spartacus moved at once. He hurled himself successively on each of the Roman consuls, defeated both, marched rapidly north, cutting his way toward the Alps.

They were in the north of Italy. Spartacus sat with Hippolita, with Œnomaus and the more important of his subordinates, in a raised *podium* overlooking the arena improvised in the camp. The entire wild host was massed exultantly around it, shrieking and yelling in a tumult of savage derision. Within that arena two groups of combatants in Roman armor fought each other desperately to the death, even as of old these former gladiator slaves had been compelled to fight.

It was the celebration of an immense and complete success. In that rapid, skillful northward march which had convulsed the peninsula with terror, Spartacus had utterly overthrown the Prætor Manlius, and Cassius, governor of Cisalpine Gaul, one after the other throwing their levies to bar his path of swift and dreadful devastation. There was no Roman army in Italy which he had not defeated. The road was now open to those frontier Alps glimmering on the horizon, beyond which as yet the Roman power had not penetrated. In a few days the host might safely dissolve as free men, dispersing to regain their distant homes. Far more than he had dared to hope had he achieved. He had liberated scores of thousands of slaves, had humbled the pride of Rome as never it had been humbled. This was his final gesture of triumph. In mimicry of the orthodox Roman practice—a last ironical insult to that Roman arrogance he had so successfully defied—he had decreed funeral games to satisfy the *manes* of Crixus, his friend, slain on Mount Garganus; had forced three hundred Roman prisoners of war, selected from the best families, to fight one another in batches as gladiators, with a precise observance of proper ceremonial.

He smiled grimly as he watched that sanguinary spectacle. Never would Rome forget or forgive that humiliation. He could imagine the fury with which the tidings of it would be received. Tyrannically trampling upon the human rights of every weaker people, never had it seemed possible to them that Roman citizens should be subjected to that ultimate degradation they had with callous cruelty inflicted upon so many thousands of hapless captives. How they would shriek now for his blood, would vent their rage upon the generals he had defeated! But though now they should recall all their legions from foreign conquest, he would be beyond their vengeance. Yet a day or two, and beyond the Alps he would have broken up his army, would be journeying toward the Danube. With a secret intensity, he craved for that release from the succession of fearful horrors he had had to sanction during the past fifteen months. His task would be finished.

Around him his companions vociferated in barbarous delight as three of the survivors of one batch desperately defended themselves against the five who were all that were left of their adversaries. One huge fellow, streaming with blood, sprang at two of his opponents, killed them both with lightning-quick thrusts while they were yet disconcerted by the swift audacity of his attack. The spectators raved. On the instant, another of his antagonists had hacked from behind at the tendons of his leg, had hamstrung him. The spectators yelled in frenzy. It was now three against two. A couple of them locked, with shields thrown away, fell each with the other's sword in his breast. It was two against one, who ran and dodged, fled to where slaves awaited him with red-hot irons, turned him back. Hippolita glanced round to Spartacus, her face lit up in a cruel ecstasy.

"I wonder how they like it! They who have laughed at us in the arena!" She clapped her hands suddenly, cried out in enthusiasm: "Well done! Well done! Look, Spartacus! He's killed one of them!" The fugitive indeed had dodged so that for an instant he had separated his two antagonists, had stabbed one of them. It was now one against one. "I hope they both kill each other!" Relentless she was in her hate.

He did not answer. Hippolita also! An inward disgust with the whole of mankind filled him. They were all alike—Romans or any others. All were equally cruel if they had the power. All were equally rapacious. How, with such as these, should one create that ideal community which yet secretly haunted his imagination?

Œnomaus was yelling in professional appreciation: "That's it! That's it! Give him the upper thrust! Watch him now! Watch him! . . . Ah, the fool!"

One of the duelists had overreached himself, had exposed his guard. Immediately his adversary had plunged home.

Hippolita applauded hysterically. He had to remember that he loved her.

The games were over. Crixus was avenged and with him some at least of those innumerable unfortunates who had been forced similarly to slaughter one another for the amusement of a Roman mob.

Now the slave army gathered in its formations under the improvised standards it had carried to so many battles. Gaul and German, Thracian and Greek and Syrian, clad in the armor stripped from Roman dead, weaponed with Roman swords and spears, they ranked themselves in more or less disciplined array, marched under their officers to mass themselves before the *podium* as Spartacus had commanded they should do. He rose from his seat to harangue them for the last time in this hated Italy.

"Comrades!" he cried, in that resonant stirring voice which had so often inspired

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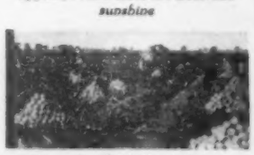

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(Continued from Page 54)

them to victory. "*Res facta est!* We have broken our chains. We who were slaves have humbled Rome. Every army of the tyrant have we defeated. Before us the road to freedom is open. Tomorrow we march toward the mountains, leave this accursed Italy ——"

He was interrupted by a deafening shout from all those thousands:

"No! No! To Rome! To Rome! We will not leave Italy! To Rome! To Rome! Shall we go without plundering Rome? We are victors! Let us return and plunder Rome! To Rome! To Rome!"

That vociferation was overwhelmingly unanimous. Even the officers were joining in it. Plainly this mutiny had been concerted. He turned toward Œnomaus. That second in command was also shouting: "To Rome! To Rome!"—waving his sword in the same wild excitement as the rest.

He clutched at him, forced him to listen.

"Œnomaus! You are mad! You are all mad! Do you not know what Rome is? Do you think that our handful can overthrow her? One more day and we are safe. Italy behind us. To return south is to throw away this freedom we have won, to throw away our lives. I will not do it. I will not lead you back to death!"

Œnomaus laughed brutally. "Do as you like, Spartacus! With you or without you, we're not going to leave Italy until we've sacked Rome! We've decided it. Every man in the army is sworn to it. Listen to them!"

Still they shrieked: "To Rome! To Rome!"

Spartacus hesitated. Obviously he could no longer impose his will on this loot-demoralized horde, crazed by that glittering prospect of yet more immense plunder awaiting them who had defeated every Roman army they had met. The alternative was sharply clear before him. He could abandon them to their madness, make his own escape over the mountains. Or he could continue to lead them, postponing perhaps that ultimately certain disaster as only he had skill enough to postpone it. He stood, gripped with that dilemma, while the host roared and raved in a wild-beast madness of greed: "To Rome! To Rome!"

He turned to the woman beside him.

"Thou hast seen my fate, Hippolita. What now shall I do? Shall we together leave these madmen, go in safety whither we may dwell together in happiness and peace? Or shall I stay with these I have delivered, these who now refuse deliverance and vow themselves to ruin?"

Her face was irradiated as with a mystic ecstasy.

"Still is thy fate as long ago I saw it, Spartacus. The end of it is glorious!" She smiled at him. "Choose thyself, and whatever thou choosest, still will I go with thee!"

He loved her again as he hesitated on those enigmatic words: "The end of it is glorious." But inglorious would it be if now cravenly he abandoned these foolish slaves he had led to such an incredible adventure of victory and all but achieved freedom.

His expression went suddenly grim. He turned again to the host, raised his arm commandingly for silence. There was an anticipatory hush.

"Since thus madly ye insist, comrades, since ye refuse the safety that is before you, still will I lead you! Tomorrow we march on Rome!"

They raved in enthusiasm.

"To Rome! To Rome! *Vivat* Spartacus! To Rome!"

It was summer of the second year of their war. They were far south in the toe of Italy, encamped around Thurii. On that southward march they had again defeated a Roman army, but Rome itself had been reported as too strongly garrisoned for them even to attempt an attack. They had pursued their way down through Italy, sacking and burning as of old. At last, without opposition, they had established themselves as masters over the terrified little seaport towns at this extremity of the land. It was now months since any Roman army had menaced them. It seemed indeed that Rome had forgotten them, was content to leave them here umolested, so long as they did not move north, threaten again the capital.

In this quiet remoteness, with none to question an authority that success had made autocratic, his old dream of an ideal state had revived in Spartacus. Here he would found a commonwealth approximately after the model of ancient Sparta—a commonwealth where all should be equal, where all the various nations represented in that army of former slaves should be merged in a common brotherhood of simple life, where commodities should be exchanged by barter, where wealth should not exist. He had promulgated stern laws to this effect, had organized a special force from his army which saw to it that these laws were ruthlessly enforced. Death was the inexorable penalty if man or woman was found with gold or silver. The original inhabitants of the country submitted in impotent terror. The Spartacist army rested joyously after its fatigues, caroused on this easily acquired plenty of the land. Accustomed always to give up their precious metals to the dealers thronging the camps, they cared little for this deprivation. It was only temporary. Presently, they assured one another, would they again march northward and pillage more.

Spartacus was strangely, exaltedly, happy as day by day he watched over this little realm whereof he was sovereign legislator, building a new world from which the corruption of the old was sternly barred. At last, it seemed, he had fulfilled his destiny. This was indeed glory—to refashion humanity to a new mold, to impose his will upon it for its good. Yet in that glory was he solitary. Men wore masked faces in his presence, spoke to him in evident fear. His old comradeship with the chief leaders had vanished since that day when he had caused Œnomaus to be executed for concealing a chest of gold. Only with Hippolita could he relax into intimacy.

He thought of Hippolita's fond loyalty as, one brilliant summer morning, he rode homeward after an inspection of a detachment of his army. Life without her would indeed be empty. He imagined her fond smile at his return. That pleasant thought was brusquely obliterated in him by the sight of a field of ripened grain, overdue for reaping. He must remember to command all the inhabitants of the area to come with sickles and wagons, convey this precious corn to the communal storehouse. It was extraordinary how selfishly foolish people were. Just because this crop no longer belonged to any individual, but to all, no one took an interest in it. He could see where thieves had come, had cut great gaps in it, carrying off what they had stolen. He frowned darkly. If he could discover those malefactors, surely should they suffer death.

He arrived at the villa outside Thurii which was his headquarters, dismounted in the courtyard, handed his horse to the grooms, servile at his coming, entered the house, went straight to the room where he might find Hippolita. Pleasant would it be to sit a while with her, drink a beaker of diluted wine, listen idly to her gossip of the petty things that interested her, a woman.

He pushed aside the hanging, strode into the chamber. Hippolita sat with a mirror in her hand, two evidently admirative girl attendants close beside her. She glanced up, uttered a startled cry, ripped something from her neck, concealed it in her robe.

"What hast thou there, Hippolita?" he asked, his voice sounding odd in his own ears.

She smiled at him—falsely, he was sure of it.

"Nothing—nothing, my beloved!" There was terror behind her smile. "Nothing! I but attire myself."

He strode forward, thrust his hand into her robe, drew out a long, curiously fashioned chain of gold.

She fell on her knees before him.

"Spartacus! Spartacus! Forgive me! It is but a trifle! A pretty thing which pleased me!"

A stern fanaticism flooded him. If his own woman were allowed to break his ideal laws, then was it impossible to make others respect them.

"What else of gold and silver hast thou? Show it to me!"

Sobbing hysterically, she clutched at him from her knees.

"But the merest trifles, Spartacus! I swear to thee! I swear it—things—things—just woman's things!"

"Show them to me!" He felt himself chill with that cold sternness of his voice.

She dared not disobey. Pathetically, sobbing still, she went to a coffer, unlocked it. Before his scandalized gaze, she drew out ropes of pearls, masses of gold and silver trinkets, the choicest loot of a long accumulation.

"Spartacus—Spartacus, forgive!" Almost irresistible was that desperate entreaty, that poignant appeal. "Remember how I have loved thee!"

He turned to the two girl attendants. They stood motionless, appalled.

"Fetch the guards!" he commanded.

They fled from the room, returned with three men of his especial bodyguard.

He spoke to Hippolita, who had stood in a dreadful silence.

"Thou hast broken my law. More than any other thou shouldst have respected it. Thou knowest the punishment." He turned to the guards. "Take her away. Execute the penalty!" It was odd how coldly he could say it, but he said it for the sake of something which transcended their individual lives. What were individuals compared with that ideal humanity he fashioned?

She drew herself up in a dignity that disdained an appeal certainly hopeless.

"Farewell, Spartacus! Thou wouldst make men and women other than men and women. It may not be done." She smiled strangely. "Yet do I love thee for it, my beloved! And yet, though I shall not see it, will thy end be glorious!"

He motioned them silently to take her away.

It was winter. They were encamped around Rhegium, on the Strait of Messina, an army of famine-emaciated wretches. Illusory had been that period of peace. Rome had not forgotten them. She had recalled some of her legions, had put them under the command of Crassus, richest of Romans, ruthlessly capable, who had promptly inflicted the punishment of decimation on those cohorts which had fled in a first engagement with the Spartacist outposts. Thereafter, his army fearing him more than the enemy, he had advanced in force, had shut the Spartacists within this peninsula, had built a fortification, thirty-two miles long, across its narrowest part, strictly besieging them. Now, the local supplies exhausted, the slave army was starving.

Spartacus paced up and down the beach, gazing across to Sicily. If only he could transport his army over that narrow strip of water, easy would it be to rekindle that servile war which for a generation had all but obliterated Roman power in the island and had finally been suppressed only eighteen years before! It was their sole hope—a hope that had become miraculously possible.

One of the many pirate fleets that infested the Mediterranean had appeared in the strait a day or two before. Its leader had come ashore, had bargained with him. Nearly all their accumulated plunder had the pirate demanded as the price of carrying them across. The slave leaders had agreed. The pirate had pressed his advantage in their extremity. He must have a full half of it now as earnest money. They had given it, had carried it down to the ships he had sent in to receive it. Today the entire fleet was to come to transport them. But, as Spartacus gazed anxiously from the beach, there was no sign of them. What had happened?

(Continued on Page 58)

He saved a life . . . and prevented a revolution

***Famous specialist calls yeast "best intestinal purifier known . .*"**

AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET . . . a great Balkan political leader at the point of death . . .

Telephone, airplane—and the noted Dr. Singer of Vienna was at the wounded statesman's bedside . . . He recovered! The gathering clouds of revolution cleared. All Europe breathed more easily, applauded.

Such astonishing feats of medical skill have marked the career of Dr. Gustav Singer, famous Austrian internal specialist. Dr. Singer says:

"The best way to suppress intestinal poisons is the use of a good yeast. Its action causes constipation to disappear. Another remarkable effect is the disappearance of ugly skin eruptions, which I long ago proved to result from intestinal putrefaction.

"The vitamin D in yeast helps 'sunlight-starved' bodies to assimilate the elements which keep bones and teeth strong."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D so important for building up health after the confining months. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on the label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

What 4 noted doctors say

Another famous internal specialist, Dr. Martin Mendelsohn of the University of Berlin, says, "Yeast tones up the whole system."

The distinguished French stomach specialist, Dr. Georges Faroy, states, "Yeast encourages digestion and overcomes constipation."

Dr. Edvard Ehlers of Copenhagen, international authority on skin diseases, says, "I invariably prescribe yeast. Its effect is incontestable."

The brilliant Spanish surgeon, Dr. Catalina, declares, "Recent scientific experiments confirm the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms."

"My doctor advised yeast to clear my system of poison"

(Right) Mr. C. B. Webber, *Boston manufacturer, writes:* "After a short illness, I still didn't feel right, so I called my doctor. He said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered Fleischmann's Yeast. It did everything he said it would. I am now completely well."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* Mrs. P. J. Riley *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely. I haven't a trace of indigestion and no longer feel sluggish and tired."

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2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

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Pipe smoke—a mighty helper in the work of the world. And the tobacco that raises this smoke, by the same token—mighty well worth thought. Consider, then, Granger Rough Cut—for two plain, sound reasons.

The *cut*—"rough cut" flakes, slow burning, that keep your pipe-bowl cooler—and cleaner and drier besides.

And its *flavor*—of mellow Kentucky Burley, favorite leaf-type for pipes, perfected by the priceless old-time Wellman Method; our secret—and the secret of a lifetime's joy in a pipe.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE

(Continued from Page 56)

Suddenly one of the slaves signaled from the headland. The ships were coming.

It was intoxicatingly true. He could see the pirate fleet coming across to them from the Sicilian harbor where they had provisioned, their oars dipping and flashing, some with sails distended to the breeze. The entire host of slaves rushed down to the water's edge, shouting and yelling in a frenzy of delight.

He watched them draw near, come quite close. Suddenly they changed their course. In a tantalizingly inaccessible proximity, they coasted along the shore, their crews waving to them, jeering derisively. The pirates had played them a trick!

In a clamor of incredulity that became despair, the slaves watched the fleet disappear into the wide sea. Now were they utterly lost.

Spartacus summoned them around him.

"Yet have we weapons in our hands!" he said. "Better is it to die fighting than to starve or to yield to these accursed Romans and be crucified."

On a wild wintry night, when a blizzard of snow blew across the high Calabrian hills, they had broken through that Roman wall and ditch stretching from sea to sea. In a rapid march they had outflanked Crassus, terrified that once again the road to Rome was open to them. And then once again there had been mutiny. Again the Gauls and Germans had drawn off together from those Thracians and Mediterranean people they hated in a racial antagonism. Crassus had instantly concentrated upon that isolated force, had utterly destroyed it, slaying more than twelve thousand—all save two with their wounds in front.

Perilously outnumbered, Spartacus had retreated swiftly to the mountains of Petelia. There he had been prematurely attacked by two lieutenants of Crassus, had crushingly defeated them. The slaves had gone mad with joy, believing, in naïve simplicity, that they had defeated the entire Roman army. Spartacus had wished to retire to Brundisium in the heel of Italy, where perhaps he might yet find shipping to take them off. They would not hear of it in this intoxication of triumph. They had mutinied with swords in their hands, had forced him to lead them once again northward into Lucania, to yet more plunder. Months of maneuvering had followed, the watchful Crassus ever heading them off. At last he had cornered them, had again built lines of circumvallation around their camp. They must fight or starve. It was three years since they had begun their war.

Now, on this morning of brilliant sunshine, Spartacus set his host in array, thousands of men armed with every kind of weapon, ranked in loose bodies whose one advantage was their ferocity of attack. A few hundred paces in front of them the Roman legions deployed for battle in that formidable well-knit flexibility which had made them invincible. Already the light troops on either side had run out in advance, were hailing sling bullets, darts and arrows upon each other. Spartacus galloped to the center of his army. His men acclaimed him vociferously. "Spartacus!" He swung round to them for the *allocutio*, the speech before battle which the Prætor Crassus was similarly delivering to the Roman host. In his heart, he knew that this was the end. Their great adventure was over.

"Comrades," he cried, "Hippolita prophesied that the end of our enterprise should be glorious. This is glorious that we who were slaves fight as equals against the legions of Rome!" He leaped from his horse, drew his sword, stabbed the animal. "If we win," he cried again, "I shall have a great many better horses. If we lose, I have no need of this, for today we must conquer or die!" They vociferated in their medley of tongues: "We will conquer! We will conquer!" "Conquer then!" he shouted, brandishing his sword. "Forward!"

At their head, he rushed on foot across the plain, directly toward Crassus. A rain of missiles fell around him. He sped on, the maniacally shrieking rabble at his back. The Roman light troops turned and ran for shelter behind the maniples. Amid that hurricane of projectiles he lost sight of Crassus, saw only the firm rank of Romans, with *pila* poised, their shields a wall, their officers slightly in front. The iron-headed javelins whistled in a dark, streaking shower, evoking screams and yells behind him. He was untouched. Another few bounds and he arrived at that hated enemy. A centurion sprang at him with flashing sword. In an instant, by a gladiatorial feint, he had slain him, had slain another, attacking him from the other side.

"Hippolita! Hippolita!" he cried frenziedly, as he slashed and stabbed amid those fierce Romans, stabbing from behind their uplifted shields.

His hacked body was never identified amid the heaps of dead. Six thousand slaves surrendered as prisoners. Crassus crucified them at intervals all along the road from Capua to Rome.

Almost two thousand years later, in 1918 A.D., communist-propagandized German soldiers, in the madness of a colossal defeat, would again revive his forgotten name, would dub themselves Spartacists and revolt in a similar orgy of bloody atrocity against what to them had been a military despotism where they had been but slaves. But they had no Spartacus, whose essentially noble character a Plutarch could admire, to redeem their crimes.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in the issue of May twenty-fourth.

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

"What a Simply Lovely Radio! Is it a William and Mary?"

"No. I Think It's More of an Amos and Andy"

The quick answer to the question: "Where can I buy it?"

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THE CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY is a modern buying guide which people everywhere are using to save themselves time and effort. It lets them accomplish more, by directing them quickly and easily to the places where they can get the exact things they want. It eliminates unnecessary searching around. Prevents annoyance.

Firms, stores, professional people, etc., are entered under headings of their type of business . . . carpenters, taxicab companies, physicians, florists, employment agencies, barbers, department stores. Many articles and services are listed alphabetically by their familiar brand names. For instance, *Ford* appears under F . . . followed by the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the local authorized Ford dealers and service stations.

As part of Bell System telephone service, the classified telephone directories are usually available in your home, the home of friends, in stores, offices, railway stations, hotels and other public places. It is a complete reference book to local business . . . a catalog of information on *where* to buy.

Glance through your classified directory today. See how conveniently it is arranged; how much valuable information it contains. Consult it before buying. It will save you hours of time and miles of travel.

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POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

"Old stuff, I'm afraid," says the first man. "Golly, a fellow has to do a lot of digging to find a brand-new way of polishing off the victim these days."

Do not call a cop. They are probably your favorite mystery writers, talking shop.

Indeed, writing murder mysteries gets harder and harder. The reading public which consumes them so avidly has become a very canny bird. Speaking as one who has butchered a few prominent citizens in the interest of Art, I must admit that we vicarious killers have developed, as Sherlock Holmes did not say to Watson, "a foeman worthy of our steel." The modern mystery reader, steeped in a hundred homicides, is no longer a simpleton, to be taken in by easy tricks. He suspects everybody. We have reached our last frontier; so that now it may turn out that the sweet and charming village maiden, who, a few years ago, always married the dashing young detective in the last chapter, may easily be the party who hammered in the heads of the Duke of Didsworth, and Rosenbloom, his faithful butler.

Once ladies in mystery stories had but two rôles: To betray the culprit and to marry the sleuth. Now, forced to the wall, we permit them to do a bit of strangling with their own fair hands. We may in time permit them to meet their richly deserved fate on the gallows by refusing to allow them to avoid that unpleasantness by swallowing a drop of a deadly poison—unknown to chemists—which they have concealed in their right pearl earring.

Naturally murder mysteries have developed certain polite fictions of their own, which, though it be treason, I undertake here to explode. In passing, be it said that the only mystery of vital interest these days concerns itself with a good, sound murder. All the stolen diamonds and kidnaped tots in the world are not so gripping as a cleverly dispatched corpse.

The more flagrant examples of what, to be outspoken, can only be called "bunk," practiced by us practitioners of the mystery or detective story, may be listed as follows:

1. All Scotland Yard detectives are Oxford men, who speak six languages and can pass as cockneys among cockneys at will. [This is not so.]

2. If a watch drops from the victim's hand during the struggle with his assassin, it invariably stops at 9:17; thus fixing accurately the time of the crime. [Untrue. I dropped eight watches, belonging to friends, and only four of them stopped.]

3. A doctor can glance at a cadaver and can tell to a minute when death took place. [Highly unlikely. Doctors tell me they can guess, but are just as apt to be wrong about this as about most things.]

4. A detective—the inevitable Oxford type—can, with a little grease paint, a wig and an old suit of dungarees, so disguise himself that he does not look like a detective made up with grease paint, a wig and an old suit of dungarees. Thus altered, he can deceive an astute criminal who has recently carried out a most elaborate and painstaking murder. Even his best friends do not recognize him. [Distinctly improbable. Did you ever try to keep people from knowing that you wore a toupee?]

5. All Chinamen are sinister and much better educated than they look. If they want to dispose of an enemy their subtle Oriental natures will not allow them to do it by common means, such as shooting, though they have ample opportunity to do so in comparative safety. Instead they train a kitten to claw the—intended—victim, having first anointed its claws with a poison known only to four hundred million Chinese. [Far-fetched. Chinese people are like all other people—good, bad and indifferent.]

6. If a commonplace man commits a murder on the Fourth of July and buys a ticket from Toledo, Ohio, to Mobile, Alabama, on that date, the ticket agent will be sure to remember one year later that he sold that man the ticket. [This could happen, but would it? Do you remember where you were on the night of August ninth at quarter past ten?]

7. A murderer always smokes a certain brand of cigarette. A stub being found at the scene of the crime, a court will accept this as evidence that the murderer was present. [You can't tell what a court might do, of course; but you or I or the iceman might have dropped that stub there.]

8. The amateur detective, or "private inquiry agent," is almost always keener and generally more refined than the professional members of the police force. They sneer at the amateur, but in the end he discovers the incriminating fingerprints on the bathtub. [Chances are that no amateur is ever as good as a professional at anything. And did you ever meet a private detective?]

9. The man against whom very strong evidence immediately points is seldom the real murderer, and chances are he will be vindicated in the end. [In real life, chances are he is as guilty as can be, and will not be vindicated unless he can afford to hire a first-class lawyer.]

There are other fictions, but if I gave them away a lot of nice gentle souls would be out of work. —RICHARD CONNELL.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"Two Minutes Past Mealtime, Fellers! Come On, Let's Give th' Class Yell!"

. . . . SAVING ON EVERY MILE RUN— EARNING ON EVERY DOLLAR INVESTED

Business men with critical judgments have proved and re-proved the economy of their Dodge Trucks. They have found these workers economical not alone in cost of operation or in cost of upkeep or in first cost or in ability to serve long, but in these essentials combined—all true gauges of truck economy.

See and inspect Dodge Trucks. See business men who own them. Ask their candid opinions. Check the reports you get against your findings on any other truck.

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Bike is the professional, college and school favorite . . . and the proved reliance of countless enthusiasts who play evenings and week-ends for sheer love of the game. A simple, one-piece, all-elastic supporter, its comfort and sturdy strength have made it the safety standard of athletes, coaches and trainers for 55 years. Easy to wear. Easy to wash. Easy to buy, too, at 50 cents.

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BIKE and Pal

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INTRUSION

(Continued from Page 15)

"Your friends in the yeller car was buyin' cig'rettes at Tucker's, boy. That chit give Carolus an eye and said, 'It must be a lost Injun tribe, Anthony.' She's a smart piece, but she stunk of this sandalwood perfumery. . . . There it is, Lupus."

The painting was not big. Lupus looked at it and was relieved. Mary and Carolus would be talking about this emblem of art for days, and it was soothing to know that he would be able to understand their civilized jargon. This was, somehow, not strange. He had seen one like it before, when Mary and the kid and he went abroad two years ago, or back in Paris after the Armistice. It was just a clear view of a sensible-looking young female who had forgotten all her clothes except a striped turbanish affair and a fan, lying on some cushions.

"That's a darned good copy," said Carolus.

"It's no copy, grandson. This Ingress done it himself. It's wrote on the back."

Carolus was invincibly polite. He reversed the picture and said, "M'm—yeh. . . . For the—*bien charmante*—awf'ly charmin' Madame Van Eck, this little sketch of my odalisque has been made by myself. Signed his name too!"

"I knew I'd seen 'at before," Lupus declared.

"It's awf'ly valuable, grandpop," Carolus said. "Ought to be in a museum. The real picture's three times this size. How did your grandfather run into Ingres?"

"In a bar, prob'ly," said Mr. Van Eck, "if 'twasn't at a race course. I don't remember. But thank the Lord I ain't French. If you spell a word 'Ingress' and say it 'Ang,' it's worse'n Spanish."

"Ingress means a way into a place, pop," Lupus said.

"I know that, you fool, like I know egress is a way out of a place. Egress out onto the stoop, here. I want some words with you. . . . Carolus boy, stick her up on the mantel, so's Red can see her. . . . Come on, Lupus."

But the chief of the tribe did not stop on the porch. He walked, almost silently, down the flagged walk toward the red-brick stables, spitting at a white hen and staving away the dog Brainless with his cane. Brainless was charmed to get some notice from Mr. Van Eck and wooed him with lashings of the tail and yelps and gesticulations. He was the grandson of a pure police dog, the mascot of Sergeant Lupus Van Eck's battery, but something vulgar had intruded on his ancestry; his father was unknown. So Mr. Van Eck seldom paid any heed to this low creature.

"Go an' bark up a tree, pup," he said. "Now, son, what about them folks in the yeller car? Get a look at 'em?"

"Sure, but ——"

"But you didn't look at 'em, you mean. You didn't, just for instance, notice that that whelp's face was painted brown, when his wrists was white as a baby's belly, with yeller fuzz on 'em—and his hair's black. I see you didn't notice none of that, Lupus boy. It's no wonder," the sachem purred, "how a couple of men can bust loose from state's prison in Minn'sota and not git caught, or how this Winslow hussy in Chicago can plug old Sanderson full of lead and walk off and not be seen nowhere. You're like 90 per cent of the human race, sonny. Carolus noticed how nervous that cub was, right now, downtown. If he'd had a good stare at the feller he'd ha' seen more. You're the nicest feller ever lived, Lupus, but you're ——"

"Aw, pop! I wasn't watchin' that guy! I did notice he was tanned funny. You heard me say so to Red!"

"And your wife," Mr. Van Eck went on, "makes things better by yawpin' about us havin' a real Ang in the house. On hearin' which"—pop spat—"this feller looks us all over careful, quits the main road and follows us home to see where we live. It was part my fault for talkin' of valu'bles in front of strangers. Red wanted to know if that whelp was ed'j'cated. She's curious about folks. I winked at her, but she didn't shut up. When you come to that, the gal was tougher than the man. She's a hard case."

"Think so, pop? She's awful young."

"I see in the papers that this Winslow woman in Chicago ain't more than twenty. . . . Go away, Brainless! . . . I never knew why young folks are supposed to be more inn'cent than old hands. It's true they ain't had so much experience. Your Winslow woman gits an old fool to marry her secret and hang emeralds on her. Then she's annoyed with him and shoots him three or four times, packs all the jewels in her old kit bag and walks down the fire escape."

"Naw, pop. She went down the elevator. The elevator boy said she went down again."

"I haven't followed the case so particular, Lupus. Shuh! Nothin' was talked of for a year, when I was a kid, but Jim Fisk bein' murdered over a gal. But we got fifty tons of millionaires in the country these days. I sold Sanderson a carriage pair in '99. He used to come to Saratoga. He was thinnish and pink in the face, an' looked a fool. . . . Brainless, you got bones planted all over the orchard. Go an' git one, boy!"

Brainless ran off, barking heavily at hens across the grass and the garden, and began to dig for a bone near the old smokehouse. A blue sunset was coming on. The white trim of the brick hut among the apple trees was lavender already. Clouds piled in the west. Lupus saw all these things, but they meant nothing.

"Gee, I am dumb!" he sighed.

"It ain't your fault, sonny. So was my dad. You're the nicest feller I've ever knew, and the best hand with hosses. Howsoever, you'll take that Ang upstairs and put it to bed in a bureau drawer. No use to encourage that whelp if he's goin' to ingress on us. An' have your gun handy, Lupus."

"All right, pop."

But Lupus was humiliated. Everybody else saw into people when he just saw people. He went to the kitchen for comfort and borrowed a smudgy green picture paper from the houseman.

Carolus had now put on a scarlet silk jersey in honor of dinner and was reading a solemn book labeled Art of the Romantic Period on the couch in the living room, where lamps were lighted. Mary was settling roses in a low bowl beside the telephone, and Mr. Van Eck assumed his place on the hearthrug mechanically, his smoke flowing up his amber face.

"If I knock down the old smokehouse, Red, you could spread the garden out some that way."

"Don't! I think we'd better chain Henricus out there. He's unusually savage, even for a Van Eck. He just ate some soap. . . . What are all those women doing, Lupus, on the front page of that rag?"

Lupus read from the green paper: "Ladies invade the apartment of Maida Winslow in the Vesey Arms. Couch shown in photograph is that on which body of Asa Sanderson was found last Friday morning."

"Ugh! They've not caught his wife yet, have they?"

The sachem purred, "Call her his wife, daughter? They was married over in Michigan, but he never spoke of it to his daughters and son. His lawyer says Sanderson told him the gal didn't want it known. It's a funny business," he said. "I wonder could someone have sneaked in by the fire escape and killed him?"

"The fire escape was busted, grandpop," Carolus explained. "Lightning, last Wednesday. She must have done it. The kitchen door was locked inside. No, she did it. But if they get those men who broke out of prison in Minnesota, they'll have to serve out their sentences! I suppose a jury'd let this girl off."

"You seem to feel bitter about Miss Winslow, stepson."

"I do," said Carolus. "He was an old man. He'd married her out of this picture shop where she worked, an' hung her with stuff. She wasn't drunk or anything. The elevator man and the doorman say she came in as cool as h—— anything. She shot him from behind, came down, got out her car and drove off. 'Nother man in it, I suppose. But she must be an awful mucker!"

"We're country jakes, grandson, an' don't understand these sens'tive ladies in big cities. I read that this female favors sandalwood perfumery, like that pretty trick downtown right now. It's always seemed kind of heavy for a lady, to me. I never heard before of a gal that wouldn't be known as a rich man's wife neither. She must be an interestin' nature. So let's eat dinner."

Rain commenced soon and the leaves of the oak outside the white dining room seemed made of slick green leather. Mary smiled in the cooling air, across from him, and Lupus beamed at her. Carolus brooded, and jumped when something rasped the screen door of the living room. The houseman trod ceremoniously down the living room to answer a knock. Lupus turned in his chair and saw a dark fellow advancing up the rugs, and heard Mary gulp very faintly as the stranger's loose coat swished.

"Good evening," said the young man Anthony, in his tired, sulky voice, slowly. "I know this is an intrusion. Couldn't help hearing you people talk just now, about —— Well, I know this is intrusion. Haven't any excuse for it. The truth is, I heard you say you had an Ingres picture. Used to work for an art dealer. It's just bad manners and curiosity, but might I see it?"

Mr. Van Eck lay back in his chair. He seemed utterly Indian; his black eyes narrowed in his long face, against the silver on the sideboard behind his black head. He presently purred in his sleepiest fashion, "Why, there's no objection, young feller. It stands there, on the mantelpiece."

The coat swished rapidly. Lupus jumped out of his chair, glad that all Van Ecks moved without noise. But the young man had merely gone to stand with his hands clasped behind his back, in front of the odalisque. His hands were white, with no gloves on them. When he unclasped one and wiped a handkerchief across his pale face, Lupus saw that the tan had disappeared.

"I'm sorry to bring you bad news. That's just a very fine copy of the original painting—a reduced copy too. The original's in the Louvre, in Paris."

"I know it's a copy, young feller. It's wrote on the back. This Ang copied it himself, though, for my grandmamma. If you read this French, you can see."

The coat swished once more. He lifted down the painting and reversed it, and moved to the nearest lamp. Brown paint still filled the hollows around his eyes and tinged the line of his jaw. He had scrubbed his face with rain, perhaps, walking up from the highroad. Lupus stole a look out of the western windows. There was no yellow car in the drive or on the roadway. Then he stared back at the man absorbed in this script on the rear of the old canvas. Mary tinkled a spoon on her plate in the dining room. Carolus had risen and was lighting a cigarette. Only everything usual and known was strangely altered. Something had come in, and the air seemed torn by whispers around his head as Lupus ground an ear with a fist.

"That's immensely interesting. Van Eck? That's Dutch, of course?"

"We're Dutch, with some Iroquois, young feller. We're aboriginal in this part of the state," pop drawled. "An' where are you from?"

"Oh—St. Paul, Minnesota. I'm really Canadian, but I've lived in St. Paul most of my life."

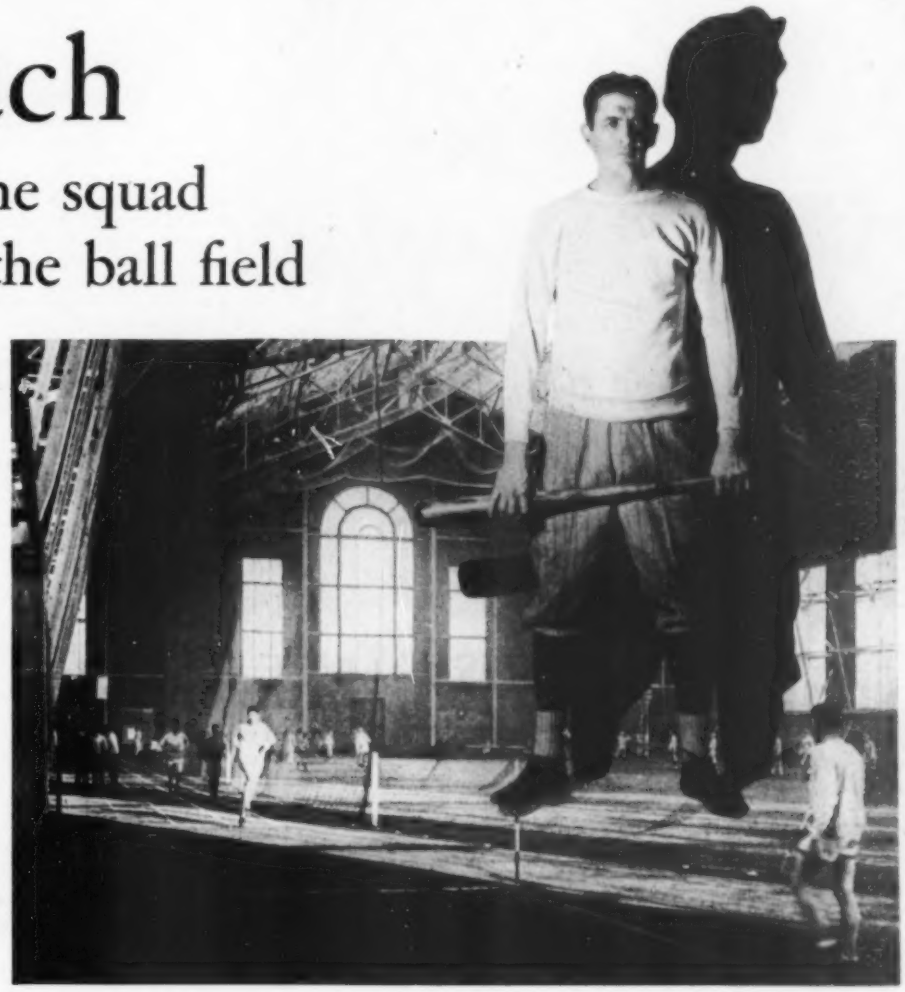
"So? Have some coffee?"

(Continued on Page 64)

Stories of Stars who were not "Born" but "Made"

This coach

cuts 60 men from the squad before they've seen the ball field



THIS happens every year at one of the biggest and oldest colleges in the country: Before they've had any real practice, while they're still working out indoors in the cage, before they've ever seen the diamond, the coach often cuts as many as 60 men from the freshman baseball squad of 100.

The reason for it is this; college and prep school coaches can tell a lot about a man just by watching him. They know a player, or a man who will *make* a player, by the way he handles himself.

In any sport the ability to *handle yourself well,* to have every part of your body working together and working for you, is all-important. Whether one plays baseball, or tennis, or golf, or any other game, this is the greatest lesson to be learned. Awkwardness is the chief obstacle to athletic success.

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Learn to handle your feet. Star athletes train themselves in footwork. Go into a college gym and what do you find?—a hefty guard boxing—a stroke oar handballing—a shortstop skipping rope—usually in Keds—the Shoe of Champions.

Keds are the most scientifically-built athletic shoes in the world. They have "Feltex" insoles that keep your feet cool and comfortable. Keds' canvas tops are light, but strong. They give sure support to your ankles. And Keds have specially compounded safety soles that get a firm grip on the ground and prevent slipping and sliding.

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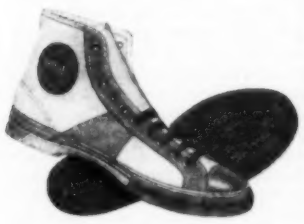

Keds "Conquest"

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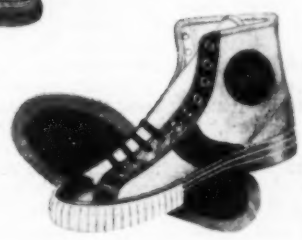

Keds "Speed King"

Scuffing won't feaze this Keds, with its heavy ribbed toe strip of white rubber. The upper is of suntan duck; the trim, toe cap and arch-supporting stay are of tan.

FREE! 50 pedigreed dogs

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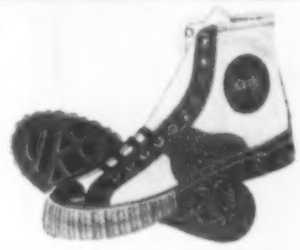
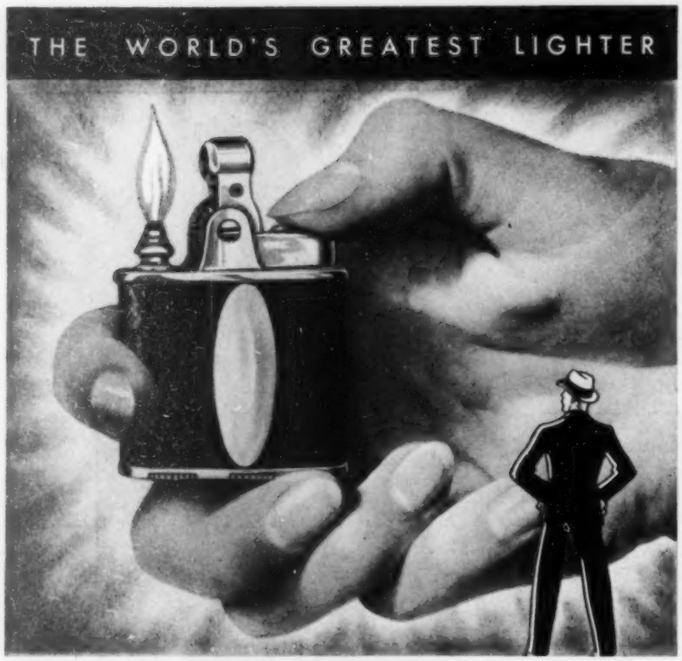
Keds "Gladiator"

Here is another lace-to-toe Keds model. Note the sturdy toe and heel construction. Can be bought in the new popular suntan or in white or brown.



Keds "Holdfast"

This light Keds model gives excellent service for the price. Holdfasts come with white or brown uppers and have black trimmings and black corrugated soles. A sturdy low priced shoe.



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A FLIP—and it's lit! RELEASE—and it's out!

RONSON De-light

TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED IN OTHER NATS. PENDING

(Continued from Page 62)

"Thanks, no. Just had some dinner down at that rotten hotel in the town. I came out on the trolley."

The clock struck eight times, with its customary buzz and jangle on the last stroke. The stranger said, with a sort of irritation, "That's eight. . . . What's the police-station telephone number?"

"Huh?"

"The police-station telephone number. I want to speak to the chief of police."

"One, four," said Carolus, "and his name's Maxon."

The young man sat down at the little table, bunching his coat between his knees. He jerked a roll of newspaper irritably from a pocket, when it interfered with his elbow, and tossed it on the couch.

"One, four. . . . Busy? . . . Call me when it's clear, please!"

He dropped back in the chair and looked up at the ceiling. Mr. Van Eck now was standing just behind him, and Carolus leaned in the arch of the dining room. Mary had grown rigid behind the coffee cup at her place.

"Givin' yourself up, son?"

"I am. I had three months more to serve. Suppose they'll stick on a year or so for this. Can't help it."

"They ought to go easy on you, young feller. You're savin' them trouble. How old are you now?"

"Twenty-eight. . . . Excuse me." He picked up the telephone. "This the police station? Let me speak to Mr. Maxon. It's important. . . . Is this Mr. Maxon? . . . My name's Anthony Walsh—Walsh. I'm an escaped convict, from Minnesota. . . . Escaped convict. . . . No! Convict! . . . Well, I want to give myself up. I'm at a Mr. Van Eck's house, on the road. . . . Yes, of course, I'll wait. . . . Thanks."

He set aside the telephone. His right hand moved in a gesture. Lupus knew it was the sign of the cross. The young man's face was sweating in a multitude of drops.

"Water, Carolus," said Mr. Van Eck.

"No, thanks. I'll go out on the porch and wait. That fool said he'd be here directly."

"Just a minute," said the sachem, putting a palm on his shoulder. "You've given that gal a good start. What good'll it do her in that yeller car, boy? They'll pick her up."

"I'm sure I hope not. She's a high-school kid from—I think it's some town—some town near Albany. I picked her up at Saratoga this morning. Needed a lift."

"She's no schoolgal, boy."

"I don't know anything about her," Walsh said. . . . "I'd have that picture examined by some expert in New York—Dorman or one of those men. It's probably worth nine or ten thousand, you know. I've been in prison for selling a scrap of a Courbet drawing in red chalk for a thousand. A copy of an Ingres by Ingres ought to run to money."

"Our family pictures, an' so on," Mr. Van Eck drawled, "stay at home. Give that gal up, son. Answer up, now! She's this Maida Winslow that shot Sanderson."

The young man jammed his hands out before him with all the fingers spread and cried, "Let me be!" in such a voice that Lupus jumped back a yard. Then the loose coat swished as its wearer got up. "Why, yes, Mr. Van Eck. I suppose you've seen the papers this evening."

"No," said the sachem, "it was just a guess. I read yest'day that Miss Winslow favors sandalwood perfumery, and she's a blonde. I just guessed," he drawled, tapping his cane on the rug. "And what's she to you, Walsh?"

"My wife. It's in the papers. You can read it. Her name's Karen Lindquist. Maida Winslow suited her better. It's out of a moving picture or a book, I expect," he scornfully said. "Walsh wasn't good enough for her either. Nobody but her people knew we were married."

He walked suddenly into the lighted porch, and Lupus was glad that he was gone. But the cheap coat chattered and hissed out there, and it seemed that Walsh had not left the room at all. His wretchedness was a smoke that hung in the gray room; the lights were dimmer. Mary's red braids and Caro's jersey were dull. This torment welled through the pale mesh of the screen, although he stood now at the south of the porch, watching the rain. Some cars went past.

"Oh, father," said Mary, "isn't there—couldn't ——"

"I dunno what we can do, daughter. Don't cry."

They were all huddled together close to the big couch. Lupus got his wife's hand and held it. This man's agony came, silently, thirty feet. You couldn't shove it away. When Carolus picked up the rolled newspaper and spread it on the table, Lupus gasped.

"Read it, kid. Whisper. . . . Why don't Maxon get here?"

"It's not two minutes yet, you big calf. Read it, grandson. The poor whelp ain't listenin'."

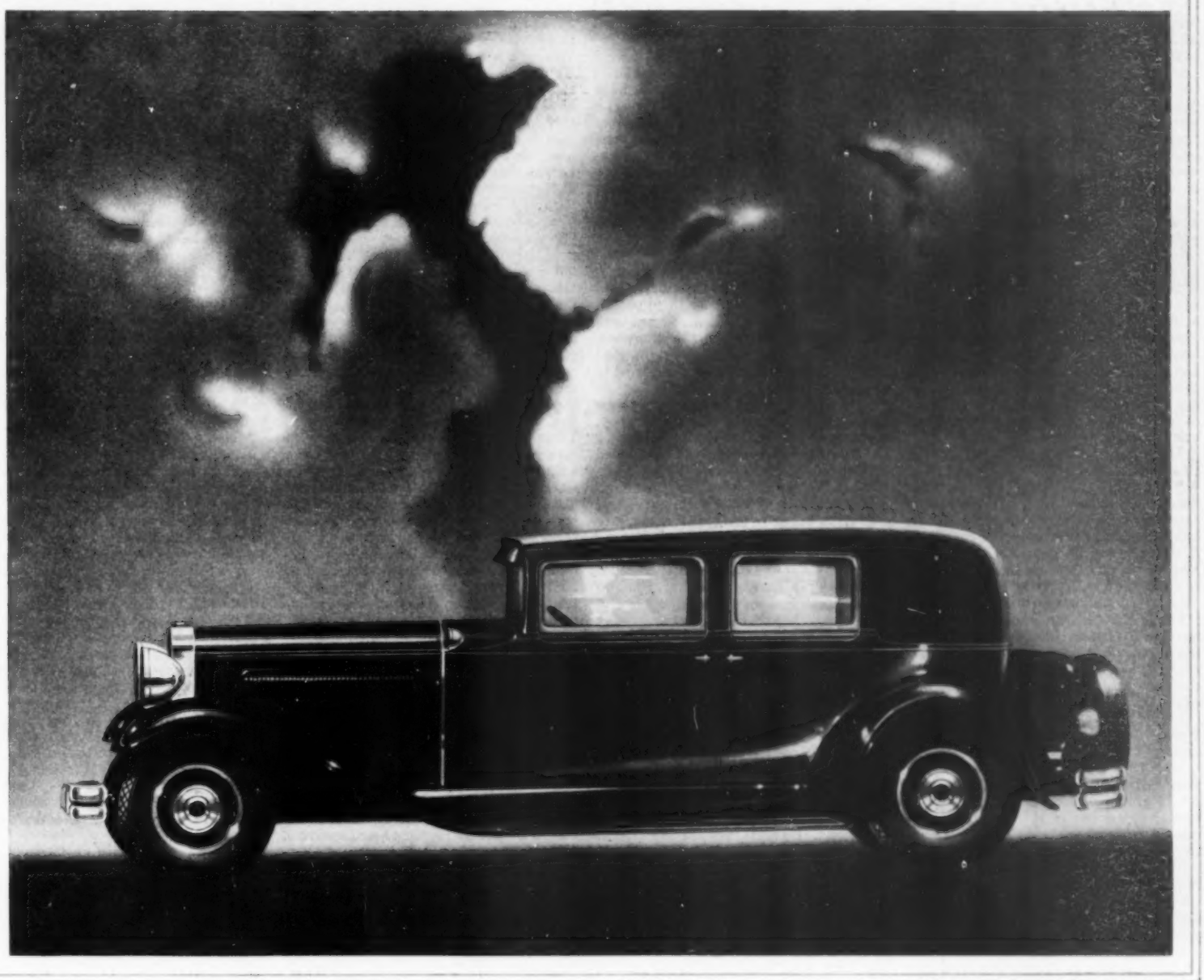
Carolus read swiftly, his eyes hidden by his black hair:

"The entire mass of conjectures and theories which made up the Sanderson case yesterday was blown to pieces this morning when a simple Swedish plumber and his wife, accompanied by their pastor, made a statement to the authorities. Mr. and Mrs. Nels Lindquist have presented the state of Illinois with the most incredible set of facts ever recorded by a gaping stenographer, but the facts are plainly all there. We still do not know precisely why the lovely little blond woman called Maida Winslow killed her seventy-year-old adorer, but the theft of a Permeo roadster in Buffalo last night and the finding of a superbly fitted Walker sedan near the scene of the theft has given a real clew to the whereabouts of this fantastic heroine. What the Lindquists revealed is sketched briefly here:

"Two years ago, a young Minnesotan named Anthony Walsh, an art student and salesman in the famous Chapell picture gallery at Chicago, became the husband of Karen Lindquist, who, at the age of eighteen, had assumed the name Maida Winslow. 'Karen loves to be fancy,' her mother says. The marriage was not announced to the fellow employes of young Walsh and the pretty cash girl at the busy gallery. Two months later Walsh was sentenced in Minnesota, for selling a drawing which had been intrusted to him by a dealer in St. Paul, where he visited his parents, for valuation at Mr. Chapell's offices in Chicago. Karen Walsh continued to be the pretty Miss Winslow at Chapell's, and scarcely four months after her husband's sentence, she was receiving the attentions of Asa Sanderson. One day a highfalutin' letter in the best style of the moving-picture magazines announced to the Lindquists that their daughter had accepted an apartment in the Vesey Arms from Mr. Sanderson. This ended relations. Her parents had been fond of Anthony Walsh and the shock was great. Mrs. Lindquist once or twice wrote to the effulgent butterfly of the Vesey Arms, begging her to repent. We now come to last Thursday night, when Mrs. Lindquist urgently telephoned to her daughter, demanding that she come home for an hour. In the Lindquist kitchen Miss Winslow saw a young man with dyed hair and a painted face, and recognized Anthony Walsh. A preposterous scene followed. The simple couple learned for the first time that Karen had bigamously married Mr. Sanderson in Michigan, using her fancy name. Mr. Lindquist broke out in threats. He would tell Sanderson everything and spoil her good times. The girl raged and wept. Walsh sat stunned in a corner.

"About ten o'clock Miss Winslow entered the Vesey Arms, smiled at the doorman and chatted to the elevator boy as she was taken up to the ninth floor. At midnight she came down again, still smiling, and went to the garage to take out her luxurious little Walker for a drive in the cool

(Continued on Page 66)



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NASH "400"

1858

(Continued from Page 64)

night air. At one she was in her father's kitchen once more, begging Walsh to come away with her. She had left Sanderson forever, she said. The Lindquists implored the young fellow to give himself up and serve out his sentence. But he went away with Miss Winslow. Meanwhile Asa Sanderson was lying face down on a gilded couch in the famous rose drawing-room with three bullets fired from Miss Winslow's ivory-and-silver-mounted revolver in his brain. 'She is just no good,' Nels Lindquist says, 'and she ain't got no heart in her.' Sixty-six gowns and his lawyer's notes of jewelry acquired by Asa Sanderson for his secret bride indicate the girl's commonplace imagination. Her rooms were littered with sensational magazines and smart weeklies. Mr. Hamilton Ryan, who so guilelessly let a little blond woman try out his yellow Permeo car in Buffalo, yesterday afternoon, testifies to her gracious, indolent manner and smile. So this is the mysterious Miss Winslow's real self, tearfully reported by her helpless little mother. There is a note of fantasy in the full report, which we will print in tomorrow's ——"

Mary gasped, "But—that child can't be this terrible creature!"

"Daughter," said Mr. Van Eck, "the trouble is, you're a lady born. It wouldn't occur to you to do none of these things. She killed Sanderson to keep herself out of jail for bigamy. He'd take back her jewels too. You can see why she made the old man keep it quiet they was married. Here comes Maxon. . . . She's a wonder!"

Lupus stumbled out into the porch and watched the fat old chief of police get down from a closed car, an important, flushed young fellow aiding him. Anthony Walsh sharply yawned as he walked to meet the officer.

"Now, you've done the sensible thing, Walsh. Don't know how you come here, exactly."

"Oh, I got on the trolley. I was going to work north again. Read the paper at supper. I got tired of it. That's all. And I wanted to see one of Mr. Van Eck's pictures. I came in here," said Walsh. "That's all."

"If the wire from Saratoga about the license on that Permeo had come a little quicker we'd have arrested both of you at the hotel at supper. You might as well come through, Walsh. It was this Winslow girl in that car with you. . . . She left him at the hotel, Lupus, and hopped on the seven o'clock northbound—the slow local. Left this Permeo at the station. Where's she headed for, Walsh? . . . Well, it don't matter. They'll pick her up on the train. She's made a pretty bad fool of you, young man. You're likely to be made an accessory after the fact in her killin' Sanderson."

"He killed himself," Walsh said, yawning. "He threatened to, when she left him."

"That's what she told you, Walsh," Maxon said kindly. "But she did it. The bullets were from this gun her cook saw in her drawer, and the gun's gone."

"You may be right. She doesn't love me. Never did, I suppose. Wouldn't tell people at Chapell's we were married. Got more attention if she wasn't. I had a good salary there. Yes, she made a fool of me. Easy enough. But I must get some sleep!"

"When did you sleep last?"

"Sunday—no, Saturday. In some place near Cleveland. She'd gone to have her hair waved. That's so important. . . . But I won't tell where Hume and I got clothes after we got out of prison. And I don't know where he is, any more than he knows where I am. And don't make me talk to Karen if you get her! Gave her an hour's start. Told her I'd probably give up. . . . I must get some sleep. How we hated each other in that car. . . . Let me get some sleep!"

"Boy," the sachem said, through the screen, "you stole for that gal. Didn't you?"

"What of it now? . . . Thanks for letting me see that Ingres. It's really good. Good-by."

Maxon turned down the steps and said coaxingly, "Come and get in the car. I'll see you get plenty of sleep. Come and get in, Walsh."

The lamps of the machine showed the wet road until the bulk of the stables cut off this flitting glimmer. But Lupus watched the night with a sick humility. It really hid a terrible sort of world, full of all kinds of traps and sadnesses. This thing had jammed itself inside the white fences and the calm brick house where nothing happened except his father's teasings and Mary's sarcasms when he was duller than he need be. Carolus had a row, last week, with a kid who borrowed one of his pet books and spoiled the cover. That had seemed tremendous! But this awful whirling of names and desires and bodies was not life; it was frenzy. And yet they were all real people. He had seen this girl. Golly! She had tried to flirt with him, just now, this afternoon, and hadn't Walsh said, "Having a good time?" Lupus rubbed his ear and tried to think that she was real.

"Pretty hard lines," said pop, through the screen. "And when they git her, boy, she'll try to blame it on him."

"How can she, grandfather? She killed Sanderson!" Carolus asserted.

"Carolus, you didn't see this jade. She's pretty as paint. Give her a white dress an' a flower in her neck, and she'll make a jury git soft. . . . Play us some music, Red. You can cry on the pianner, daughter, just as good as in your handkerchief. . . . I'd like to see this hussy tried. . . . Call up Maxon pretty soon, Carolus, and see if they've took her off that train. . . . See how it is? She seen that newspaper at supper and bargained with Walsh for time to git away. . . . The seven o'clock would be past Rangerville an' Orangetown before Maxon wired to have her stopped. They'll git her at Berthon, likely."

Mary played. Lupus strolled the porch and smoked, but his head was empty. He wanted to know why she had brought Walsh along in her flight. She didn't love the man. And she couldn't have loved old Sanderson. Maybe she had no heart, as her father said. He must read the piece in the paper to himself and master it. People would talk of all this for months now. The grooms and milkers were full of theories last Saturday when the killing was known. And to have the yarn pass through Couveris would keep it alive here for a year. He petted Brainless as the pup came up to nose him, with some stable-yard gravel on his muzzle and a rag in his mouth.

"You're worth ten of 'at dame, pup. Lie down."

Brainless was playfully disposed. He trotted to the screen and rubbed his rag on the meshes until pop said, "Git away, dog!" and then he cavorted before Lupus, flopping his tail. Lupus pretended to stamp on the yellow tail and had a good time, although he was thinking of Walsh's wife all the while and her sandalwood came back to his nostrils. That was where women were fools. Mary's verbena bath salts and a funny, dry little perfume that lived in her clothes were heavy enough. Men didn't really like strong scents, he thought. But he kept thinking of sandal. It came back to him, as if it was really smelling from his shirt or his hands, while his wife played slowly a loud, exciting piece which Carolus said was the death of a lady named Isolde.

"That's a mighty swell perfume you got on your handkerchief, Mr. Lupus," said the houseman, fetching out a glass of lemonade.

"Not on me, Sam. . . . You honest smell it?"

"Mighty strong. . . . Ge' down, Brainless!"

"Must be this telepathics," said Lupus, puzzled. "I was thinkin' of —— Naw, pup, you don't like lemonade! Chew your rag," he ordered, snatching at it. The thing ripped as Brainless pulled away, and Lupus was left with a half of it in his fingers.

After a while he smoothed out his face and finished the lemonade. The shred of a woman's handkerchief in his left hand stank of sandalwood, and the pup had brought it up the south steps from the walk that ended in the stable yard. It was good to have an expressionless, dark face. Lupus strolled through the hot kitchen and up the back stairs, whistling The Caissons Go Rolling Along. His army revolver was chilly for a moment as he slipped it inside his shirt. He walked down the front stairs and out of the disused north door. Wet grass cooled his feet. The rain filled his hair. He could see Mary at the piano and Carolus smoking, with a scarlet arm crooked on the parlor mantel. Pop would still be in the living room. Well, he would get this next intruder out of the place by himself. Mary and the kid needn't see her, smell her, hear her. He paced, wiry and soundless, down the grass until the noise of rain, intensified between the tall brick stables and the vast yard, echoed before him.

There should be a light, a small green bulb of thick glass, glowing on the front of the garage. It had been turned out. Sounds of an accordion and voices blew through the arch of the gate joining the stable yard to the dairy yard. Hired men and milkers used the same barracks, fifty yards away. There were people near enough, anyhow, in case she made trouble. She had come walking back, of course, from Rangerville where she dodged down from the slow train. There was shrewdness in her. Yes, she had been driven by this afternoon. She knew there was a car here, and that sheds and buildings would shelter her for a night. He thought carefully, his shirt pasting itself to him. She would come in from the high-road, unless she had been traipsing through orchards and lanes. She would recognize the garage by the light. But she would not be fool enough to take the big car out so soon. Midnight, perhaps. Then where to? Where would she take herself to?

He moved forward tenderly, and scowled when he heard Brainless snuffling along behind him. The pup would not bark unless he was scared though. His nose touched Lupus as he set a hand on the door of the garage. Yeh! It was loose; open a few inches. He must bawl out some man in the morning about that. Well, now for it. He shoved the panels apart and heard a woman gulp in the supreme blackness.

"Don't yell!"

"Oh," she said, "it's you!"

"Sure it's me."

"I'm so glad! But I don't see how you knew that ——"

"The pup fetched up your handkerchief," Lupus said, hot down his legs. "Sandalwood."

"You are clever! Your father was calling you a dumb animal, but a person's parents are always like that, aren't they? See how my mother's turned against me! Of course, papa's a perfect fool. Listen."

"I'm listenin'," said Lupus. "Got off at Rangerville, didn't you?"

"That next little town, yes. Now, listen. I'm in this terrible situation. I've tried to help Anthony escape. Don't know what to do—what they'll do to me. There's this awful lie about me killing Asa in the papers. Of course, he shot himself. He threatened to when I was leaving. He worshiped the ground I walked on. He offered me a villa at Monte Carlo to stay with him. But I had to help Anthony," she said, "to get away."

"Yes'm," said Lupus, shutting his mouth so as to open it again and speak.

"Oh, I'm glad you understand! I knew you looked kind, this afternoon. You don't know what my life's been! Nobody could describe it. I've had just kind of scraps of happiness—morsels. I'm not really their child, you see. They adopted me when my own people died. I'm really English. I've been corresponding with my cousins. They have a manor house in—in ——"

"Yes'm," said Lupus.

She just was not real. She was sitting in the motor, above him, and must be leaning out to talk. She was there. He smelled her and heard her, but she was something from another sort of earth.

"What do you think I'd better do?" she asked.

"Do?"

"Where can I go? Could you drive me to—to —— Is that a dog?"

"He won't bark," said Lupus, "unless you yell or somethin'. Yes, you're in a bad fix. Walsh gave himself up right now. He stopped in our place to see 'at paintin', and phoned the police. He's down at the ——"

"I should have shot him last —— Oh, he'd be better dead," she said loudly, "than back in that awful place!"

Lupus found that his legs were cold to the hip and stooped to rub one. She was going to kill Walsh. That was why she had brought him away from her father's place in Chicago. She was only safe with those two men dead. And now she was hating Walsh as she sat there. In this blackness swelled a heat. When she hated like this, she was ready to kill.

"How'd he get out?"

"The man in the cell with him. He had friends outside. He was a man named Hume. . . . Oh, if he'd only served his time and faced the world with clean hands! Then all this wouldn't have happened to us. You don't know how terrible life can be!"

"That's so," said Lupus.

Some man passed whistling through the yard, trotting as he whistled. Brainless ran away and barked superbly. Lupus thought how good the air was out there in the rain. Inside was this presence from somewhere impossible and unbelievable. He must get her out of here. The kid might need the car for a date in town. Somebody might come.

"Couldn't I get over into Vermont? That's wild country, isn't it?"

"Yes'm. But they're lookin' for you, ma'am. That yella car's been traced. They know you was on that train. You ——"

"I'll never give myself up! They've fixed up this terrible story about Asa. I was the one bright thing in his life. He used to say so every day. He was so good to me. I didn't kill him! He shot himself. His d-darned son's persuaded the police to hide his revolver so's to make it look like—look as though he'd been killed. They want my jewels and —— There comes someone."

"Just the dog. . . . You can't stay here," said Lupus.

A warm hand touched his face and settled on his shoulder.

"It's your car. Nobody would look in that! . . . Get me to Vermont! I can hide, and get ——"

"Me?"

"Oh, please!"

The hand worked on his shoulder, a finger trailed his neck. Lupus wanted to set his teeth in that luring hand. This was her trick. He drew back.

"Please!"

"All right!" he said soon. He was not so dumb! No! He could do it! "All right! But listen. We got to get started. A hired man'll come and lock this place. The head hired man takes the keys at night. . . . Get over in the back seat. We got to drive right through Couveris. It's shortest. If we went out on the roads, some bicycle cop that don't know me might stop us. If anything does stop us, you're my kid's nurse—name of Kelly," he recalled. "You're goin' to Troy to see your sick uncle. Kelly, remember. And my name's Lupus Van Eck. Got 'at?"

"What a nice name that is—kind of musical and aristocratic."

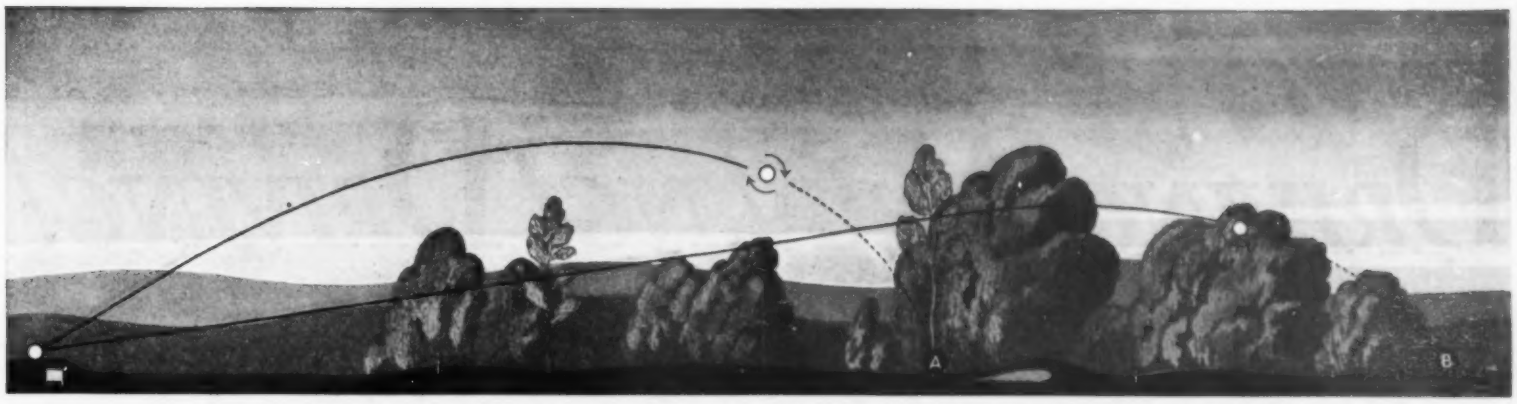
"We're the oldest fam'ly in this part of the state," said Lupus. "There's a coat of pop's in the back seat. Put it on. Turn the collar up. Sit in a corner and lie back. . . . Wait while I open the doors."

He shuddered and stepped through the crack of the sliding panels. At once his foot jarred a peg set on the ground, and his chest met a chest. Lupus glared into a face he could not see and seized his father's arm. He gripped the hard muscles intensely and squeezed them twice. Finally the sachem slowly moved back and back. They paced silently ten steps in the loud rain.

"Phone Maxon I'm bringin' her down to the station, pop. Have 'em ready."

"Got her gun?"

(Continued on Page 70)



A "topped" ball with over-spin acts like a baseball "drop." When the spin takes effect, the ball dives down in an almost vertical path. You undoubtedly have often noticed this phenomenon, especially on tee-shots.

An *under*-spinning ball, hit equally hard, forms a cushion of air underneath and a partial vacuum on top, forcing itself up. Under-spin causes it to stay in the air longer and carry much farther.

Why the wobble of an off-center ball shortens your drive

A fine *true-center* ball, well and squarely hit, leaves the tee at a *low* angle—and rises like an airplane. It seems literally to raise itself by its own bootstraps. After a long upward course, it drops in a beautiful curve and runs true. (See curve B above.)

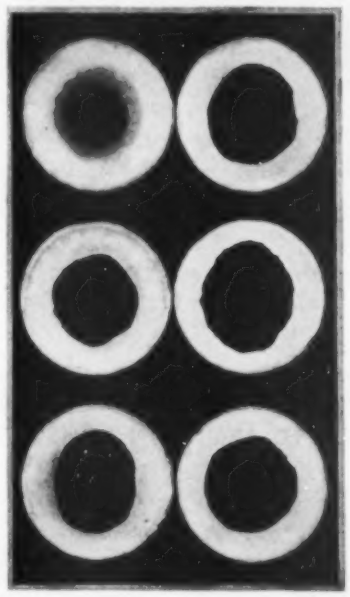
That seemingly phenomenal rise is due to under-spin. Under-spin builds a cushion of air upon which the ball soars, just as a seagull soars against the wind.

If you cleanly hit a *true-center* ball, the length of its soaring rise is determined almost entirely by the duration of its spinning momentum.

The distance-robber

If your ball is *off-center*—if its center of gravity is not in the *exact center* of the mass—*it wobbles in the air.* This wobble fights the force of your drive, quickly robs the ball of its spinning momentum, and causes it to drop short. And the penalty you pay for that wobble in the air must be paid again on the green. An off-center ball cannot putt true. It wanders. It hesitates. And the accuracy of your stroke, the calculation of your eye, are cheated of their just due.

The X-ray picture below shows a "U. S." *true-center* golf ball in the upper left corner. The other five are well-known 75¢ balls of other makes.



Many off-center balls look much like "U. S." balls on the outside. Only an X-ray photograph can show you what they look like on the *inside.*

Does the comparison at the left look incredible? Were those balls with the crooked centers "planted"—fakes, made-to-order for an unfair photograph? No—in the shop where those balls were bought, they were for sale at the same price as their "U. S." Royal neighbors. They were fine-*looking* balls—only the X-ray could reveal their defects. And these pictures are only a few of thousands made both in our own laboratories and by impartial X-ray operators.

The "U. S." balls—Royals, Tigers, 444's—are perfect balls. True-centered, true-flying, true-putting balls—the finest golf balls, we believe, that are made in the world.

Select the "U. S." *true-center* ball that suits your own particular style of game by reading below.

The Distance Twins

If you hit clean and want maximum distance, play either of these fine, true-center golf balls.

No ball is longer than the "U. S." Royal. As true in flight as on the green. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking. New 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. 75¢.

The "U. S." Tiger's Smooth, Circle Marked Cover gives it tremendous run and perfect putting. A true-center ball, of course. Price 75¢.

The new large-size ball—official January 1, 1931

True-center construction is of vital importance to the new larger and lighter ball. "U. S." true-center balls in the 1.68 size are as long as, or longer than, any 1.62 ball ever built except when driven into a strong headwind. Then they are not more than 5 yards shorter. Make the comparison yourself. Try a "U. S." 1.68 ball against a 1.62. You will be pleased to find this "easier-to-hit" ball flies as far as the present regulation ball.

What makes a ball tough?

In any ball, resistance to cutting depends chiefly on the winding *under the cover*—not on the cover itself. Looser winding lets the cover "give" and makes it harder to cut.

The "U. S." True-center 444 is a "tough cover" ball. It is wound looser than the Royal. It offers the utmost resistance to cutting, with a negligible loss in distance. Slash a 444 with a niblick. You can't cut it. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking, new 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. 75¢.

"U.S." TRUE CENTER Golf Balls

Product of the United States Rubber Company

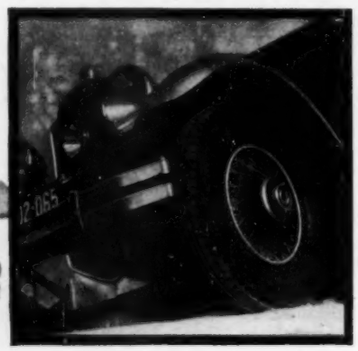
© 1930, U. S. R. Co.

WE ALSO MAKE THE FAIRWAY—THE BEST AND LARGEST SELLING FIFTY-CENT BALL ON THE MARKET. PLAY A NEW FAIRWAY INSTEAD OF A "SECOND" OR DOUBTFUL "REPAINT."

DRIVING! DRIVING! DRIVING!

800 miles a day—6 DAYS and NIGHTS a week—
1930 Silver Fleet travels 19,000 miles a month just to bring you these Silvertown performance facts

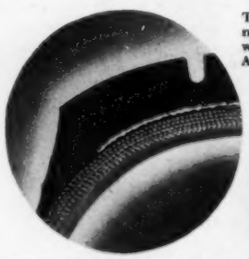
RAINY DAY SPARES. To measure effect of wet weather, these Silvertowns are carried for special wet road tests.



ROAD TELLS TALE. The road's-eye view of tire values is what you want and Goodrich gets it for you by testing.

Here they come! Silvery cars flashing over the roads, piling up the miles night and day . . . that's the way Goodrich proves to you what you can get from Silvertowns.

BEFORE AND AFTER IN CROSS SECTION



THIS SECTION (left) shows a brand new 6-ply Silvertown just as it is when it goes into service on your car. Actual photograph, unretouched.

(Right) AFTER 30,000 MILES a tire in the same size looked like this. No bruises, no breaks, every cord intact. Actual, unretouched photograph.

MILE after mile after mile. Hour after hour... day and night. Eight hundred miles every twenty-four hours in twin shifts of eleven hours each—nearly five thousand hard driven miles a *week!*

That's the way Goodrich piles up the miles and the facts.

Every week their proving cars . . . cars in the 1930 Silver Fleet . . . drive half as far as the average motorist in a solid year.

Finding out how Silvertowns perform. Finding out what happens under every conceivable driving condition.

Finding out, for you . . . just what you can get from Silvertown Tires.

This is nothing new with Goodrich. They were first to build tires from the findings of actual road results. First of all tire makers to inaugurate test fleets. And, it is obvious, they have learned enough to be able to predict accurately just what should be the result of given technical specifications.

But that's not enough. Goodrich Tires are made to *go* farther. *Serve* better. *Satisfy* completely. So Goodrich proves them in the 1930 Silver Fleet test. By driving . . . driving . . . driving. Eight hundred miles a day . . . 4,800 miles a week!

By adding fresh proof to the amazing record of Silvertowns in last year's 30,000-mile Silver Fleet test!

Go to your Goodrich dealer when you want tires. Talk to him about how Goodrich Tires are made. Compare them structurally, point by point, with any made. But before you're through . . . find out what you can get from others . . . and what you can get from Silvertowns. Silvertowns have shown what they can do . . . publicly.

They are still showing it. You *know* what you get . . . before you buy! The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich Silvertowns...

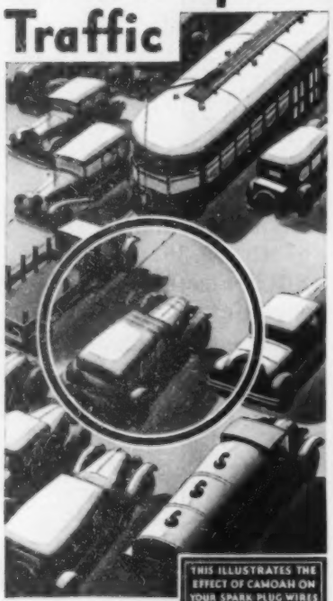
Here's the Florida Unit of the 1930 Goodrich Silver Fleet in Action—getting new performance facts for tire buyers everywhere.

GOODRICH SILVERTOWN . . . made of stretch-matched weftless cord . . . water-cured for toughness . . . featured by a tread pattern unequaled for wear . . . and dressed to make any car look better.

another B.F. Goodrich Product

Over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products — Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods

When Your Motor STUTTERS in Low-Speed Traffic



THIS ILLUSTRATES THE EFFECT OF CAMOAH ON YOUR SPARK PLUG WIRES
OLD SPARK-PLUG WIRES
LEAK ELECTRICITY
LIKE AN OLD HOSE
LEAKS WATER

Remember CAMOAH* *Robs the Plug of its Vital Spark*

*CAMOAH—a word coined by The Packard Electric Company research engineers to express the six causes (Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat) of failure of spark plug wires on high compression engines.

When traffic-clogged roads hold you to a 5 mile per hour pace . . . does your motor buck and balk in high? CAMOAH* is often to blame for this. CAMOAH* attacks spark plug wires. Lets electricity escape! Causes power loss! . . . Keep vital electrical punch where it belongs; rewire with genuine Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wires every 10,000 miles.

Watch for substitution! Get genuine Packard. Standard on 75% of American makes of cars. Ask your garage man.

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC CO.
WARREN, OHIO *Toronto* *Winnipeg*

(Continued from Page 66)

"I'll get it. G'by."

He stole back into the garage and whispered, "Minute. Some man walkin' through. Don't get scared, ma'am."

"Oh, you're good!"

"I try to be," said Lupus, wiping his face. Hot sweat dripped from his fingers. "Now. I'll drive with no lights, so's none of our men'll notice me goin' out. Keep your head. We got to go straight through town, down past the p'lice place and all. . . . Oh, say! Put your gun on the floor. Pull the rug over it. If we was stopped, you can't have a gun on you, ma'am."

"You're right."

Fresh rain made a great noise on the tin roof of the garage. Lupus licked his lips and climbed into the driving seat. The car slid forward, forward, and drops pelted its thinner roof in a hail of sounds. Pop might be back at the house now. Nothing must happen. He edged into the highroad and blushed as a loaded trolley car threw lights in his face. "Now scrooge over into your corner, and don't look out."

"Can't we cut around the town?"

"Naw. I'll tell you why. They're repairin' a road south we'd have to go on. . . . Now I'll turn the lights on. Looks better. Sit quiet, please."

He had a feeling of guilt. He was going some place with this being. He was taking her for a trip. His mind rushed into the night. This was how it must feel to drive with perils, and a gun weighing inside your clothes. Yet he was only driving up the hill. There were the Italian lamps on Nick Shuttleworth's plaster gates. His own lamps picked up the huge elms that made a landmark at the slope's top. Some light rose from the trees of the town. Pop must have got the station by this time.

"That's a terrible hotel you have."

"It's pretty bad, ma'am. The one at Orangetown's worse."

She laughed. His throat shook with hate of her because she could laugh. He wondered if he could get her to the jail without turning and yelling at her. The first street lamps of Couveris were dazzles in the rain.

"Must we go through the town?"

"I told you so. An' keep quiet."

He put on speed in empty Sachem Street. The high school was an oblong of bright windows. Lecture there tonight. Red had thought of going this morning. Jed Hooper was shaking an umbrella on the steps of the big drug store across from the white slab of the war memorial. Flat blue caps showed on the curb before the two green lamps of the jail. There was Maxon in the doorway. Lupus gasped and slowed to the curb. Policemen swarmed on the car.

"You beast! You damn farmer!"

"Her gun's under the rug, boys!"

A crowd was born and grew around him, while Lupus sat wiping his face. He felt dizzy now, and empty. He had thought so hard. Maxon patted his arm. A policeman was spinning the cylinder of a little revolver close to him.

"Three shots gone, chief."

"That about fixes her," Maxon puffed. "Now, ma'am, just get out quiet and come in."

"Anthony shot him! I'd left my purse in the apartment. We went back an' I made Anthony go up the fire esc——"

"That's a lie. You can't say that!" Lupus croaked. "The fire escape was busted!"

"Young woman," Maxon ordered, "be careful what you say. You're in custody, suspected of murder, on information from the city of Chicago, Ill'nois."

After a while she said gently, "It was self-defense, officer. He sprang at me like a wild beast. He was going to kill me. It was terrible! I struggled with him and got the gun away. It ——"

"You shot him three times from behind, young woman. Better not talk until you've got your lawyers. Go on in. . . . Much obliged to you, Lupus. Come on in and make a statement."

"I will not! She intruded on us. She was hidin' in the garage. I'm through with this! She ain't real!" said Lupus, starting the car. "And Mary's got a headache!"

He circled the war memorial and drove up Sachem Street, chewing his lips. The air swept all over his face and shoulders, cleaned out his throat. He would stop smelling sandalwood after a day or so. He would hunt the rags of that handkerchief and burn them. The car could be washed. He sped the machine down the slope and found the green lamp lighted on the front of the garage. His father was standing inside the shell of walls and roof, smoking a cigarette.

"Three bullets out of her gun, pop. Hey, you was right! First thing she did was to try an' say Walsh shot him. How did you come to be down here?"

"I follered you, you big calf. Knew somethin' was keepin' you out on the porch when your woman was playin'. I come out, an' there was that handkerchief stinkin' of sandalwood. It's an intrusive kind of smell. So I came down. Lupus," he purred, "the next time I call you a dumb an'mal, you can spit in my eye, son. An' now go quiet Mary. She's havin' hysterics. Carolus is fannin' her, but she prob'ly needs some kissin'. We're too civ'lized and quiet for this kind of business. You're a good man, son. Remember I said so, for once in a way."

DANGEROUS, BUT PASSABLE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Good land! This must be the bottom of spit that the preacher back home was always talking about when I was a girl."

"Look, mom, there's some folks way down yonder on mules!" Pete turned excitedly to a man standing next to him. "How did they get down there, mister?"

"There's two or three ways. I went down the Bright Angel Trail day before yesterday. I guess it's about the easiest. It starts in over there."

"Do you have to ride?"

"No, you can walk if you want to."

"We'll walk," said Mrs. Allen decidedly.

"I wouldn't if I was you. Not this time of year. You're liable to get a sunstroke."

"Don't them mules ever fall off the edge?"

"I never heard of one that did. A mule's the surest-footed thing in the world."

Pete's eyes narrowed and he nudged his mother. "I bet Gambler can climb better'n any ole mule," he whispered.

She nodded. "Let's take her along for the kids to ride tomorrow."

"They won't let us."

"We can start out before it's light, and after we once get down in that gully, what are they going to do about it? I'd like to see them chase Gambler Allen uphill if she don't want to go."

It was just light enough for them to see the trail when they crept past the Bright Angel Hotel the next morning, stealthily, in single file. Gambler stopped short at the rim with twitching nostrils, looking down at the eddying mists. The children coaxed her softly and pulled at her rope, but she would not budge. Then Mrs. Allen and Pete got behind her and pushed, and she started down with a sort of grudging consent, as one who should later say: "Well, I tried my best to keep you from doing it."

Buster mounted her from a shelving rock, and rode ahead like a grimy Peter Pan, holding onto her horns when the zigzags grew steeper. After a few yards she gained courage from some atavistic strain and descended so rapidly that Mrs. Allen, with no such inherited skill to guide her in the half light, sat down now and then and slid in her efforts to keep up with the procession.

"I'd like to see any mule beat that," boasted Pete.

"It's my turn now, Buster," begged Bunny.

"She's rarin' to go. I can't stop her."

Pete stopped her with difficulty. Buster got off and Bunny got on. But they were dealing with a new and erratic Gambler. Sometimes she took short cuts from one switchback to the next, with a scared child hanging on by her horns. Again, seeing green shrubs far below in a waste of red limestone, she was minded to leave the trail altogether, and it took all of them to hold her on it.

The morning ripened. They stopped more and more often to rest, lifting longing eyes to the cool mesa above them. But Gambler pulled at her rope and would not wait. It grew hotter and hotter. The sharp stones cut the battered shoes from their feet.

"I can't walk another step," said Mrs. Allen weakly. "Bunny, you'll have to get off and let me ride."

They wedged Gambler's flanks into a crevice and Mrs. Allen mounted her, watched anxiously by the children. Gambler breathing heavily, lay down in the trail and refused to go on. Tears of vexation augmented the streams of sweat that ran down Mrs. Allen's face. Pete helped her off.

"Let's rest in the first shady place we come to," she said faintly. "Then you kids go on down to the bottom without me. I'm all in."

Half a mile farther on they found comparative shade in an angle of the trail, but Gambler heard the call of her great-great-grand-nanny from the buttes and would not stand still.

"You kids hold her horns, and, mom, you hold the rope while I milk her," directed Pete, squatting beside her with a lard pail.

Following his directions, they were grouped athwart the trail when a packer, drowsily leading a string of empty pack mules back to the upper corrals, came upon them suddenly. He was riding with idle rein and head fallen forward. All at once his mule planted all four feet together and, swinging in a small arc, reversed its position in the twinkling of an eye. The packer, wide-awake, reined in furiously and looked back over his shoulder with eyes popping out of his head.

"What the hell!" he gasped, with vocabulary playing laggard to his emotions.

"Why don't you hold that mule still?" yelled Mrs. Allen. "Now you've scared our goat so she won't milk!"

The other pack mules crowded up with curious eyes and flattened ears and tails pinched down tight. Having seen, they charged with one accord. Some scrambled up, some scrambled down, others sat on their haunches and slid.

The packer's language caught up with his feelings at last. He ascribed pedigrees obviously absurd to the mules, to the Allens, to the goat. He consigned them to eternal punishment with zeal. His words set the stubble on his chin smoking.

With one leap, Gambler fled the scene. They could see her springing from rock to rock below them. The Allens started in pursuit, but it was hard even to keep her in sight. Once or twice they saw her afar, like a vanishing rainbow. Stumbling, scratched, with feet bleeding and faces blistered, they followed tangled paths and perilous steeps. The sun emptied his boiling vials into the canyon. The hours went on.

"There she is!" called Bunny with dry throat.

"No, it's only a deer."

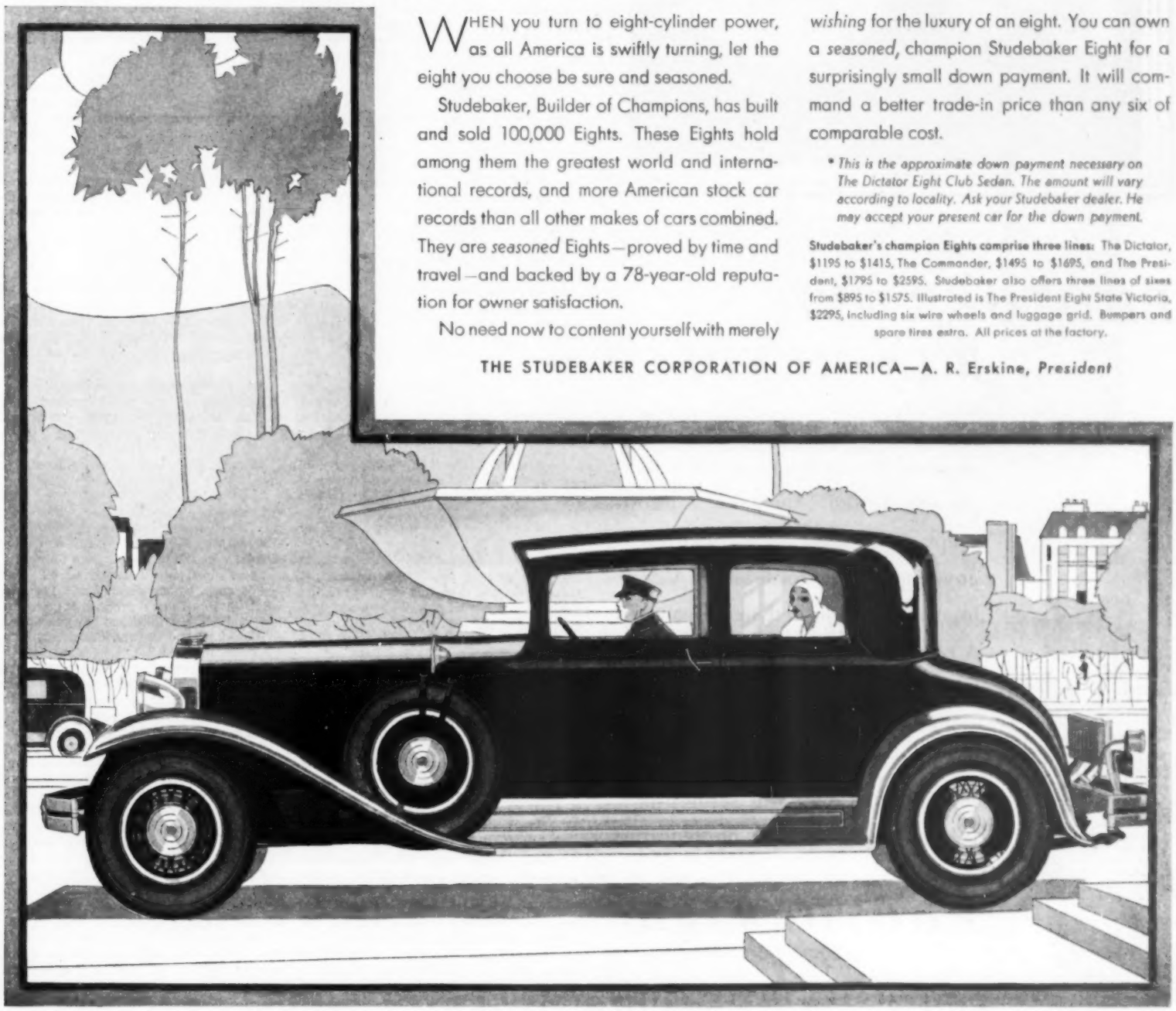
Late in the afternoon they saw her standing above the river, almost at the bottom of the canyon, with the sunset glinting on her triumphant horns.

(Continued on Page 72)

For as little as $450* DOWN Delivered Completely equipped

you can drive a *seasoned* STUDEBAKER EIGHT

–costs *less* than 14 different sixes but will be worth *more* than a six when you trade it in!



WHEN you turn to eight-cylinder power, as all America is swiftly turning, let the eight you choose be sure and seasoned.

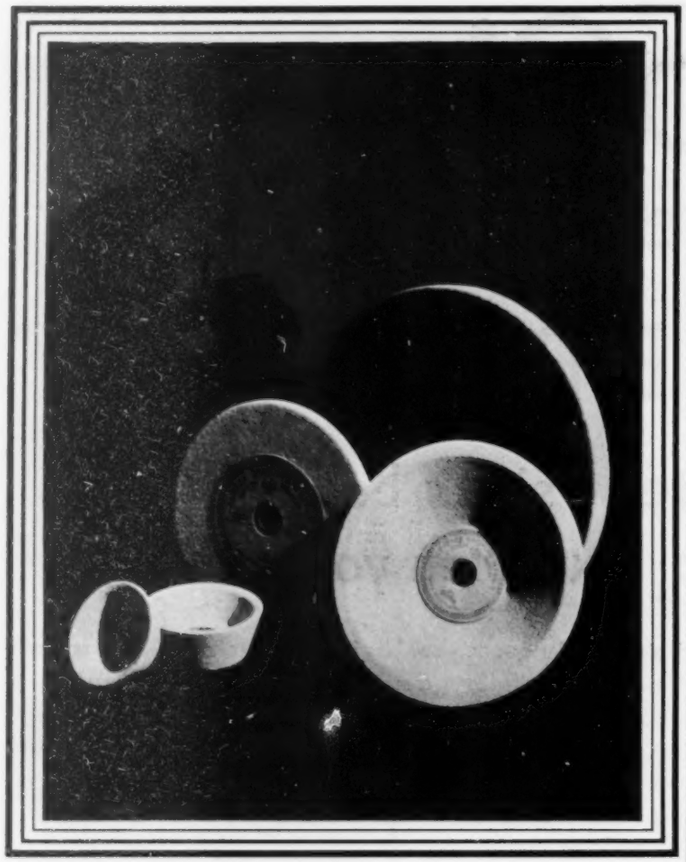
Studebaker, Builder of Champions, has built and sold 100,000 Eights. These Eights hold among them the greatest world and international records, and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. They are *seasoned* Eights—proved by time and travel—and backed by a 78-year-old reputation for owner satisfaction.

No need now to content yourself with merely *wishing* for the luxury of an eight. You can own a *seasoned*, champion Studebaker Eight for a surprisingly small down payment. It will command a better trade-in price than any six of comparable cost.

* *This is the approximate down payment necessary on The Dictator Eight Club Sedan. The amount will vary according to locality. Ask your Studebaker dealer. He may accept your present car for the down payment.*

Studebaker's champion Eights comprise three lines: The Dictator, $1195 to $1415, The Commander, $1495 to $1695, and The President, $1795 to $2595. Studebaker also offers three lines of sixes from $895 to $1575. Illustrated is The President Eight State Victoria, $2295, including six wire wheels and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare tires extra. All prices at the factory.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA—A. R. Erskine, *President*



"This is an actual photograph." Those five words under an illustration inspire more confidence than five volumes of adjectives. Use this phrase in all your advertising—it pays!

PHOTOGRAPHS WIN RESPECT

Even the most prosaic of products acquires an added appeal when deftly photographed. Yet such a photograph loses none of its realism, its power to inspire confidence. A drawing may be doubted or discounted. A *photograph* wins respect. No matter what or where you sell, you can sell *more* with the coöperation of the camera. Call in a commercial photographer to help you capitalize on this universal faith in photographs.

Two booklets worth reading! "How to Use Photographs in Your Business"—and "The 4000-Mile Lens" describing how to get distant photographs by wire through our unique service. For free copy of both booklets, address Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHS *tell the Truth*

(Continued from Page 70)

"Gambler!" they shrilled piercingly.

She leaped forward.

"Now she's gone into the river and got drownded!" said Mrs. Allen, spent and resigned.

An hour or so later they stood on the swinging Kaibab bridge and searched the swirling brown torrent.

"She never could swim in that," mourned Pete. "She'd ought to of stayed on land where her four feet would do her some good."

They crossed the bridge dejectedly, and, passing through the tunnel, came suddenly upon Phantom Ranch. The wind from the cool green alfalfa fields blew on their hot, grimy faces; the poplars rustled over the squat stone cabins; an unseen packer sang from the corrals. They lay down and set their cracked lips in the water of the irrigating ditch.

Mrs. Allen rose. "We're going to stay here all night if it takes every red cent I got," she said desperately. "And we're going to eat too." She thrust her hand into the pocket of her trousers, and it came out through a hole. Dull wonder showed in her eyes. She tried the rest of her pockets.

"I've lost my purse! It must have fell through this hole!"

"You wore out your pants sliding," said Pete. "I wonder where you lost it?" He lifted his eyes to the striated rocks that caught the night in uncounted cups and hollows. "Aw, it ain't no use going back to look for it! I bet we've been from one end of the Grand Canyon to the other."

"Come on!" commanded Mrs. Allen, starting toward the camp. "We ain't going to starve and we ain't going to sleep outdoors to be et up by wild animals."

A group of sunburned tourists, fresh and benevolent after a bath and a good dinner, sat smoking around the dining-room steps. One of them took his pipe from his mouth and stared incredulously at the Allens as they limped up.

"Where on earth did you folks come from?"

"Top. Took us ever since about four this morning."

"Did you walk all the way?"

"No, sometimes we slid. And that made a hole here"—she right-faced to illustrate—"and I lost my purse out of it, and I don't know what we're going to do."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes!" Four voices came as one.

"Let's pass the hat for them," said a second man, starting his cap around with a dollar bill in it.

Greenbacks fluttered into it like falling leaves, and silver dollars dropped like stones. When it had gone around the circle the man who had started it put it into Mrs. Allen's hands. She sat down on the ground and counted the money out on her knees.

"Forty-one dollars! Folks, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you." She beamed at them as she tied it up in a scrap of rag and thrust it into her bosom. "There was only seven dollars and thirty-five cents in my purse, so I made money by losing it."

"Where do we eat?" asked Pete.

"Wait till I see if there's any supper left," said the first man. He raised himself from the steps by the leverage of his arms, and walked bending forward at the hips at the angle characteristic of the canyon tripper.

A moment later he beckoned to them from the doorway.

"The guides say you can eat with them."

They followed him out to the kitchen where half a dozen guides sat at a long table eating.

"Hello, boys," said Mrs. Allen companionably, seating herself and letting the children squeeze in where they could.

They passed her boiled potatoes and roast beef and bread and catchup and hot biscuits and canned peaches, which she received smilingly. Weariness fell from her like a husk. She laughed uproariously at their stories. She looked coyly from one to another over her saucer of hot coffee. She dimpled with cheeks stuffed with biscuits and honey.

"I see I'm going to like the canyon fine," she announced. "I'd like to stay on a while if I can get a job cooking or making beds."

The manager of the camp, busy putting up lunches for tomorrow's Ribbon Springs trip, looked up and assured her firmly that no such jobs were available, and that morning must see the Allens hitting the up trail.

The children laid their heads on the oilcloth and slept, but Mrs. Allen, surrounded by the packers, was wide awake. One of them rolled a cigarette, licked it down, and lit it for her with a gallant gesture.

"No, boys, I don't smoke. I may be ragged, but I'm not rough."

He grew red and the other boys snickered.

"I chew, though, once in a while," continued Mrs. Allen, "if you've got some ladies' tobacco."

A packer came in from the trail, and having foraged a plate of food for himself, sat down gloomily at the end of the table and started to eat.

"What made you so late, Pat?"

"I was helping Curly find his mules." Pat reached for the catchup. "He's canned again. I guess it's for good this time."

"Why don't he lay off that stuff? He's been warned."

Pat nodded. "His string stampeded on him, and they sent all the rest of us boys out to look for them. That's what kep' me. I've been looking for that white-faced mule of his."

"Find it?"

"Naw. He's still looking." Pat made himself a sandwich of bread and catchup. "They got away from him down below Battleship; and what do you think his alibi was? He said"—Pat roared with laughter, and Mrs. Allen, who had commenced to get sleepy, sat up, blinking—"he said they got scared at a purple-and-yaller goat with gold horns that some tourists were milking on the trail!"

"He must have been drunker'n a hoot owl."

"Couldn't smell a thing on him."

Mrs. Allen roused. "It's true!" she said vehemently. "It's my goat, and I seen that man's mules get away from him. I can prove it!" She shook Pete. "Hi, wake up and tell these boys how we lost Gambler!"

Pete confirmed her story sleepily.

"But where's the goat?" asked Pat, voicing the general skepticism. "We can't help Curly unless we produce it."

"She fell into the river."

"Then she's in the Gulf of California by now."

"Poor old Curly!"

There was a dejected silence.

"I'll go tell your boss myself," said Mrs. Allen, "though this here Curly don't deserve it. He talked awful rough to me."

"Be a sport, lady, and forgive him." Pat smiled down at her winningly. "Tell you what I'll do: If you'll promise to go to the boss and tell that story just like you told it to me, I'll let you and the kids ride up free tomorrow morning."

"All right. But I'm doing it on account of you boys and not on account of that Curly. If it hadn't of been for him we wouldn't have lost our goat." She rose, yawning, and woke the children.

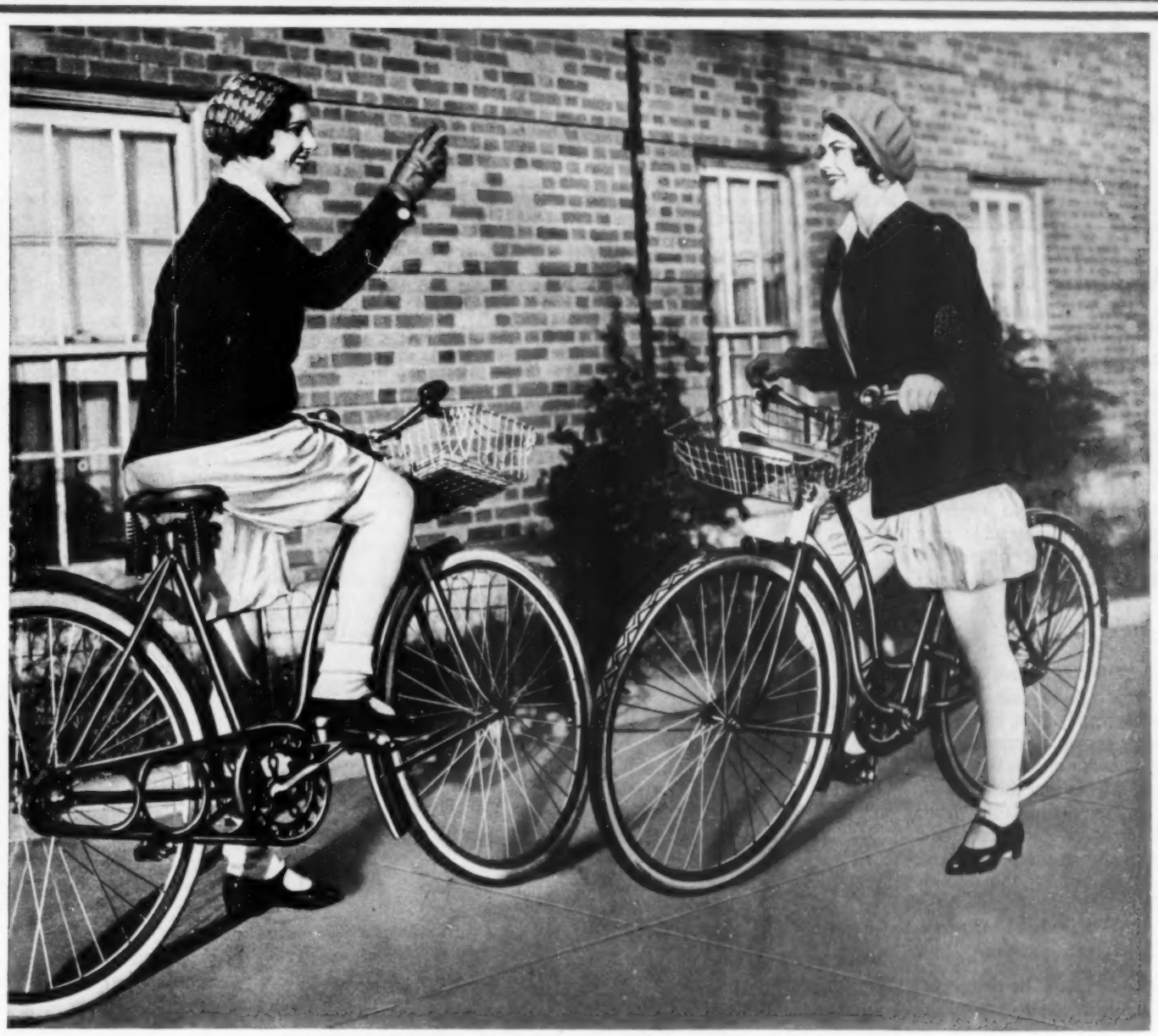
"Where are they going to sleep?" Pat asked the manager, who looked up from his lunch boxes with a harried expression.

"I can't put them in the tents," he said in a low voice. "I'll give them some blankets that have to be washed anyhow, and you boys will have to let them sleep down at the corral."

Early morning found the Allens on muleback, riding, high and scared, up Kaibab Trail behind Pat, who turned sideways in the saddle and diverted them with his best line of songs and stories. His sharp blue eyes were continually alert for a particolored goat against green shale or red and yellow limestone, however.

(Continued on Page 74)

RIDE A BIKE



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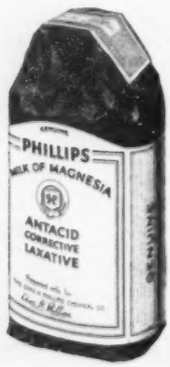


(Continued from Page 72)

"It's no use looking for her," said Mrs. Allen. "I seen her jump off that cliff into the river with my own eyes."

In an elbow of the trail Pat lined the mules flat against the red wall to wait for a descending party.

"Hi!" he hailed the guide. "Curly gone yet?"

"Naw, he's still hunting that white-faced mule."

Pat cracked his whip and the mules started up with a jerk.

"You folks will have to keep up better," he called over his shoulder to Mrs. Allen. "Show that mule who's boss. Kick her in the ribs."

They finished the ascent without stopping. Mrs. Allen drew a deep breath of relief when she felt herself on level ground, but it was shaken out of her, along with her teeth, before it ever reached her lungs, as Pat urged the mules through the pine woods at a heavy trot. The mules slackened speed at the corrals.

"Hup!" bellowed Pat.

And they hupped, with the Allens gripping their saddles with both hands.

As they drew near the Hopi house strange sounds came from Bunny's dry throat, and she pointed wildly to the roof. There, indenting the blue horizon, stood Gambler.

The Allens slid off their mules. With a limping run they overtook a dignified Carlisle fullback.

"Give us our goat!" demanded Pete.

The Indian shook his head. "It can't be your goat. You couldn't have brought it into the park."

"It is so ours. It got away from us yesterday."

Gambler, hearing their voices, looked down and bleated benignly.

"Listen at her! She knows us."

"I'll give you a dollar for her," offered Mrs. Allen. He shook his head. Mrs. Allen raised her offer. "Five dollars."

"It won't do you any good to take her, madam. The rangers will take her away from you and fine you for bringing her in."

Pat, who had soon discovered the loss of his star witnesses for Curly, traced them without difficulty by their voices. And here was the *corpus delicti!*

"Aw, let her have it like a good boy, Charley. You Hopis have got plenty of good goats home, even if they ain't crossed with a parrot."

Charley grinned and, climbing up on the roof by a ladder, untied the goat, which clambered down by way of some packing cases at the rear.

The mules snorted and shied as Pete led her out.

"Here, let me take that flowering halitosis of yours," said Pat. "They don't like the smell of her."

The strange procession started off. Near the village they met a young and astonished ranger.

"Where did you get that goat, Pat?" he challenged.

"It's mine," said Mrs. Allen.

"Don't you know it's against the rules to bring animals in here? How did you get past the checking station?"

"We just came in, that's all. Nobody stopped us."

Pat called the ranger aside and talked to him earnestly. The ranger wore the expression of one torn between inclination and duty.

"I'll let her off," he said dubiously, "but I'm afraid that I'll have to confiscate the goat."

"Can't I take it over to the corral?" asked Pat. "It's Curly's star witness."

"All right. Impound it there till I find out what's to be done with it."

He walked away rapidly, very red about the ears, as lamentations rent the air.

"Is he a policeman?" asked Mrs. Allen defiantly.

"Sort of."

She subsided. Pat coughed.

"It's sure too bad, but he had to do it. Rules are rules; and look at the trouble you made for poor old Curly, bringing this goat in here!" He swung into the saddle and whistled for the mules to follow. "I won't need you folks any more, now that I've got the goat to prove he wasn't drunk. Hup, Jake. Good-by, folks."

Dazedly they watched Gambler out of sight. Then they limped forlornly back to their camp, spread out their bedding and fell into heavy sleep.

It was twilight when Mrs. Allen woke. The air was pungent with the blended smell of pitchy-pine fires and coffee and onions. She felt acutely hungry. She stepped over Bunny and Buster and shook Pete.

"Let's go over to the store and get something real good for supper to surprise the kids," she whispered. "We've got all that money we earned down in the canyon."

As they came out of the store, arms loaded down with groceries, they encountered Pat.

"Hello. You still here?"

"We're going out the first thing in the morning."

"H-how's G-Gambler?" asked Pete unsteadily.

"Living off the fat of the land."

Pete ducked his head and started off with his mother following.

"Wait a minute," called Pat, sauntering after them.

Mrs. Allen waited, but Pete went on.

"You're getting out in the morning, you say?"

"You bet we are. I think so much of your old Grand Canyon that if I lived next door to it I'd put up a good high spite fence."

He laughed. "Say"—he rolled a cigarette—"about a mile out of here as you go toward Williams there's a big tire sign in a grove of piñons. Draw off the road there tomorrow morning and wait."

"What for?"

"Never mind. Just wait, that's all. I'll be along in an hour or so."

Following his directions, eight o'clock the next morning found the Allens sitting on the pine needles in back of the tire sign. Car after car passed, bearing licenses from Maine to Oregon, but they looked in vain for a man galloping down the highway on a mule.

"He ain't coming," grumbled Pete. "Let's go."

A large brown truck of the park service had just whizzed by. It stopped, backed rapidly, and pulled up beside them.

"Hi!" called Pat, jumping down from the driver's seat.

He went around to the back of the truck and threw back the canvas cover. There was a glint of gold, a flutter of color as Gambler leaped out. Pat grinned delightedly as the children fell upon her noisily.

"How'd you get her?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Curly stole her. And if you think it's easy to steal a star-spangled goat like this from under a park ranger's nose, just try and do it sometime, that's all. He would have brought it to you himself, but he's taking a camping party to Havasu at nine. And he said to tell you he's sorry he cussed you out on the trail, and if you send him your address he'll look you up next winter when he comes down to Los."

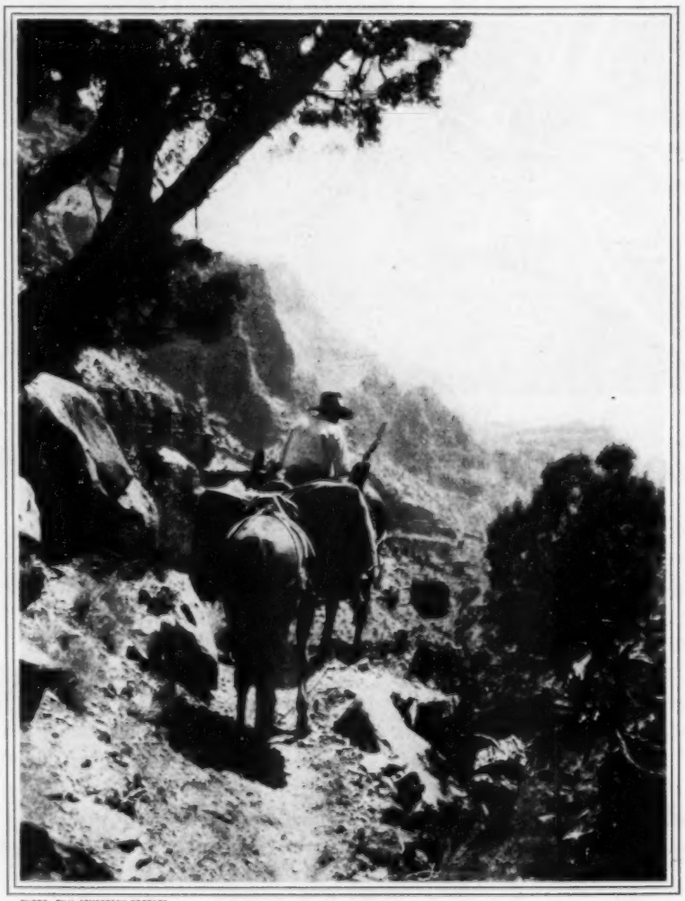
"Maybe we better go back now and thank him," suggested Mrs. Allen.

"Not much you don't. What you got to do, and do plenty quick, is get that goat into her trailer and beat it."

"I guess that's so."

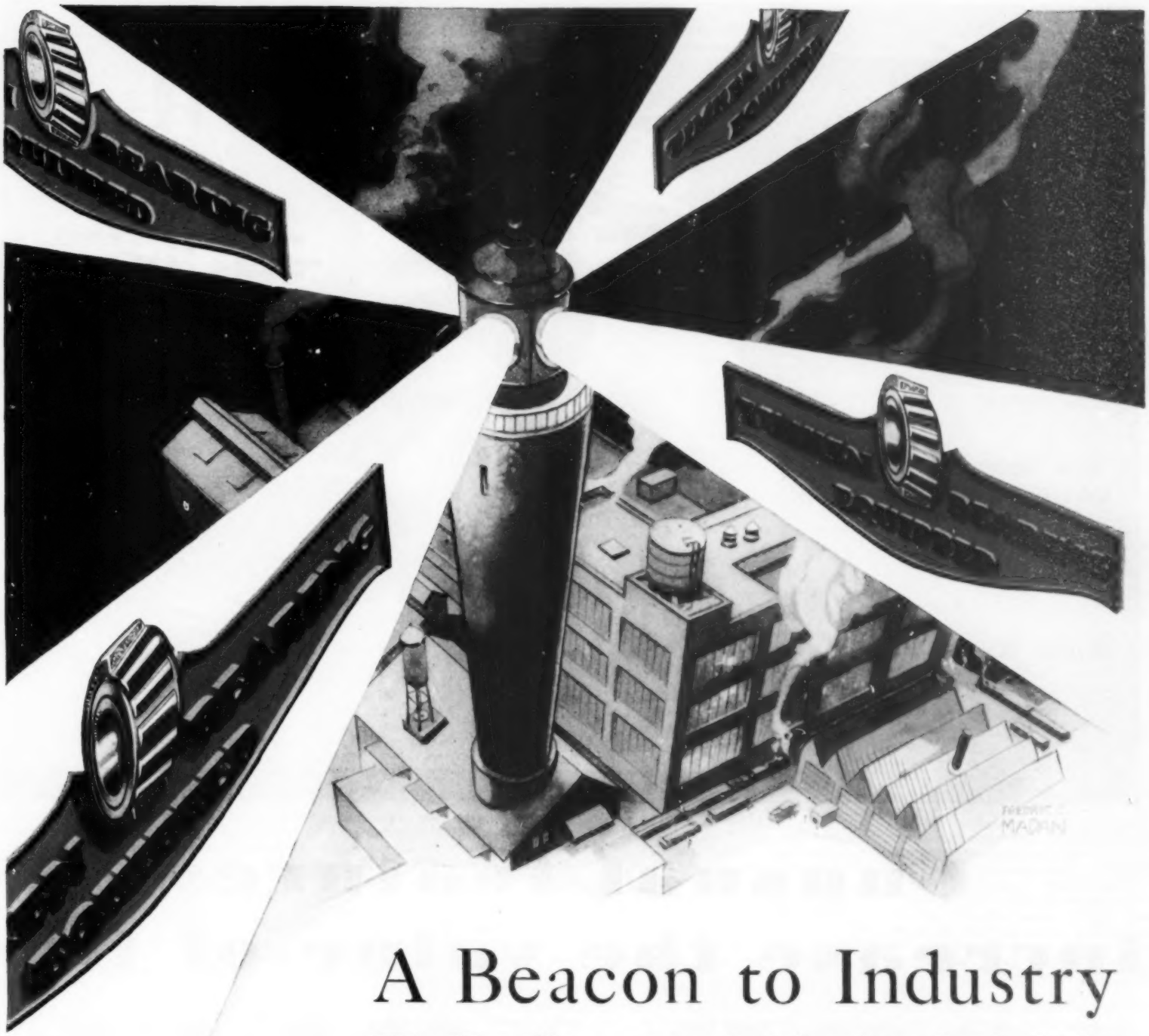
Pat climbed back on the truck and started off.

"Sa-ay," Mrs. Allen called after him, "what's Curly's last name, so I can write to him?"



PHOTO, BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Bright Angel Trail, Grand Canyon, Arizona



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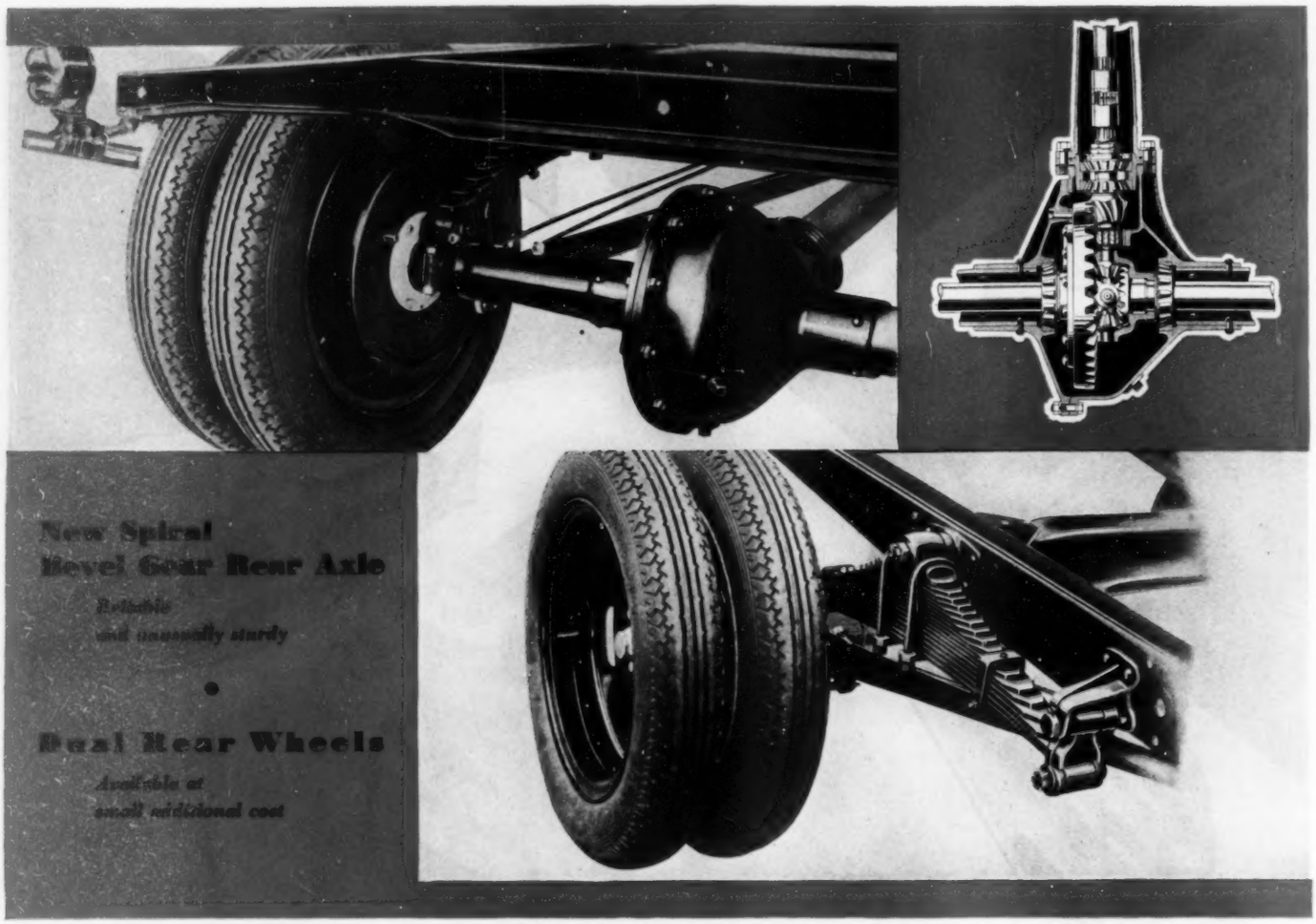

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THE Ford 1½-ton truck offers you long, reliable haulage service at remarkably low cost. Many features of the chassis combine to make the Ford truck a value far above its price. Important among them is the new rear axle, which is exceptionally sturdy. It has a spiral bevel gear of special design, with straddle-mounted pinion. The housing is of exceptionally strong construction. The axle shafts are heavier, and because of the three-quarter floating type of construction, they serve only to turn the wheels, without carrying any of the weight of truck or load.

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These and many other features indicate how well the Ford truck is designed for reliable service under every condition. You can inspect the truck at your Ford dealer's.

Ford

SPUR TRACK

(Continued from Page 21)

"That won't get yuh nowhere," said McClusky. "He can collect compensation, too, and if he wins his suit against the railroad, all he does is pay back his compensation."

"Not in Oklahoma!" cried the claim manager and the vice president together. "That's the point. There he can't do both, and because he can get more money at common law from the railroad, naturally he'd elect to sue them and we save ourselves a thousand dollars or so on compensation and medical."

"As much as that?" murmured McClusky. "And who thought up this bright plan?"

"I did," said Vice President Bannion. "I watch the cases here. It seemed to me that a little common sense in their handling would more than pay dividends."

There was a long silence, while McClusky chewed upon his cigar. Suddenly he picked up his derby hat, clamped it upon his head, and rose to his feet.

"Well," said he bitterly, "I must be going. I guess this office don't need any help from me."

"Gee," said the claim manager, when McClusky had gone, "this is likely to go hard with me! That bird's my boss, you know."

"Bah!" laughed the vice president. "That old blowhard! He'll go back to Boston where he belongs and we'll hear no more of him."

Then the vice president arose, and squaring his well-tailored shoulders with the satisfaction of a man who has put someone else in his place, he left the claim manager's office. The latter, however, knew McClusky too well. He had had a sinister gleam in his eye when he had left. The manager tried to concentrate on the cases before him, but McClusky's hard face came ever between him and the typewritten page.

"I'll take him out and buy him a lunch," said the manager suddenly, and, reaching for the phone, he called McClusky's hotel. Mr. McClusky, they informed him, had checked out. No, he had not left any address, but he had inquired about the whereabouts of some town in Oklahoma. No, couldn't remember what town. Good-by.

At once the claim manager rushed into the resident vice president's office.

"McClusky's gone to Odessa!" he cried.

"Let him," said the vice president calmly. "As long as his travel expense is charged to the home office, we should worry where he goes."

"I know," panted the claim manager, "but if he runs into anything flannel down there, he's liable to fire me!"

The resident vice president turned back to his correspondence.

"I believe that's his privilege," he said coldly.

Odessa is a small town lost in the steppes of Oklahoma between the oil fields and the Kansas line. Its main industry is the Odessa Box and Shook Company, and into the office of the general manager thereof came a card that bore the name McClusky, Chief Adjuster for the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company. Shortly after came McClusky himself.

"I'm the chief adjuster," began McClusky, laying his derby hat on the desk, "for the Eagle. I've come down about this case of John Walkaheap."

"It's about time," replied the general manager.

"Well," said McClusky, "my office is in Boston. I didn't find out about this case until yesterday, and I didn't find out much then. What's the story?"

"Not much. This Walkaheap had a truck that he was turning on the loading platform. A hand truck, you know, like they have to wheel baggage on in railroad stations. He didn't know that it stuck over the edge of the platform—couldn't, because it was loaded with boxes—and the car hit it. The way freight was cutting out cars and shunting them onto our side track. Well, the truck turned over, and I guess the handle hit John. It banged him up right smart."

"How long had he worked here?"

"Oh, not long. He has some kind of trouble every now and then with his wife, and when he does he goes and gets a job of work for a while, until she gets over it."

"Huh! Kind of a loafer, huh? How bad was he hurt?"

"Well, it broke a couple of ribs and his arm, and fractured his hip."

"Yow! Well, that will lay him up for some time, won't it?"

"I expect it will. He's up and around now, but just about. But he hasn't heard a word, nor we either, from you people. We thought you might at least send someone down to see how he was."

"Well," said McClusky soothingly, "this is a case where we don't want to hurry. You see, this is a third-party case. Now, we can't act as legal adviser to injureds. It ain't permitted by law, even if we'd like to; feelin' sorry for them and that. You see, he can collect from us or from the railroad, but of course he'd collect more from the railroad, because he collects from the railroad under the common law, while from us he can only get what the Workmen's Compensation Law allows—which ain't much. See? So we just wait to see which he chooses. We didn't hear no cry out of him, so we just assumed he went after the railroad."

"Well, that's what he did!" barked the manager, banging the desk. "That's what he did! He didn't hear anything from you, nor from me either—I know enough about insurance to keep my hands off these things—so he gets a lawyer, and the lawyer says to sue the railroad, and he done it!"

"Well, that's all right, then," smiled McClusky, albeit the smile was a trifle forced.

"Yes," said the manager, throwing himself across the desk and shaking his finger in McClusky's face, "but you know as well as I do that no railroad will put in a spur track unless the company that's served by it agrees to save them harmless in case of actions at law arising out of said spur track!"

"That was the complication that I foresaw at Kansas City," said McClusky. "That's why I came down. Now, yuh see"—he leaned forward across the desk himself, and his voice was smooth as oil—"we cover you, on the policy, for all your employes that are injured in the course of their employment. Now, we insure hundreds of other factories like yours; yuh see? We know just how many employes are liable to be hurt in a year, see? So we charge you a rate accordingly. It's just large enough to cover the average number of accidents that we have in the average factory of this size. Now, if you go and make any contractural agreements, like savin' this railroad harmless on their spur track, that upsets the calculation, you see. If we was to cover you, you'd be gettin' somethin' you hadn't paid for. Yuh see? So we just can't hardly cover you on your contractural agreements."

The manager of the Odessa Box and Shook Company arose and went to a huge old-fashioned safe, among the papers of which he rummaged for some time. Finally he returned, bearing a bulky folder.

"This here is the accident report," he began. "Three months ago. This here is a letter from Walkaheap's lawyer. This here is a letter from the railroad. This here is the writ and summons in the suit. This here is the policy. Read that!"

McClusky read. Across the face of the policy was pasted a thin sheet of paper. He read it:

It is furthermore understood and agreed that this coverage is to be extended to insure accidents arising out of the use and maintenance of the spur track extending ——

"This sort of thing is on the prohibited list!" choked McClusky. "How'd you get a spur-track indorsement for a hick barrel shop like this?"

"We're a subsidiary of the North American Shoe Company," said the manager.

"I see!" said McClusky, and took time out to light a cigar. This was a gesture of his that had saved him in many a narrow situation. It gave him time to recover after a body blow, and to prevent his opponent from seeing that the blow had told. Ah, the lucky hunch that he had had to come down on this case! Oh, sharper than the serpent's tooth is the spur track!

Employes of a company that is served by a spur track, if injured by a train, can sue the railroad at common law. Hence the railroads protect themselves with an agreement regarding damage suits arising out of spur tracks. And under the agreement, the company served by the spur track pays the amount recovered. And the Eagle, knowing this, had covered the spur track by indorsement! Well, there was nothing to be done now but go ahead and try to settle. The North American Shoe was one of their biggest risks, the directorial boards interlocked, and the old rule that the assured is always right was doubly effective here.

"How long yuh been with 'em?" asked McClusky.

"Oh, they bought us out about six months ago."

"Yeh, I see. That's why the factory had a separate policy instead of being covered on the North American's blanket."

"But I should think," said the manager, "that you people would have known there was a spur-track indorsement on the policy by now."

"Well," said McClusky bitterly, "we got a wise apple in Kansas City that is one of these efficiency experts. He don't hire no girl to file folders an' look up coverage, so we never pull out the policy to see if it's got a spur-track indorsement, assuming the indorsement had been pasted on when it came in from the home office. Well, we're wastin' time! How much he suin' us for?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand!"

"What? For an Indian?"

"He's an Osage," said the manager. "Ever hear of them? The Gov'ment gave 'em some farms out here, and then they found oil on their land. They're all millionaires. John Walkaheap's one of the biggest."

"Well, what's he workin' in a box factory for?"

"Well, he can't play golf on the prairies. A millionaire's got to do something, hasn't he?"

"Who's his lawyer? He a local man?"

"Yes. Got an office over the bank. If you go down there you ought to find him in. His name's Sewell."

Mr. Sewell was an elderly man, short in stature, stout, and with an opaque eye. He received Mr. McClusky cheerily, admitted that he had brought suit, and stated that he did not want to gouge money out of anyone, but that he felt that his client had a good case, and that he should have his rights.

"Now," said McClusky, "I'm on my way to Birmingham. My time is valuable. How much does your man want?"

"Well," said Mr. Sewell, "I don't just really know. He's a nice boy, John is. I'd like you to talk to him yourself. Now, why can't we just go out to his house and see him?"

"Suits me," said McClusky. "I like it better."

Their way led out of town and then across the rolling prairie. The grass waved hub-high, and far away across the billowing landscape loomed the derricks of an oil field. They came presently to an imposing brick house, four square, well built and neatly kept, rising suddenly from the prairie.

"That's John Walkaheap's house," said Mr. Sewell, pointing to the brick mansion.

"Nice house," growled McClusky.

Mr. Sewell's ancient car dipped into a hollow and stopped before a small wooden shack.

"What yuh stoppin' for?" demanded McClusky.

"Well, this is where John lives," replied the lawyer, and got down from the car.

A man came forward slowly to meet them. He was tall, and had once been straight, but was now bowed from weakness. His face was white beneath its copper hue, and the paleness of his cheeks was accentuated by the dense blue black of two braids of hair that hung on either side of them. He wore a blue shirt and wide blue pants, like a sailor's, with stripes of bead work down the sides, and on his feet were real hide moccasins.

"Hello, John," said Mr. Sewell, solemnly shaking hands. "This is Mr. McClusky. Now, Mr. McClusky, you and John be friends. You just talk together and do what you-all think best. I won't interfere nohow."

They went back to the porch of the tiny house and sat down in the warmth of the sun, McClusky in a chair and the Indian and Mr. Sewell on a bench against the house. McClusky lighted another cigar. This case was going to be tough. It was rare that an attorney allowed an adjuster to see his client. It usually meant one of two things—a weak case or a holdup. This was obviously the latter. The Indian had been badly hurt—no doubt of that. His suffering had been long, and his convalescence would be longer. But he was to all reports a millionaire, and why —— Well, McClusky would find that out.

"John," McClusky began, "me heap big chief adjuster. Ugh! You catchem accident. How much wampum you want 'em you fix 'em?"

John looked at McClusky with his black beadlike eyes and idly played with one of his braids of hair. Then he turned to Mr. Sewell.

"Where was this going when you caught it?" he asked in English that, though not faultless, was, nevertheless, as pure as any prairie dweller's.

"Why," smiled Mr. Sewell, "this gentleman is an insurance man. He wants to talk with you about your accident."

"Does he?" said John slowly. "I thought I'd fixed with you to do that for me."

"Well, let's all talk about it together."

"John," said McClusky, "I come down here all the way from Boston to hear about this accident. Now, you tell me about it—just how it happened, who saw it, what you were doing, an' how the car hit you."

Mr. Sewell having replied to John's look with a nod of assent, John began.

"I hope," said he severely, "that you'll understand me. I speak English and my father did before me. If you want to talk 'heap big Injun' you can go over to Ponca; they've got people over there that get paid to talk that way."

"My mistake," said McClusky, cursing inwardly. He was already on the defensive! That was no way to start a settlement!

"I was workin'," began John, "truckin' boxes from the shippin' room." He went on, telling how the boxes were piled high, that the truck had to be swung to be turned, how this was done and that was done, that he heard someone a-yelling and a-hollering, and the next minute he knew he was between sheets, to which he had a great aversion—they being cold, for one thing, and very irritating to the skin, for another. He had been in the hospital a long time, and he had been sick at home a long time, and he was still—showing his bandaged arm—disabled.

"How much was your hospital bill?" asked McClusky.

"I object to that, if the court please," said Mr. Sewell, rolling his glasslike eyes. "Suit has been brought for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"I'll put that question another way," growled McClusky. "What makes you

(Continued on Page 80)

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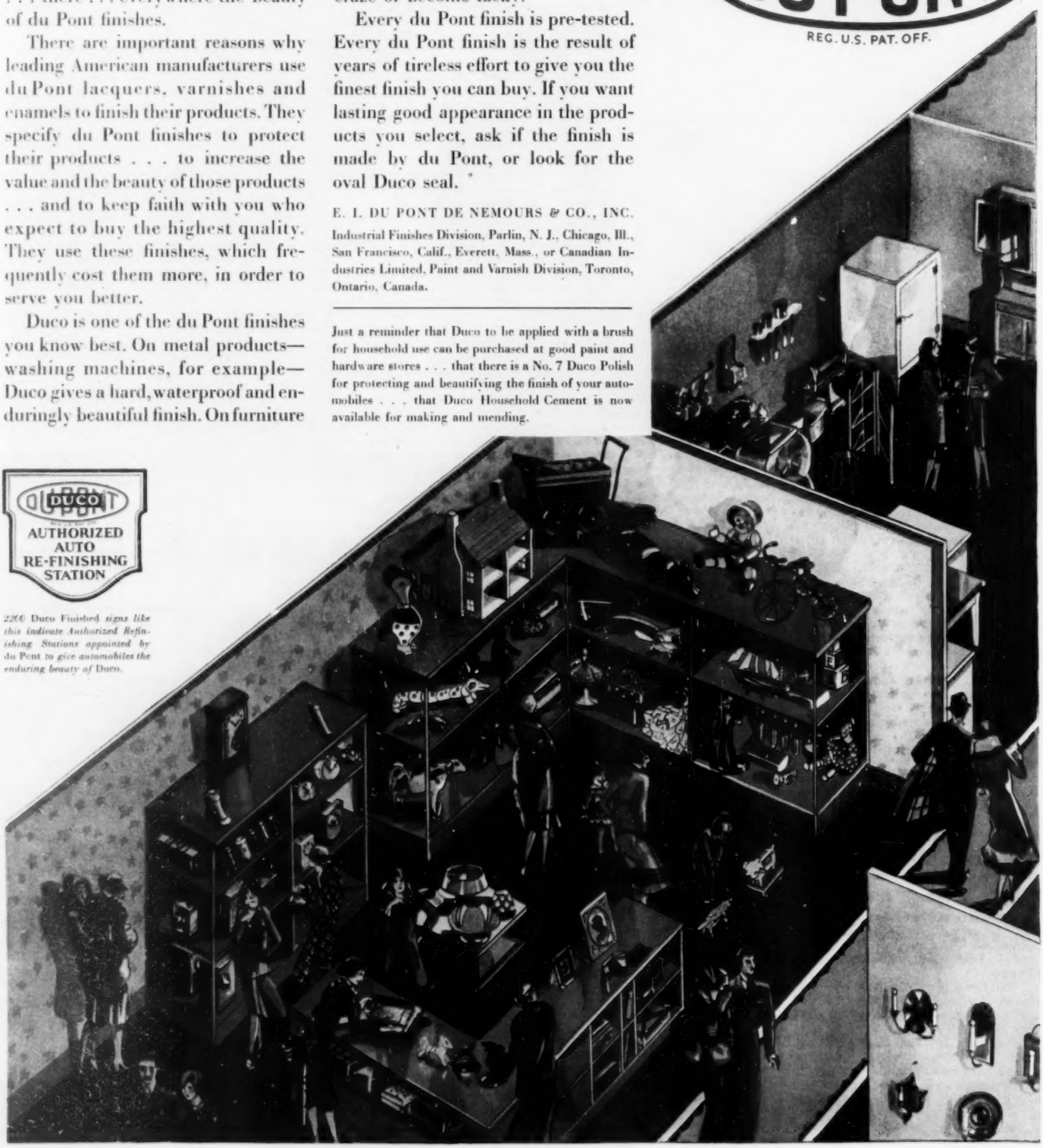

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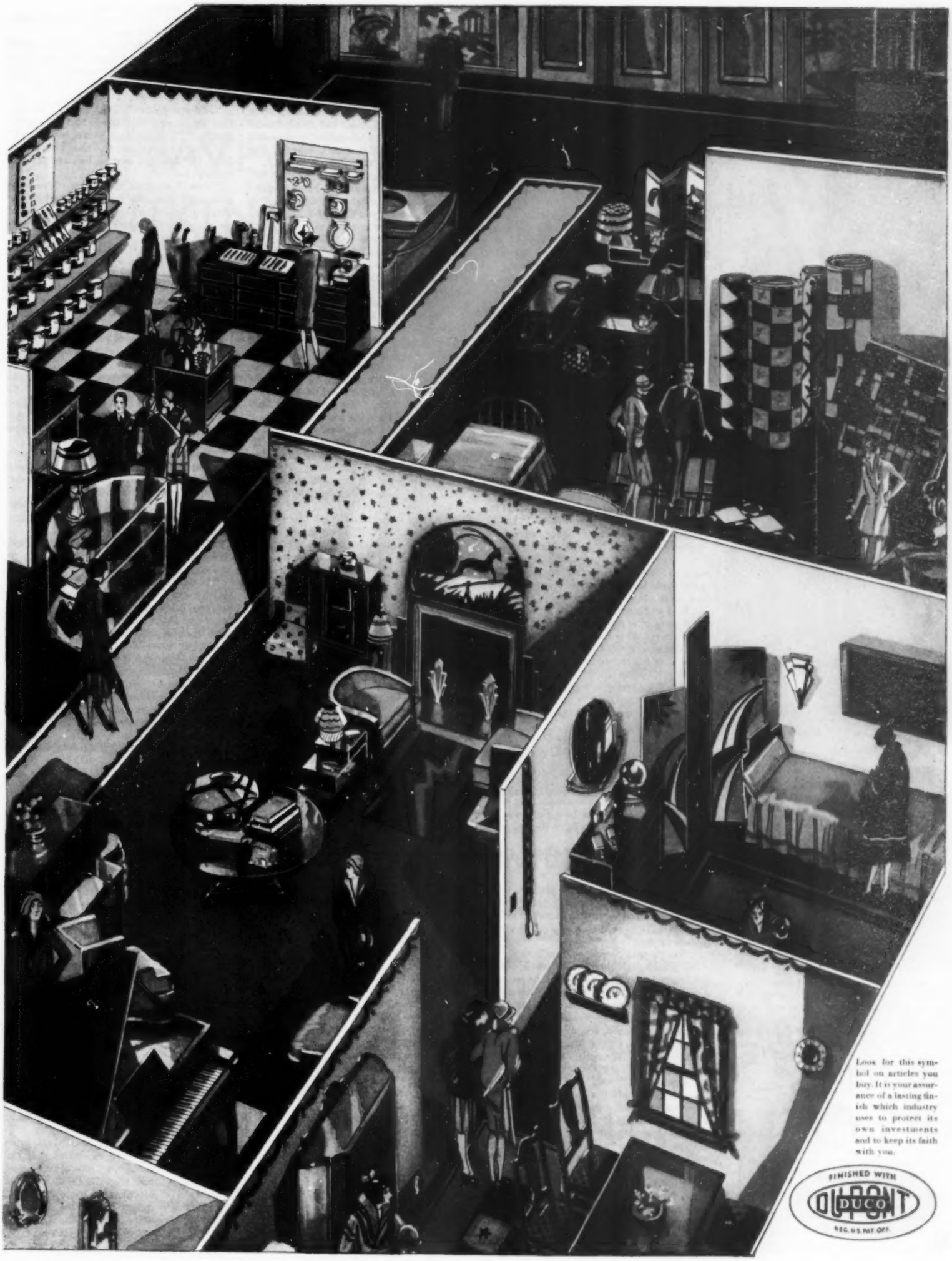

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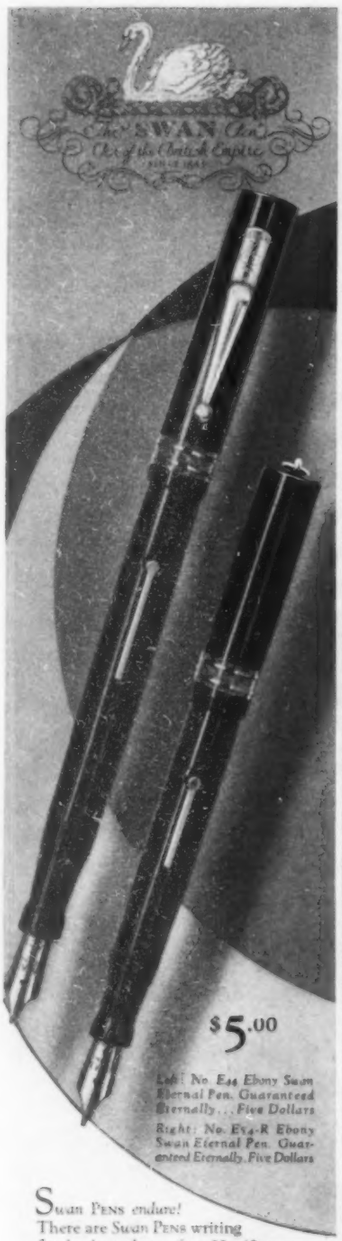

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(Continued from Page 77)

think you should have a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"That's about six months' income," said John.

"That's your income from your investments or whatever you get it from, but not from working in the Odessa mill! That's all you can figure on. If you were hurt by a train in your capacity as an oil owner, that's one thing, but you were hurt in your capacity as a low-salaried employe, and that's all the law can consider you as."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Sewell. "Where'd you learn law?"

"Bah!" said McClusky. "If you think you can go into court and show that a man pushing a truck should collect a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for getting his truck upset, go to it! You're a better man than Blackstone!"

"It will be a case against a railroad," smiled Mr. Sewell, "and the jury will be 100 per cent Indian. They'll give us the roof and the inkwells off the judge's desk!"

"We will show," replied McClusky with a snort, "contributory negligence. He knew there was a track there and that cars were being shunted at the time. He had no business swingin' his truck end over the tracks. Our witnesses are all employes of the railroad or the box company, and they'll be unfavorable to your client, because if they aren't, they'll lose their jobs. If you pad the jury, we'll ask for a new trial. We'll go to the Superior Court on exceptions and to the Supreme Court on question of law. Your grandchildren will be grandparents before you get any money!"

"I don't care about the money," said John Walkaheap, twisting his braids, "but I want to go to court. I never been to a courtroom. I want to see it work. I want to get my picture in the paper and have my name in the news reel at the movies. I got to get some fun out of all this money I got. You think I need your money? Well, I don't. I got more now than I can spend, and I work at it right smart too. I want to go to court. I've had some lawin', but I never takened a case to court. Then I'm going to have my rights too! An Indian's got some rights, after all!"

"Well," said McClusky, "I'll see you on the witness stand!" He rose to his feet, settled his derby, and champed his cigar as does a horse a bit.

"What's he live in that shack for, if that's his house?" demanded McClusky, as he and the lawyer took their places in the ancient car once more.

"He likes to look at it and think it's his," replied Mr. Sewell. "He allows that if he lived in it he couldn't see how big it was, so he lives outside so he can have the full view of it all the time."

"Oh, misery!" moaned McClusky. "And to think his ancestors sold mine New York for a pint of hooch!"

They went away across the prairies, when suddenly music arose as from the ground. The air vibrated as to the sound of an organ, the hills seemed to rise and fall to the sounds of jazz.

"What's that?" gasped McClusky.

"It's John," answered Mr. Sewell. "He's got fourteen rooms in that brick house, and a radio in every one. He runs 'em all at once. Got remote control from his little bitty old shack there."

The music ceased, and a great voice, like that of Manitou or Old Man himself, made the air throb: "This program is coming to you from New York City."

"Figure that!" said McClusky bitterly. "This here redskin that was bitin' the dust a generation back can now sit in his wigwam way out here fifty miles from nowhere, and hear jazz music bein' played in the hottest hangouts in New York! And he wants a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

Within an hour McClusky stood upon the platform waiting for the train that would take him to Bartlesville, whence he would take another to Tulsa, and so to Birmingham, his destination. There appeared, suddenly, the stout figure of Mr. Sewell.

"You ain't goin' away mad, are you?" smiled the lawyer.

"Nope," said McClusky.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I thought we might think a little bit about settling this out of court."

"Uh-huh!" said McClusky, cocking his ear. Here was a step in the right direction! The other side had made the first suggestion of settlement! McClusky had decided some time back that if the other side let him leave town without an offer of settlement, it was a case that couldn't be settled anyway.

"John wants to go to court," went on Mr. Sewell, "for the fun of it. Now, I don't want to. I know what a lot of work it is. Now, what would you think would be a fair figure, taking into account the injury and possible consequences and all?"

"Nah," said McClusky slowly, and trying to pierce the lawyer's leaden eyes in an endeavor to read his thoughts. "I ain't interested."

He saw in the distance his train approaching. "Nope, I'm through with it. Our policy limit is only ten thousand. Go ahead and sue, and we'll contribute that to the verdict—if you get any!"

"Seventy-five thousand——" began Mr. Sewell, as the train roared in, but McClusky shook off the detaining hand on his arm.

"Bah!" said he. "We got a policy limit for ten thousand and the whole Odessa plant ain't worth more than twenty more! You can't get that much out of them!" He mounted the steps, but Sewell shouted after him:

"Maybe they ain't, but we'll get it out of the North American Shoe; they're good for it!"

McClusky dived into the car. He had not thought of that! Well, never mind. It was not his fault that the case had gone sour! Let them sue if they would, and get a hundred-thousand-dollar verdict if they could, but no one would ever say that McClusky had given a redskin that lived in a shack the policy limit for a settlement.

The train, a mixed local—that is, with three freight cars and two passenger—coughed its rheumatic way across the prairies, stopping here and there for no apparent purpose other than to give the engineer an opportunity to exchange civilities with various wide-hatted friends of his along the track.

McClusky raged. He had already lost several days on this trip, and he would lose a great many more. He had accomplished nothing by his journey either, more than to discover that there was a fine kettle of fish stewing. If this thing went to trial, and the Indian got a fifty-thousand-dollar verdict, the railroad, by virtue of its spur-track agreement, would call upon the box company to pay it. The Eagle, as the insurer, would pay the policy limit—ten thousand dollars—and the North American Shoe, as the real owner of the Odessa plant, would pay the other forty thousand. The North American Shoe Company would then give a shriek that would drown out the trumpets whose blast leveled Jericho's walls, and when its echoes died away there would be many a wanderer in search of a job.

It was dark when McClusky reached Bartlesville. He had only a few moments to wait for the train for Tulsa, not long enough for him to cross the square to the lunch room he saw there and seize a sandwich for supper. He stamped the platform with rage, and reached for a cigar. A shadow approached, there was the snap of a match, and its tiny flame showed the glassy eyes and round face of Mr. Sewell.

"Hey!" cried McClusky. "Were you on the train?"

"Not I. I came across country. I had a thought or two after you left. I could get across the prairie in my car faster'n the train. Funny that way, this country is. It takes four days to go from Shidler to Tulsy by train, and I can do it on horseback in less."

"Yuh?" queried McClusky, going into his mental shell like a startled snail.

"Now, tell me," continued Mr. Sewell, "what do you think of twenty-five thousand for a figure?"

"No!" barked McClusky.

"Why not? That's reasonable for the injuries and hospital expense."

"Nope," said McClusky. "It's too much money." He chewed upon his cigar for a short time. There was something coarse here. This little fat man was too eager to settle.

"Did you plant that Indian out there by that big house?" demanded McClusky suddenly. "That ain't his house, now is it?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "that's his house. Now I'll tell you why I feel twenty-five thousand——"

"Naw!" snapped McClusky. "No business until this case is investigated to the bone! I bet that John Walkaheap ain't got no more money than an organ grinder's monk."

"Well, he has," replied Sewell vigorously, "and that's just the trouble. He wants to go to trial with this thing, and I'm afraid he'll die before we ever get to court. Then his dependents won't go through with it. Why, they wouldn't get up out their chairs to pick up fifty thousand dollars."

"And whatever you get out of it now is yours," said McClusky shrewdly. "Huh? Huh? Ain't that so?"

"Well," said Mr. Sewell, and even in the dark McClusky could see him squirm, "it's on a contingent basis and if his heirs didn't go through I'd be out of pocket quite a lot."

"I thought so! A'right! I'll give you five thousand dollars."

"You'll give me my wife's grandmother's left foot!" shrieked Mr. Sewell. He leaped twice into the air in his rage, then the station door crashed and he was gone.

In came the train, and McClusky, throwing away his cigar, started to climb aboard. A hand was laid on his arm.

"I'll take ten thousand," said Mr. Sewell's voice, panting slightly, as though he had gone in one door and run out the other.

"You heard me say five," replied McClusky gruffly, and climbed aboard. He did not, however, sit down, but ran to the other end of the car, dragging a blue release form from his pocket. The train was already under way when McClusky leaned from the step and shouted to a short stout figure that stood disconsolately in the gloom. "Fill out this release for six thousand and get it signed, and we'll mail you a check!"

The stout figure rushed to the train and, holding onto the hand rail of the step, ran alongside.

"Make it eight and it's a bargain!" he shouted.

"Seventy-five hundred!" howled McClusky. "That's two thousand more than it's worth!"

The fat man was forced to release his hold, but McClusky, looking back, could see him wave his arms in signal of assent.

"Well," said he, "I'm glad that's done. And if the North American and the Eagle Mutual don't hear all the details of that settlement, it won't be because I can't tell 'em."

A month or so went by, then suddenly there came to the desk of the claim manager in the Kansas City office of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company a brief note, signed by McClusky, stating that he would arrive in St. Louis on such a train, that he would have twenty minutes before he took another train to Chicago, and that during these twenty minutes the claim manager of the Kansas City office must be present for such instructions as McClusky saw fit to give. The manager reread the note several times; then he consulted the stubs of a check book.

"He's going to fire me," he muttered. "H'm! If I sneak out without paying the rent, I'll be just fifty dollars short of my fare to Boston."

He spent some time in calculation, however, and was cheered to realize that the company would still owe him his return to Kansas City, and that St. Louis being in the general direction of his home in Boston, he could save money by staying there and applying his return fare to Kansas City on his wife's fare to Boston. The children,

(Continued on Page 83)

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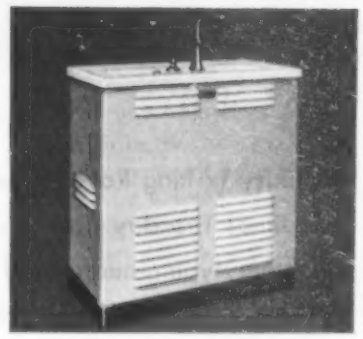

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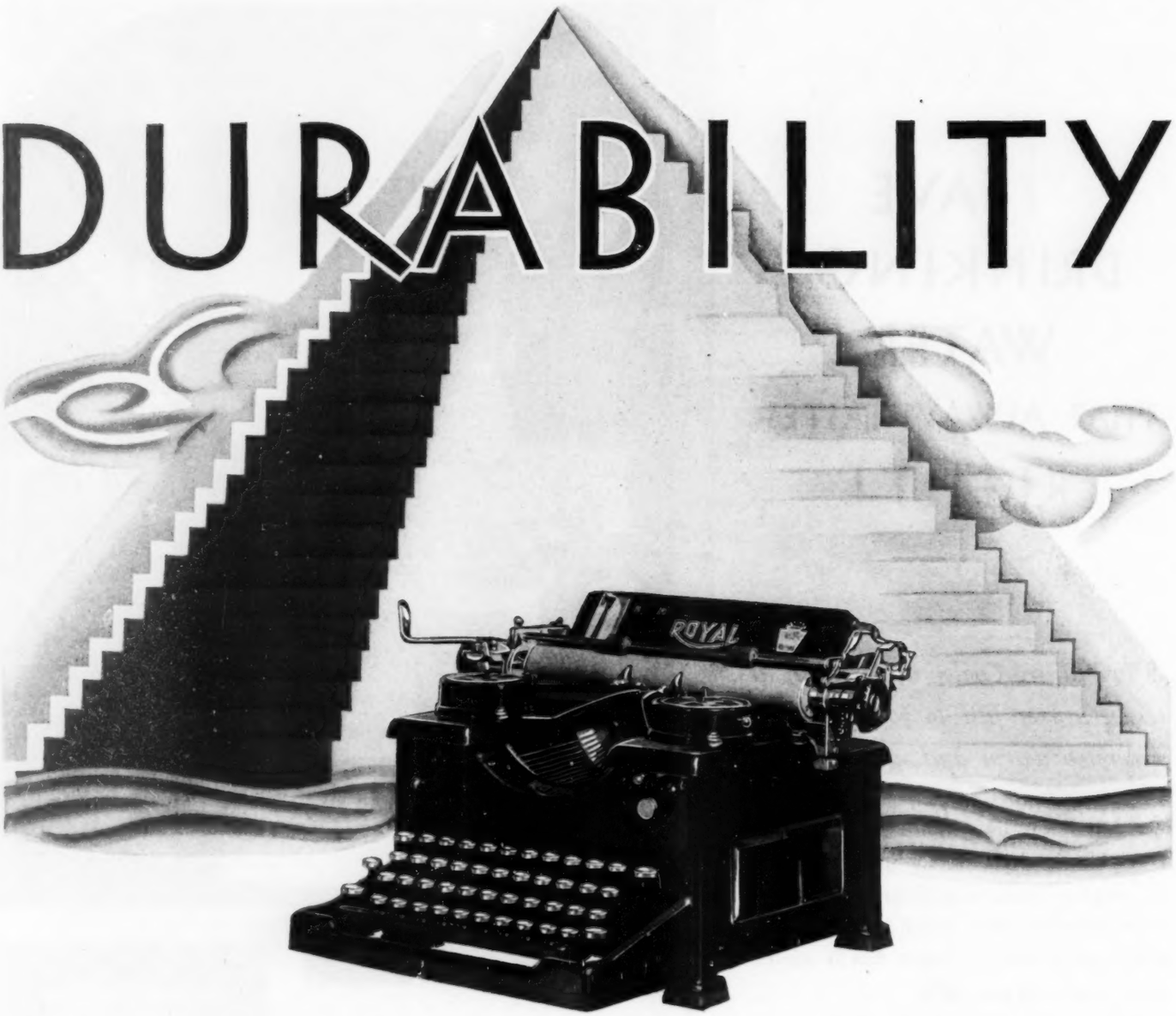

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(Continued from Page 80)

thank God, would travel free, being of a tender age. There was also the week's swindle sheet that could be revised to furnish a few extra dollars to pay for meals en route. The manager said nothing to his wife, however, but kissed her good-by as Hector must have kissed Andromache before his combat with Achilles, and went to St. Louis.

McClusky was upon the station platform, pacing up and down, with a cold, merciless air of one who waited for the victim to put his head on the block.

"St. Louis," began McClusky at once, "is in your district! I know it because I seen it in the records. Otherwise I never would! Yuh know the difference between g. l. and comp? Do yuh? No! Yuh never will neither! Missouri ain't got no Workmen's Compensation Act. It's common law, unnerstand? There's got to be a release taken on every case! Yuh ain't done it. This district is on the fritz!

"I been," he went on, "to Birmingham by way of Oklahoma. I read once about a fellar that went down there and dug up some bones as big as a house, that had been there ten thousand years. Yuh oughta seen the bone work I dug up! Ever hear of the Osage Indians? Neither did I. They're all millionaires. This guy Walkaheap was one of 'em! Lo, the rich Indian! Yuh know what he wanted to do? He wanted to sue us for the fun of it! He wanted to go to court to see what it was like! Well, if he was a millionaire he could afford to!"

"Mr. Bannion ——" began the manager hesitatingly.

"Yeh, Mr. Bannion! The economical Mr. Bannion! Tried to make a bum outta me in front of my own claim manager, huh? Wants to show he's the great big boss and old Sign 'Em Up McClusky is a joke, huh? Well, when I get through you'll see who the joke was on! Now listen! The company is out a cold eight thousand dollars on a claim that could have been closed as a comp case for eight hundred. Also the North American Shoe gives us a growl about poor service."

"Mr. Bannion ——"

"Shut up! The North American Shoe gives us a growl, not to say a snarl. So we'll reply to our big risk: 'We fired the guy that done it!'"

"Mr. Bannion ——" again interrupted the claim manager desperately.

"Well, Mr. Bannion what? What does he say? What's his latest economic thought, huh?"

"I was just going to say," said the claim manager nervously, "that Mr. Bannion isn't with us any more. That he would have sent his regards but, not being with us, he couldn't."

McClusky's mouth opened, then shut instantly like a trap. Once more he used the old subterfuge of hunting for a cigar to cover his astonishment. He remembered his report of the Walkaheap case, in which he had not minced words in telling about Bannion's refusal to allow travel expense to investigate the case, and his interference with the internal workings of the claim department on the grounds of economy. A company does not easily swallow a seventy-five-hundred-dollar loss, and this coming on top of a bitter letter from the North American about poor service—undoubtedly their policy expired shortly and they had expressed doubt about its renewal with the Eagle—must have been too much. The powers that be had folded Mr. Bannion and he had taken his padded shoulders to other fields of endeavor.

The cigar once lighted, McClusky straightened his shoulders and began again, but more fiercely and with added animation.

"This is a territory where we can't afford to make no mistakes!" went on McClusky. "We could lose a lotta jack out here! We got these tank-farm risks, an' all these factories, and oil riggers and the like o' that, and then these here Full-Coverage-for-Five-Dollars companies cuttin' our throats all the time, so we can't afford to have no weak sisters on the job! So I recommended a change! Yuh hear me? I recommended a change! And the home office approved of it!"

McClusky paused and puffed at his cigar. The claim manager sighed and felt his heart turn to lead and go sinking down into his shoes.

But McClusky's manner seemed slowly to change. His chest swelled, while the puffs of his cigar were less abrupt and fierce. An air of satisfaction oozed from him, and his eye became dreamy.

"You mentioned a change," coughed the claim manager. Gee, he might as well have it over! No use prolonging the agony.

"So Mr. Bannion ain't with you any more!" rumbled McClusky. "Well, he was the change I recommended. And don't think the Walkaheap case had anything to do with it! I fired him because he was fresh to me that day in the office! Now let's talk about some of these St. Louis cases. I want you to clean up a few before you go back to Kansas City."

PHOTO. BY T. J. HILEMAN

Two Guns White Calf on His Favorite Indian Pony in Glacier National Park, Montana

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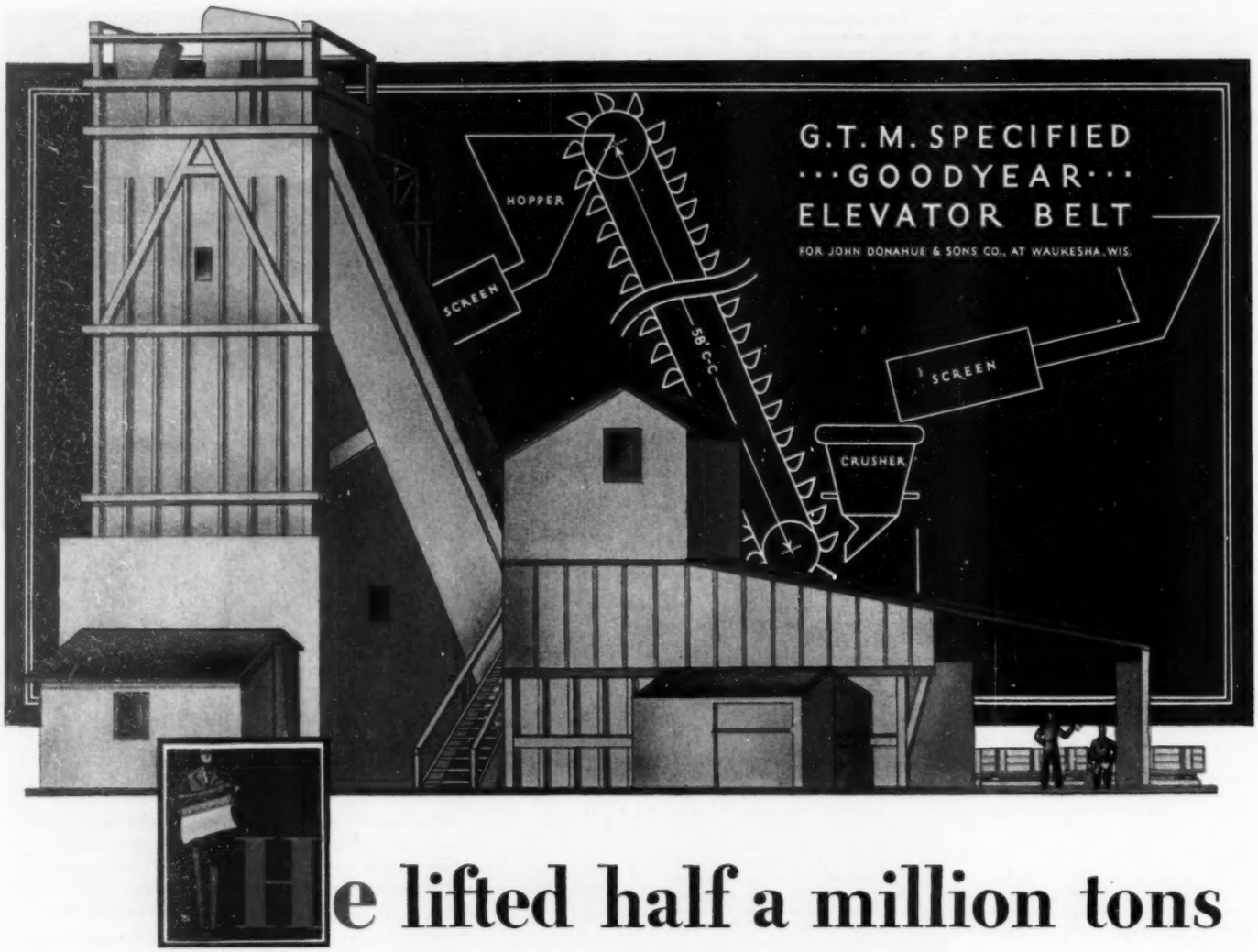

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HARD MONEY

(Continued from Page 34)

Abel knew the Scriptures. His amazingly retentive memory was able to quote them, and his conversation was embellished with constant texts which may or may not have applied to the subject matter in hand. Applicability never troubled Abel; a text was a text, a thing to be dragged in by the heels for its own sake and not because it clinched an argument or illustrated a point.

It has been written of him that he was a hypocrite. Perhaps that indictment is true. Certainly, in his earlier days it was more true than false, but in his latter days one must doubt. At any rate, if he were a hypocrite to all the world, he was not a hypocrite to himself. The thing had become a habit and an avocation with him as hatred had become with Jan Van Horn. He believed he was a Christian man; he believed his life was devoted to the service of the Master, and if his left hand acted as ill became a quoter of the Beatitudes, he was well able to explain himself to himself and to perceive no impossibility or absurdity in reconciling conduct with tenet. Human flesh was weak; man was born to evil; the holiest was predestined to sin. After a fashion, he believed that God had invented sin in order that he might employ His attribute of mercy—that, in short, there could be no joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth unless there was first supplied a sinner. He was not far from believing that he did heaven a favor when he slipped from the paths of righteousness, because it gave heaven something to forgive and added to the ineffable bliss by the degree and depth of his repentance.

But it must be recorded that it was neither hatred nor religion, neither charities nor hypocrisy, which was Abel Betts' salient characteristic. It was none of these which moved and controlled his being and his soul. It was the love of money in the sense that a miser loves money—for its own sake. And next to the love of money itself came the love of what Abel Betts called a bargain. He brought to Wall Street exactly the point of view he had carried through his days as a drover trading in cattle. He still was selling soft veal; he still gave his cattle salt to make them drink great draughts of water before the weighing in. If the gold brick had been invented in his day, he would not have regarded the selling of it as a crime but as a sharp transaction in the way of business. His motto was: "Let the purchaser beware." But let no man deny the power of his brain; without question he was the keenest, ablest, if most unscrupulous, speculator and trader the young republic had known.

These were evil years and turbulent; President Jackson, turbulent as the times themselves, was heading the third Revolution, breaking the power of the caucus and laying the foundations for a new political régime; he was destroying the bank; he was fighting with fire and threatening to fight with blood the nullificationists of the South; he was proposing a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of the President of the United States; he was pushing the Indians beyond the Mississippi—he who had broken the Indian power in the South—and establishing the spoils system. Democracy was in the saddle. The Government was growing rich and was distributing a sort of dividend to the states, and there was no public debt. There were panic and failures and rebuilding and renovating, but still the republic marched onward—onward and westward. Already the death knell of the country's intricate system of canals was sounding, for the railroad had come. Most significant of all things to Jan Van Horn, the railroad had come, and a network of iron straps was stretching out over the land. Quick and certain transportation was standing just beyond the threshold.

"But who will ride on these railroads, and where is the freight to come from?" a fellow banker asked of Jan.

"From cities whose names we do not even know," Jan said, with eyes half closed. "Wait. I say to you, sir, that there will be cities beyond the Lakes, even beyond the Mississippi, greater than any on the seaboard. Give the people a way to travel back and forth; give them a way to ship what they raise and what they manufacture, and you will see a new empire. Sir, I have watched. With my eyes I have seen. People now born will live to see this the greatest and richest nation on the face of the earth."

"If it doesn't break up into bits," said his companion.

"It will not break. It is a whole. I see what I see. We are only at the start of it. Give us transportation and give us hard money. Give us gold. Now we fumble. Now we are young. But we will go on because we cannot stop. Sir, this country will be pushed on to greatness, no matter how it holds back. Nothing can stop it now."

"But where is the hard money to come from? Europe has it all. Constantly it drains us."

"It will come," said Jan. "How it will come I do not know. But it will come."

That night he walked home from the bank, walked slowly and thoughtfully. The day's work was done and he was satisfied; now, as he trudged with solid feet up an ever-changing Broadway, he could give his mind to other matters than the growth of the country and the concern of supplying its needs with money. He could think of Abel Betts and move onward a company or a regiment in that slow, enveloping movement, invisible as yet, but planned to the minutest detail—planned to deceive just such eyes as the eyes of Abel Betts.

He had come to a spot not half a dozen blocks from his home when he saw coming to meet him his daughter Anneke, lovely with a breath-taking beauty, on the verge of womanhood. Seventeen on her last birthday was Anneke, and already the young bloods of the town gathered about her as bees about a comb of honey. Jan smiled as he thought how indifferent she was to them all, and to all those matters which excite young women of her age. He smiled again as he thought how this vexed his wife, but he was content—content that Anneke should prefer an evening with him to a visit to the new Italian Opera which society had erected, or to a drive out the island, or a ball where these curious new dances were the vogue. It delighted him to know that she regarded a visit to the bank as another girl would have looked upon a visit to the milliner's or an outing with gay company across the river into Jersey. She was a banker's daughter, concerned with finance, and in his solid, Dutch way he was glad. That was real. It was solid. It was not as these society matters which he never had been able to comprehend or to enjoy.

Now, as Anneke approached, her wonderful red hair peeping from beneath her great bonnet, he saw that she had a child by the hand—a child of seven or eight who looked up at her adoringly. More than one man turned to look after the pair of them; the elder girl fair, with hair such as Helen of Troy might have possessed; the child tiny and fragile and striking, with hair black as sloes, and glistening as her black eyes glistened.

"And who is this little one?" Jan asked as they met.

"Tell my father your name," said Anneke with elder authority.

"Mary Betts," said the child.

"What name?" asked Jan, his face suddenly grim and forbidding.

"Mary Betts," repeated the child.

"Your father's name?" asked Jan.

"Ebenezer Betts," said the child.

"Your grandfather's name?" demanded Jan.

"Grandpapa's name is Abel Betts," said the child.

Jan turned eyes upon his daughter which blazed with fires long kept within control.

"Let go her hand," he said, and Anneke obeyed.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed.

"Come," Jan commanded.

"I must take her home, father."

"Come," said Jan. "That is a bad name. Remember always it is a bad name. Never again touch the hand of anyone who has that name—not even a baby in its cradle."

"But, father, what harm can a little child like this do to me?"

"If one of her name comes near to one of our name, it is for a reason. I don't know why. But there is a why. She was put in your way to do a harm. I give you one command that is over all commands. Never speak a word to man or woman of the name of Betts. Never touch the hand. It is a command. I will not have it."

"Will you tell me why?" This was Anneke's way—to ask why; always to demand the reason of any matter.

Jan nodded his round head. "It is right you should know why. Tonight I tell it to you."

"Where is Claas, father?"

"This morning he went to Albany."

"About the Van Damm loan, father?"

"Yes."

"He works very hard," said Anneke enviously. "Oh, I wish I were a man!"

"Claas is a good boy," said Jan. "He works. A very careful, conservative Claas." He shook his head and looked sidewise at his daughter. "He will do very well. Not smart like you, my Anneke. Not even like his father. But good."

"Father, why can't I come into the bank and work?"

"No. No. None of this Fanny Wright business! That woman who comes here to make lectures and borrows a pair of Mr. Jennings' trousers to wear. That is ten years ago, but her talk goes on. Women's rights! No, there can be no woman in the bank. Everybody would run to take out his money."

"I'm a better banker than Claas," said Anneke.

"Yes," said Jan phlegmatically.

"And Claas will be head of the House."

"He will be head of the House," said Jan solemnly. "He is not clever, but he is solid. He will not build and increase, but he will conserve. Well, I have built, and I build more before I die. Maybe it is good to have one generation to conserve. It is not easy to keep what a man is able to earn. A conserver will be good. Then, in another generation, may come another builder. We shall see."

"But, father, if there had been no Claas? What then? If there had been only me?"

Jan took a minute to consider. "That would be bad," he said. "Everything would be in vain. Nobody would carry on the name. The family would be no more. It would make all the work of my life for nothing. Now, in a hundred years, there will still be the family. There will be Van Horns. If you were all, then there are no more of them." He smiled suddenly. "The Van Horns would be Smiths or Joneses or whatever is the name of your husband."

"I don't want a husband," said Anneke.

"Also there is Claas, so all is well," said Jan.

Anneke bit her lip. "I wish—oh, how I wish that I were a man!" she exclaimed passionately.

"You are a girl," said Jan solidly.

"I am. I am. But—but I shall be as nearly a man as I am able."

"No nonsense and trousers and free love like Fanny Wright," said Jan.

"I'm as good as any man. I'm a better banker than Claas. I'm almost as good a banker as you, father."

"It is too bad," said Jan tolerantly, "but some day you see a young man and all this will be forgot. He will be more to you than many banks. Some day you will love, like your father loves your mother and your

(Continued on Page 88)

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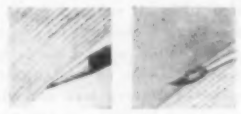

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EBERHARD FABER

The Story of Aluminum

"PROFESSOR—I've got it!" exclaimed a young man, bursting excitedly into the private laboratory of the head of the chemistry department of an Ohio college, on the morning of February 23, 1886.

Extending his cupped hand, he proudly exhibited to the astonished professor, half a dozen little globules of a silver-colored metal.

It was no wonder he was excited, or that his excitement was shared by the incredulous professor, for at 22 years of age he had achieved what some of the world's greatest scientists had failed to achieve after half a century of application to the same problem. And where they had enjoyed the facilities of great laboratories, with all manner of scientific equipment, and yet had failed, this 22-year-old American youth had worked out the problem in the woodshed in his backyard, with the crudest kind of equipment.

The Discovery

IT all came about as the result of a chance remark made by Frank Fanning Jewett, his chemistry professor at Oberlin College, one morning during the young man's senior year. In talking with the students in his chemistry class Prof. Jewett made the offhand observation that if anyone should invent a process by which aluminum could be made on a commercial scale, he would not only be a benefactor to the world, but he would also be able to lay up for himself a great fortune.

Serious-minded Charles Martin Hall nudged a classmate and whispered, "I'm going for that metal."

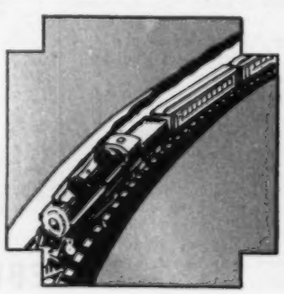
Go for it he did, and in dead earnest. Discovering a cheap method of producing aluminum became an obsession with him. Had he known that he was racing with another young man, across the seas, and had he realized how nearly the two would tie each other, he would scarcely have slept during the next year! As it was, he spent much of his spare time outside of school hours in the college laboratory working doggedly on the problem, for he had read somewhere, that every clay bank was potentially a mine of aluminum, and that the metal was as costly as silver.

But all his application, and all his admitted genius, and all his knowledge of chemistry, seemed of no avail against this aluminum riddle. "Going for it" was one thing, but getting it was quite another. All avenues seemed to lead to failure.

It was not until eight months after he had finished college that he started thinking along an entirely new line. If aluminum could not be extracted inexpensively by the chemical processes with which scientists had been struggling for half a century, and with which he had worked unsuccessfully for so many months, might it not be done by electricity?

That was a new idea. It seemed worth investigating.

Hall knew something of electrolysis and he lost no time in fitting up the woodshed behind his father's house on East College Street, Oberlin, as a laboratory. Borrowing an odd assortment of battery jars and plates from the college laboratory, and buying a small crucible, he set them along the edge of the upper floor of the two-story woodshed, so that he could stand while at work on the lower steps and oversee both levels. Then he set up a home-made furnace and bellows.



Days were spent—precious days that were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to him had he known it—in constructing crude pieces of apparatus that he had not the small means to purchase.

At last, however, everything was ready for an entirely new experiment.

Melting some cryolite in his little clay crucible, and dissolving some "alumina" (refined aluminum ore) in it, he switched on his batteries and passed the electric current through the molten mass for about two hours.

We can imagine with what impatience he paced up and down in the woodshed during those two hours!

Finally the time was up and he poured out the molten mass. Alas! There was no aluminum!

However, he was not discouraged. Indeed, it is said of Charles Martin Hall that he was never discouraged for more than a few hours at a time.

He started to think his way into the problem, and it may be observed in passing that Hall never worked at random nor never stumbled onto things—he thought things through. In this instance, he came to the conclusion that there might be some impurities in his clay crucible and they might be affecting the result.

Promptly he constructed a carbon lining for the crucible and he proceeded to repeat the experiment.

Again he waited impatiently for two hours as the current from his makeshift batteries passed through the molten mass.

Again he poured out the material, eagerly, hopefully.

Could he believe his eyes? There, in the bottom of the crucible, were a number of small globules of aluminum!

Excitedly he called his sisters and showed them the still hot little "buttons" of aluminum. (Some of these are today carefully preserved in the Pittsburgh offices of Aluminum Company of America.)

As soon as these globules, or "buttons," were cool enough to handle, Hall took them in the palm of his hand and hurried to the college, where he burst in upon Professor Jewett with the startling news with which this story opens—"Professor—I've got it!"

That day—February 23, 1886—marked the birth of a new metal age—The Age of Aluminum!

Two months later to the day (April 23, 1886) a French chemist, Paul L. T. Heroult (by coincidence also 22 years of age) applied for a French patent on the identical process!

Hall had won by a margin of eight weeks!

A New Industry Is Born

BUT Hall's troubles had only begun. He had no money and no influential friends. His race for a metal now turned into a fight for an opportunity to produce that metal on a commercial scale.

This seems hard to believe today, when aluminum is an important factor in practically every industry, and absolutely essential in several; and when there is scarcely a room in the modern home in which aluminum will not be found in some form, serving a useful purpose.

It seems even harder to believe when we realize that the small quantity of aluminum which was being produced by the crude and costly chemical process of that day, sold for about eight dollars a pound, whereas with Hall's revolutionary new process it could be made for less than a dollar a pound.

But the simple truth is that for two years Hall met with nothing but disappointment. He had a process worth millions of dollars, a process without which many of our modern conveniences would be practically impossible. Yet two groups of men who backed his first efforts gave up his process as profitless and impractical.

It was not until the summer of 1888, when Hall made an arrangement with a group of men who formed the Pittsburgh Reduction Company (now Aluminum Company of America), that aluminum began to come into its own as a metal. These men had faith in Hall and his new process, and the courage and capital to see him through.

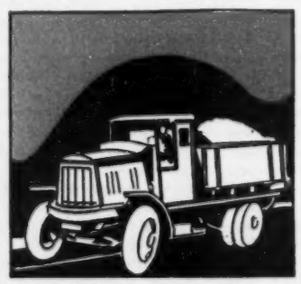
Up to that time, because of the metal's excessive cost, small articles of aluminum had been curiosities. But these men foresaw that this metal that was only about one-third as heavy as the older metals, that it would not rust or tarnish from exposure, and that it could be used to advantage in a great many ways.

One of the first experiments with the aluminum, produced by the new process, was in making castings, and curiously enough the first casting made was a tea-kettle. But this was not chance. Because it was known that aluminum conducted heat so efficiently, and because it was so easy to keep clean and bright, and because it promised to wear forever, Hall and his backers saw that it was an ideal metal for cooking utensils. Thus it was that aluminum got its first big start in the kitchen.

Everybody knows how aluminum cooking utensils took America by storm, and how much they have lightened the drudgery of housework and added to the cleanliness and cheerfulness of our kitchens and the wholesomeness of our meals.

But the usefulness of aluminum was not to be confined to the kitchen. It was destined to invade hundreds of industries and to be used for thousands of purposes.

For example, because of its light weight and excellent electrical conductivity, it began to be used to make cable (with a core of steel wire for greater strength) for conveying electrical current across country. Thousands of miles of aluminum power lines are to be seen today.



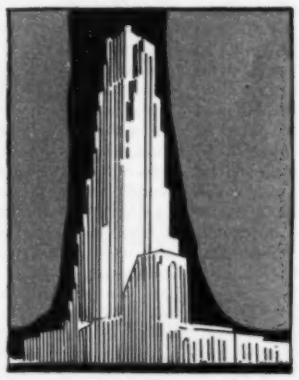
When the automobile came along a dozen new uses were found for this light metal which automotive engineers found saved weight and made possible speedier cars. Pistons and connecting rods of aluminum alloys became almost standard in automobile engineering practice. Today, eight out of ten motor car manufacturers use aluminum alloy pistons in their motors.

Close on the heels of the automobile came the airplane, and here aluminum figured from the first as an essential metal. It is the cheapest metal that is light, and at the same time strong enough, to stand the stresses and strains of air navigation.

However, these modern miracles of metallurgy were not accomplished with the quality of aluminum which Hall had made in his woodshed laboratory. When aluminum began to be used for industrial purposes, it was found that for some uses it lacked the necessary strength. A research laboratory was established and presently, by combining aluminum with small percentages of other metals, a series of "alloys" was developed. After these alloys had been heat treated they became exceedingly tough and strong—some of them as strong as structural steel.

These alloys contain 95 per cent or more of aluminum, so they preserve all the characteristic lightness and bright color of the parent metal, but they are many times as strong and are now used for the heaviest kind of duty. For example, the bodies of some of the armored motor cars seen on our city streets, are made of strong aluminum alloys. Could any but a stout metal be used for such a purpose?

When railroad and street car companies began to face the necessity of lighter cars and locomotives, so that their trains and trolleys might run on faster schedules to meet the demand for greater speed in transportation, they turned naturally to these strong alloys of aluminum. Roofs, frames and side walls of passenger cars made of rolled sheets and structural shapes of strong aluminum alloys. Drop-forged aluminum driving-rods for connecting the huge driving-wheels of powerful steam locomotives are already beginning to be used, and the time seems not far distant when aluminum will play a big part in speeding up our train and trolley service all over the country, at the same time reducing operating costs for the transportation companies.



From year to year, many other interesting discoveries were made about aluminum. It was found that this bright metal could be ground to a flaky powder and made into paint. At first this flaky powder was mixed with banana oil and used almost exclusively for painting radiators.

But soon paint makers found that it could be mixed with varnish, like any other paint pigment. When this aluminum paint is applied, the minute flakes of metal overlap one another (as revealed by microscopic examination), and form a tough and flexible metallic coat that defies rain, sun, snow or hail.

This was an important discovery, for while people may not want aluminum-colored houses, it has been demonstrated that aluminum paint as a priming coat forms a thin film of metal that protects the wood underneath against moisture changes, and makes the color coats that are put on top wear much longer. Eventually, it is thought, the best grades of lumber may come already "primed" with aluminum paint.

Another interesting discovery was that aluminum could be rolled into foil—some of it so thin that it would take ten sheets to equal the thickness of the paper on which this story is printed!

Because this foil is pure and clean and will not tarnish, and because it is impervious to light or moisture or gases, the manufacturers of food and drug products soon discovered it to be ideal for wrapping their products. Foods may be kept in contact with it indefinitely with perfect safety.

Today aluminum foil is used for wrapping and protecting a wide variety of products—chocolate bars, candy mints, chewing gum, yeast cakes, cheese, tea, film rolls, soap, cigars and cigarettes, to mention a few.

Aluminum is also used for screw caps for jars of vanishing cream, bottles of lotions, and many food and drug products. Aluminum caps (often in color and bearing printed trade-marks or designs) are used for sealing bottles of ketchup, pickles, salad dressing, etc., and for capping bottles of proprietary remedies.

Perhaps more interesting still, soft aluminum is made into collapsible tubes for tooth paste, shaving cream and numerous pharmaceutical products.

How little did Charles Martin Hall dream what a contribution he was making to the comfort of life on that February morning when he rushed out of his woodshed laboratory with a few globules of aluminum in his hand and started for Prof. Jewett's laboratory to break the news of his success!

And the end is not yet.

As the skyscrapers in our great cities have pushed their towers higher and higher, the problem of weight has become more and more important. Much metal is used for decorative purposes—for cornices, spandrels, window frames, leaders and gutters, and the like. This has opened up a whole new field for this metal that is only one-third as heavy as the older structural metals, will not rust, tarnish or discolor, and can be rolled or cast or worked into any desired form.

Perhaps the first aluminum to be used for architectural purposes was a small aluminum casting which crowns the peak of The Washington Monument. This casting, made in 1884, before Hall had discovered his revolutionary process, weighs only 100 ounces. That was considered a very large piece of the then-precious metal. Recently an aluminum casting weighing 3,800 pounds was turned out at one of the plants of Aluminum Company of America!

It is only a brief stretch of 46 years from the capping of The Washington Monument to the finishing off of our newest and tallest skyscraper, the Chrysler Building, in New York City. Between the 21st and 24th floors of this already famous building there are 185 ornamental aluminum spandrels; and the set-back floors—the 24th, 27th and 31st—are furnished with aluminum-backed copings, aluminum handrails and handrail supports. Incidentally, the bright decoration of this most modern of metropolitan skyscrapers symbolizes a new trend toward the so-called "white metals." Just as platinum has displaced gold in favor in the field of fine jewelry, so aluminum, chromium plated steel, stainless steel, and other light-colored metals, are superseding the darker colored metals in the fields of architecture and decoration.

Many modern offices are furnished with aluminum chairs, either left in their natural bright finish or finished to resemble mahogany or walnut. And in many hospitals and sanitariums and railroad dining cars, aluminum chairs are used because they can be lifted so easily and they will stand all sorts of abuse. Col. Lindbergh's "flying office" is equipped with aluminum furniture.

Almost every month now a new use is found for aluminum in some of its forms or alloys. The business that started in an Oberlin, Ohio, woodshed now spreads out over the map of America from Niagara Falls to Bauxite, Arkansas; and from Edgewater, New Jersey, to Oakland, California. In addition to mines, it operates great ore reduction plants, power plants, foundries, rolling mills, tube mills, wire mills, and a variety of fabricating plants, employing nearly 25,000 men and women.

And the Aluminum Age is only in its dawn stage!

Your Servant in the Home

STARTING in the kitchen in the form of an efficient new type of tea-kettle, aluminum has spread its lightness and its service all over the house.

We are all familiar with the bright, cheerful, hygienic aluminum cooking utensils in which three meals are cooked every day in millions of American homes, as well as in famous hospitals and sanitariums, clubs and hotels. But how many people realize that many of the electric percolators, waffle moulds, and toasters used in the dining room are also made of aluminum?

And how many readers of this story realize that in their pantries and refrigerators, aluminum is serving to keep their food pure and fresh and appetizing? Aluminum caps on bottles and jars; foods of many kinds wrapped in clean aluminum foil that holds in the flavor and keeps out dirt and germs.

It begins to be evident that aluminum is a great "service metal" in the home. Many and varied are its services. For example, stepping into the living-room of the average home, we find a radio. It is almost certain to have aluminum parts, performing a service which no other metal could perform so efficiently.

In the bathroom, in the medicine cabinet, we find toilet preparations in collapsible tubes of aluminum, and bottles or jars capped with aluminum screw tops.

If there is an electric vibrating machine in the home that is probably made largely of aluminum.

If there is a sewing machine, it will be found to have aluminum parts or attachments.

In the laundry if there is an electric washing machine or an electric ironer, they are almost sure to have aluminum parts.

The vacuum cleaner with which the rugs are cleaned is made largely of aluminum, making it light and easy to operate.

The weather stripping on the windows may be of aluminum, and perhaps the screen frames also.

On some of the more modern houses the roof is shingled with aluminum shingles, which are rustless and fire-resisting and will never wear out. Generally they are painted a color that blends with the color scheme of the house.

All this is amazing, when you stop to think that, until Charles Martin Hall discovered how to produce aluminum electrolytically in 1886, this metal which now plays so large a part in our lives, was so expensive that it was regarded almost as a semi-precious metal! Indeed, within the memory of some who will read this story, aluminum sold for $25.00 a pound, whereas it now sells for less than 25 cents a pound, thanks to this Oberlin, Ohio, schoolboy—and to the activities of the scientists and engineers of Aluminum Company of America. Imagine being able to buy a $25.00 rug or a $25.00 chair for less than 25 cents!

Of course, Hall's original process has been greatly improved, in the forty-odd years that the research engineers of the aluminum industry have been working on this almost magical metal. Hall himself would be amazed at some of the properties of the aluminum that is being made in 1930, and at the enormous plants producing great aluminum castings and beams and forgings, side by side with airplane propellers, automobile parts, paint pigment, aluminum cable, and tissue-thin foil.

You are probably curious to know whether Hall realized a fortune from his discovery. So few inventors do.

Well, Hall did. When he died in 1914, he was the largest stockholder in the Company and left an estate worth several millions. And the fine thing about it was that he left his stock in the Company to educational and philanthropic causes. One-half was left to Oberlin and another American college, one-sixth to education in the Near East and the remainder to philanthropic organizations.

But his greatest legacy was an industry which serves us all, making our work easier and our lives more cheerful and comfortable.

Aluminum Company of America is not the only factor in this fast-growing American industry. It is the largest single factor, and the sole producer of the virgin metal in this country. But there are a number of other important companies making aluminum castings, sheet aluminum for fabrication purposes, and aluminum products of many kinds. Furthermore, considerable foreign-made aluminum is imported.

In order to establish the identity of its own brands, and to build good-will around its name, Aluminum Company of America has created a trade name. That name is made up of three syllables, AL CO A, standing for the beginning letters of the principal words of its name: AL uminum CO mpany of A merica.

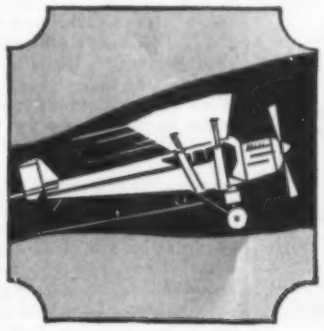
ALCOA ALUMINUM is the highest standard in the world.

The Threshold of a New Age

WITH the motor car and the airplane and the dirigible, we are entering a new age of speed.

With giant bridges and towering skyscrapers we are entering a new age of height and span.

With radio and television we are entering a new age of projection and communication.



With the modern trend toward the bright and shining in architecture and decoration, we are entering a new age of light and cheerfulness.

To all of these developments aluminum is making an important contribution. To some it is absolutely essential. That is why, as we face the future in America, we find ourselves only just crossing the threshold of this wonderful new age—The Aluminum Age!

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(Continued from Page 85)

mother loves your father. That will be good."

"And have babies and manage a house," Anneke said sardonically. "It is not right. I, who could do great things! I, who could manage this country if they would let me, to have to settle down and manage a house with a dozen rooms. I shall not do it. I will not be a slave to a man that I despise."

"Maybe you do not despise him," said Jan.

"I am better than any man I know, excepting you, father. Find me a man bigger and abler than I am, and then I'll marry him. Maybe."

"You must not talk so and you must not think so. It will make you unhappy."

"Do you think I ever shall be happy?" she demanded scornfully. "Not until the world turns over and men are women and women are men."

"Even Andrew Jackson could not make it do that," said Jan.

She took the last word. "Not General Jackson," she said, "but maybe Anneke Van Horn can. She is going to try."

XXII

"I THINK, father," said young Claas, seated beside Jan Van Horn's desk in the Fort, "that we should reduce our outstanding loans. And I feel that more of our private family surplus should be invested in real estate. We should follow Mr. Astor's example there. Now is the time to be cautious."

"All times are times to be cautious in your mind, son," said Jan.

"Too much money is going into these railroads, just as too much went into canals," said Claas. "Already there are almost fifteen hundred miles of rails in this country. It is being overdone. Where is the money coming from?"

"When there are a million miles of railroads," said Jan, "it will not be overdone."

"There is more money in good private paper. And more safety. It is unnecessary to point out to you what discounts men are willing to pay."

"Good for banks, but bad for the country," said Jan sententiously.

Young Claas shook his head dubiously. "I fear for the future. President Van Buren is as hot against the banks as Jackson. There is no united party. If it hadn't been for this currency split in the Democratic Party, Seward never would have been elected governor of this state. It was the hard-money Loco-Focos joining the Whigs that did it, and I suspect Van Buren's hand was in the pie. You've read his message urging that nothing but hard money be received or paid in public transactions. Where will that lead?"

It was Jan's turn to shake his head. "Hard money! Hard money! It all gets itself back to that. There must be more minted specie. Never can finances be good until there is enough hard money for all."

"And these state debts. Mostly for canals and turnpikes and subsidies to railroads and public improvements. A hundred and seventy millions—with the states crying to have the burden assumed by the Washington Government!"

"They must not repudiate. Not as this young man, Jefferson Davis, talks. There has been foolishness. There has been unwiseness. But I am not afraid. No. These moneys spent to make easier travel are well spent." He smote his desk top with heavy hand. "No, we shall not retrench. We shall go ahead. We must help them to build, all the time to build. You will see. While I live we never retrench. We never refuse to loan money for these purposes when my brain tells me they are honest and where they should be. After me, you can be cautious. That is for you to say. But while I live there shall be no caution of the kind you talk." He paused and looked almost gently at his son. "You are a good boy, Claas. To me you are a comfort; but we are not alike. To you, the great thing is to save, to keep. To me, the great thing is to use, to deal in money, to make this money work and be a slave. My pleasure is to see these dollars as they dig or turn a machine or make a road where is no road. It is only by this hard work of the dollars that the country can grow and cities be built and men given the chance to create wealth. How does wealth come, my son? It comes by taking the things of Nature and changing them by labor into something else needful to mankind. It comes by men traveling to the wilderness and by labor turning wild forests and prairies into farms and towns. But not natural things with hand labor of man are enough. There must be supplied money to buy a plow or a water wheel, or to dig a canal to take the corn to market or the fur to a city. And that is the business of a bank. On this point I think much, Claas, and my thinking makes me to be proud. Because the banking, if it is honest and farsighted and generous with discretion, is the noblest business of all."

So, through the closing years of Mr. Van Buren's reign, which saw two panics, commercial failures innumerable, states galloping headlong to bankruptcy, and the end of the patroonships, Jan pursued his inflexible way. The country was sick of a fever and while the essential leeches were applied by the chirurgeons of necessity, he made ready for the convalescence and the days of health and vigor to come. The patroonships! With them passed the last vestiges of that glamorous age and culture in which Jan Van Horn was born.

Democracy was victorious, with Old Hickory as its high priest and Van Buren as its prophet. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last of the patroons, compelled thereto by barn burnings and Vacquerie, surrendered the last of his manorial rights and divided his vast estates among the peasantry either by deed or by leasehold which amounted to deed. The old order, long moribund, was in its grave!

And Martin Van Buren, Democratic President, refurbished the White House until it became an evil odor in the noses of demagogues and haters of pomp and circumstance. His maroon coach with outriders became a political issue; his Blue Elliptical Saloon and his French china vases and his silver tureen marked him down to homespun men as a second Lucullus.

Whereupon Mr. Harrison, who derived a spurious fame from a dubious victory of Tippecanoe, and was the most homespun of men, emerged from the West and his log cabin to take full advantage of such a royal establishment, overturned the ambitions of Mr. Henry Clay, and, in as clamorous and processional and doggerel a campaign as the country ever knew, got himself established in the White House. He was elected on a platform of hard cider, log cabin and Spartan simplicity—and nothing much besides. So, having become Chief Executive, he seemed not to know what to do, and in his dilemma passed from the scene, leaving Mr. Tyler to take up the burden.

But better times were coming and Jan's confidence in the destiny of his country and the soundness of his own financial policy was fulfilled in spite of financial chaos and the fact that the Government was left high and dry with no legalized deposit system.

As Jan walked down Broadway to the office he passed more than one shop with closed doors and drawn shutters, bearing the legend:

This shop is closed in honor of the King of kings, who will appear about the twentieth of October. Get ready, friends, to crown him Lord of All.

But next door he perceived shops open for business, advertising blatantly muslin for ascension robes! Jan did not smile. In fact, nobody smiled, and even the most hard-headed felt a tremor of uneasiness, for a Mr. Miller had been preaching the end of the world and set a date for the happening of that interesting event. A credulous, tobacco-chewing era! Jan wondered if Abel Betts had been drawn into this cult of the Millerites, but came to the conclusion he had not. Whatever Abel was, he was not credulous, nor would he be attracted to a religion which set a day and an hour for the end of all worldly affairs, such as speculations and chicaneries.

In his private heart Jan hoped mightily that Mr. Miller was mistaken in his prophecies. The end of the world would put an end also to the House—to Phillipse & Van Horn. It would terminate the family. It would frustrate that secret, patient, glacial, enveloping movement upon which he had been engaged for years with the object of abolishing Abel Betts! Jan could not bear to contemplate the coming of the end of the world before he had paid his debt and written the obligation off the ledger. For even then his dispositions were complete, his zero hour was about to strike, and he was ready to dangle the bait before the hungry eyes of the man he hated.

He knew Abel's resources almost to a dollar; knew the man had amassed a fortune amounting to some seven millions of dollars; he knew where every dollar of it was, whether liquid or frozen, and he knew upon what sources or friendships or alliances Abel could rely if emergency came.

For years Jan had been driving mines under these sources; his subterranean galleries spread far and wide. This had taken time; it requires years and inexhaustible patience and rare financial acumen so to surround a given man that one can put down his hand and dam his sources of credit. This Jan had done. He had made himself dominant. Indeed, in New York City, he had become dominant in matters of finance, and so far as any man's word could be law, it was Jan Van Horn's. Men trusted him. The fact that his name connected itself with any enterprise gave it stability; the withholding of his name rendered it dubious.

"Is Van Horn in it?" investors or speculators asked, and governed themselves according to the answer.

But where Abel Betts was concerned the matter had gone further. Jan had so made his combinations that he could go to the banks upon which Abel relied and say with authority, "You shall not lend money to this man" or "You shall call this man's loans." And his command must be obeyed—perhaps reluctantly, but obeyed for all that.

He could say, "If you help this man, if you lend money to this man, I will do thus and so." And that bank or that individual, suddenly realizing what he had not perceived before—that Jan could do thus and so—would find discretion the better part of valor.

It was a trap, strong-walled, equipped with efficient deadfall, ready now as soon as the bait should be set in place to attract the victim. A logical plan, an inexorable plan. First, to control sources of credit; second, a lure designed especially and peculiarly for the covetous eye of Abel Betts; and lastly, having lured the victim into the trap, to spring the lid and to have him inside walls through which he could not gnaw, be his teeth ever so sharp.

The bait was admirably suited to attract Abel Betts, for it consisted of a betrayal—a betrayal to him of Jan Van Horn's intentions with respect to the Ramapo & Goshen Railroad.

A leak! And Abel Betts' ear was always attuned to the dripping of water from a leak. It was music in his ears. A contemporary has said of him that he would rather make a thousand dollars by boring into another man's secret than to make a hundred thousand by honest and aboveboard investment. He loved money for its own sake, as a miser loves money, but also he loved the method of obtaining it. He loved to fancy himself more astute than his opponent, to thrill to the joy of a successful trickery.

So Jan Van Horn provided Abel with a leak, a sparing leak which dripped little by little, exciting his hunger, drawing him on, tempting him with hints and scraps and patches of information until he was able to patch together the whole. And the whole he was at last able to verify.

"You'll find me always willin' to pay for information," he said to a certain Mr. Jonas Whipple, employed in a confidential

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

capacity by Jan Van Horn—a Mr. Whipple destined to rise with the fortunes of Phillipse & Van Horn until, forty years later, he possessed an eminent name of his own and a son who was famous as a cotillion leader. "Gatherin' information's got the sanction of Holy Writ. Didn't the Lord tell the children of Israel to send ahead spies into the Promised Land, eh? He knew the value of bein' informed of what was goin' on. Uh-huh. Now you set right down and tell me what Van Horn's up to with this Ramapo Railroad."

"He's going to push it through to the Lakes," said young Mr. Whipple.

"Take a sight of money. Where's it to come from?"

"The state is going to help. Mr. Van Horn has the solid backing of the southern tier of counties in the legislature for a grant of money."

"To be sure. Those counties have always been jealous of the Erie Canal. Want to get them transportation that will equal it."

"His plan, if he gets control of the road, is to rebuild it to standard gauge. It is six feet between rails now."

"Cost him sixteen thousand dollars a mile to do it," said Abel.

"But all the railroads are using the four feet eight and a half width," said Whipple. "And he is going to equip it with steam, no horses. Nothing but steam engines. His steamboats will meet the road at Piermont and carry passengers and freight on to New York. And he plans to branch south and tap the canal and turnpike routes of Pennsylvania. So he will draw from both Pittsburgh and Buffalo."

"His company's already got ships runnin' to Cleveland and Sandusky, and he's got packets plyin' the Ohio canals and river boats on the Ohio 'n' Mississippi."

"And coastwise vessels from New Orleans to New York," added Whipple.

"So a feller'll be able to travel around a circle from New York to New York again without steppin' foot off of Van Horn's property."

"That is the plan. But he must control and push on the Ramapo Railroad to do it. There's the gap now. Of course, he has his packets and freight boats on the canal, but with the railroad he can beat the present time from Cleveland or Cincinnati or St. Louis by days and days."

"What moves has he made up to now about gittin' his hands onto the Ramapo?" asked Abel.

"Almost none. He has been waiting until the road gets into deeper water. You know him, Mr. Betts; he waits until the right moment and then he acts so suddenly that the thing is done before anyone knows his intentions."

"Before anybody but me knows," said Betts with a sly grin.

"He sees trouble coming," said Whipple. "Mr. Banks, the president of the road, is wasting money. He's driving piles for a roadbed instead of grading and using ties and stringers. It's terribly costly. But he has gone ahead and driven nearly a hundred miles of piles. Mr. Van Horn says a rail will never be laid on them and Banks'll waste close to a million dollars. The road can't stand it."

"I can see what he's squirmin' around to do," said Abel with unction. "Cal'latin' to profit by the misfortune of others. Bangin' ahead regardless of Christian charity. Jan Van Horn wasn't ever noted for lovin' his neighbor like himself."

"He claims this road will build up industries and enrich the farmers of the region," said Whipple defensively. "Take milk alone, he says. It's a dairy country. And New York must have milk and butter and cheese. He estimates that this road will make it possible for the farmers to ship into New York as high as three or four million quarts a year."

"Um." Abel considered this, and being no fool, admitted that if Jan Van Horn had investigated and found the thing to be reasonable, it was doubtless feasible and could be made fact. "Nice business for a railroad," he said. "Run to maybe a hunderd thousand a year."

"I think his plan," said Whipple, "is to tie together a lot of these different carriers in one company, under one management. He says it will result in a great saving of operation costs and overhead."

"To be sure. To be sure. Aims to be ruler over many things, like the fellow in the Bible. To be sure. But I'm like the sinner by the name of Zaccheus that climbed up a tree so's he could see what was goin' on. And I cal'late the Lord has delivered mine enemy into my hands when I go tramplin' around the walls of Jericho and throw down my pitcher and sound my trumpets. He's laid out consid'able money, one way and another, that he'll lose unless this Ramapo deal comes off accordin' to cal'lation. You keep me posted, sonny, and I'll do my part by you."

On that afternoon commenced the fight for possession of the Ramapo which has passed as an epic into the railroad history of the United States. The battle to the death between Jan Van Horn and Abel Betts!

It opened with the announcement at the opening of the Stock Exchange next day that the southern tier of counties had persuaded a clear majority of the legislature, and that there was certain to be a state grant to the Ramapo of five millions of dollars for its westward extension.

Also it was Anneke Van Horn's birthday; she was nineteen years of age and her parents were giving a ball in her honor in their lately completed new residence on Washington Square, "furnished according to the taste and fashion of noblemen," as a newspaper had it, and completed at a cost of more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Astor was there, for the old gentleman, now in his eighty-first year, loved the society of young people, and music and that deference which his age and his wealth and his achievements had earned for him. He loved the simplicity and courtliness of the functions of real New York society—to which his family had been admitted some fifteen years before. He came, broken in health, but vigorous in mind and ambition. Joseph Cogswell, Astor's man Friday, was there, and Fitz-Green Halleck and the imposing Washington Irving. So, too, Julia Ward, whose married name was Howe, and Peter Cooper. The great Daniel Webster strutted the edges of the ballroom and seemed ever about to burst into an oration; and Philip Hone, the diarist, watched with acquisitive eye for titbits to be written in his little book. There, too, were the older names—the Schuylers, the Phillipses, a Van Rensselaer or two—and scores of sons and daughters of Anneke's generation who were rather impatient when Ole Bull played on his fiddle and were unable to conceal their eagerness for the dance to recommence.

It was a great evening, a splendid evening, as Cogswell, in his New York Review, described it, "a social event of splendor and magnificence, in surroundings of luxury and good taste not to be rivaled in London or Paris or Vienna." The introduction of Anneke Van Horn to the society of the New World. Perched upon the very pinnacle of society in the New World. A world so new that forty years ago her grandmother, that sturdy Dutch woman, had held in her calloused palms the handles of a plow.

So far had Jan Van Horn traveled in the world, and he stood, welcoming his guests with a decent pride. But between whiles his mind wandered from his guests, wandered back to that day of his first arrival in New York, of his first transaction in tea and of his sail back up the reaches of the Hudson to return to his mother that tiny loan which had made his voyage possible. He, that homespun, apple-cheeked boy, whose very English was labored and uncertain, was now such as he beheld himself. Today it would be no honor to sit at the patroon's table, for the patroon would court him as an equal, if not as a superior—he who stood tonight acknowledged as one of America's wisest financiers!

The ball pleased him, not because of its magnificence or because of the elegance of his guests or their social position. These things meant little to him of themselves. But because it was a symbol. It was the yellow button on his mandarin's cap of success.

He was fifty-nine years old, and he had but commenced. This function was but evidence of the soundness of the foundation he had laid for the House and for the family. In his fifty-nine years he had accomplished as much as the patroons had accomplished in two hundred years. He was at the top. What, then, of the House and the family in another hundred years?

The family was safe, with sturdy Claas to carry it on. It was safe in that young man's honorable, conservative hands. He thanked God for Claas. But also he thanked God for Anneke. She was a comfort and a delight, even if Mary Phillipse did shake her head in dismay and bewail her daughter's lack of social ambition and scorn of feminine graces. She would be a great woman. Hard? Mary insisted she was hard and that a coldness lay under the radiant surface of her beauty. But Jan did not believe that. She was like himself—not hard but inarticulate. Not unfeminine but reticent. What if she did flout the young men who gathered about her skirts? It showed only that she set a high value upon herself—and what was the hurry about a marriage? Anneke was only nineteen. He was content with her. Almost he wished there were some sense of this prating about women's rights.

But it was Claas who was important. He was the link with the future, the instrument through which the family blood was to be passed along, and by which the House was to be perpetuated. Claas must be thinking about marrying. Jan resolved to broach the subject next morning. Claas must marry and give him grandsons as sturdy as himself. Then he would feel safe. Then all would be well. Sturdy grandsons bearing the name of Van Horn!

The ball was over and the guests gone to their homes. Jan lay wakeful in his bed beside Mary, conscious of her presence, proud of her matronly beauty and charm. There came a sudden rapping upon his door, which he arose to answer.

"Mr. Claas is ill, sir," said a disheveled servant. "We thought it best to call you."

A cold hand laid itself upon Jan's heart. Claas ill! It was incredible, because Claas never had been ill from his childhood—as he himself never had been ill. Claas could not be ill.

Illness frightened him, as it must any man to whom it is a total stranger. He threw on gown and slippers and hastened along the hallway to his son's door.

Claas was ill. There was no mistaking that. But the doctor was on his way. Jan stood helpless, paralyzed, beside his son's bed, his brow wet with sweat as cold as that which pain brought to Claas' forehead—cold as terror itself. Terror of illness, terror of death, and terror of his suddenly revealed helplessness. He could do nothing. He, Jan Van Horn, who had accomplished so much, who was so powerful, who could say thus and so to a thousand men and thus and so would be performed! He could do nothing!

The doctor came. He labored with such skill and science as the age provided.

"Something has poisoned him," said the medical man. "Something he has eaten."

Something from last night's feast!

The medical science of the day, which termed all serious disorders of the region as inflammation of the bowels and was uninformed as to such things as ptomaines and appendices, must fail when purgatives and blood-letting and poultices failed.

"I can do no more," said the physician when dawn had made ghastly the artificial lights in the bedroom. "He is gone, Mr. Van Horn, and may God grant you fortitude to bear your loss."

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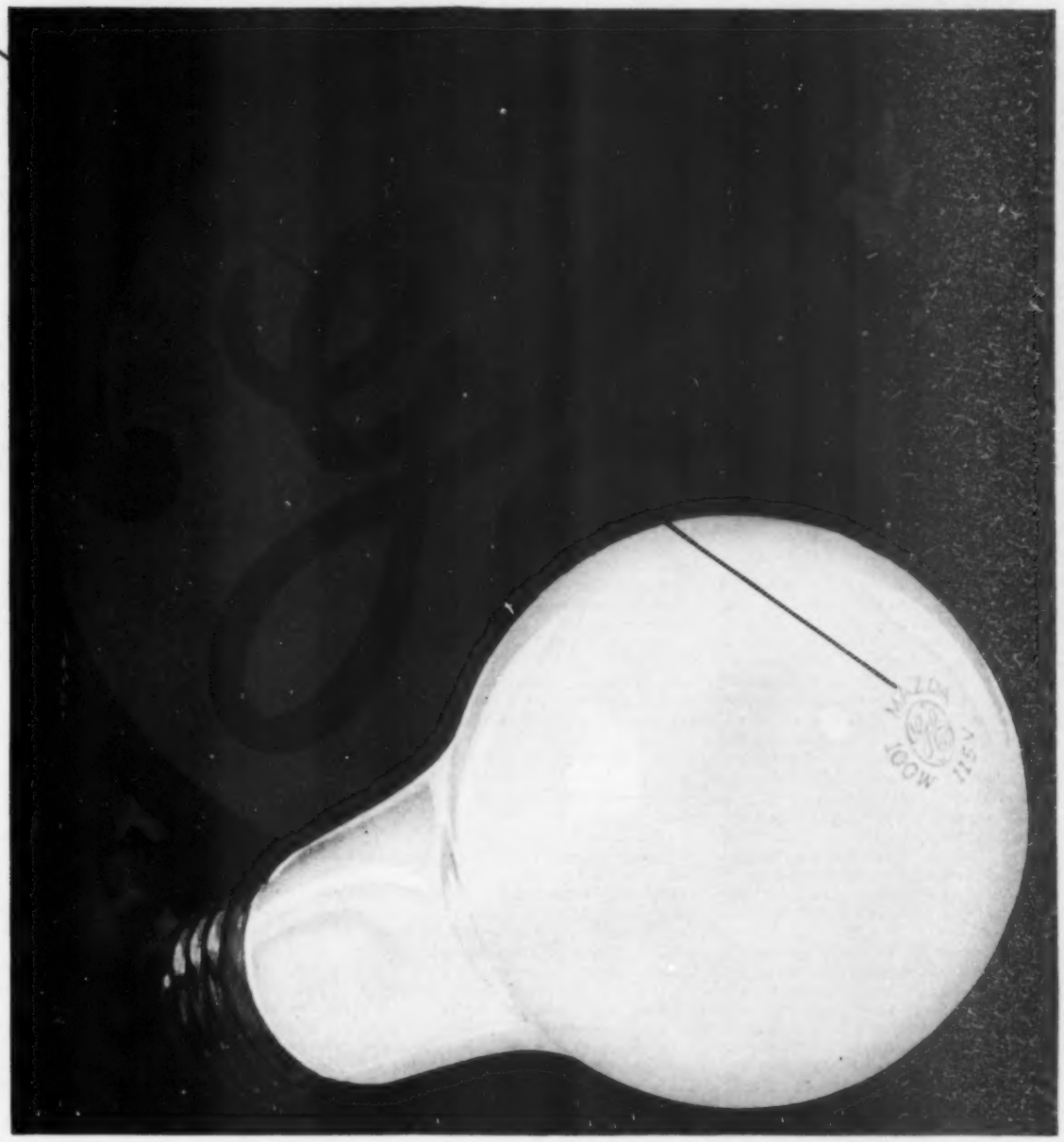

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Gone!" Jan stood motionless, his apple cheeks gray and flaccid. "Gone! Claas gone!" He shook his great round head imperiously. "No," he said, "it shall not be!"

Mary took his hand gently to draw him away silently. He would not come, he would not stir, but stood solid as some impregnable rock, tearless, erect, as if by mere standing he could undo this thing which had befallen him.

"Come, Jan," said Mary softly. "You must come. You can help him no more."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the doctor.

Jan only looked at him and his fists clenched until the knuckles showed white. "If there is a God," he said in a voice of dreadful hollowness, "he would not make such a waste." Then he bent over the young man. "Claas," he said, "it would be better if I had thought more of you as a son and not so much as an heir."

With that he stood erect and turned and permitted Mary to lead him from the room; his step was firm but heavy; his head was erect, but his eyes were dark and hopeless.

"Where is the House now?" he asked. "And where is the family?"

XXIII

IT CANNOT be said that Jan Van Horn threw himself into the turmoil of business as an antidote to grief and the tragedy of seeing his life's plans brought to an end by the death of his son. It would have been impossible for him to throw himself into the affairs of his bank more single-mindedly than he had done from the day of his connection with it. But perhaps the bank became now more exclusive as Jan became more silent and less approachable. He spent more time in the Fort, inaccessible to all; and because of this a legend of mystery commenced to grow up about him. It was a bitter battle he was fighting, a battle to hold his courage and to continue, to carry on against a suddenly acquired knowledge of the futility of human effort and of human plans.

He had schemed for future generations and his mind had engaged itself with what would come to pass after a hundred years. Now, blackly, he perceived that the future was not concerned with him and that his labors would be fortunate if they held their place during the span of his own life. His philosophy changed. He still was able to perceive that one might lay certain foundations of first importance to another generation, but they were general foundations of common interest to mankind or to the nation. One might build a railroad to nurture a region, and that region might become rich and populous in consequence. One might do this or that which would affect the future of the many, of strangers. But to plan for oneself, for one's family, for one's House, was futile. The individual or the individual family was prone to vicissitudes such as the death of Claas or the viciousness of young Jan or the sex of Anneke. Against those things no human endeavor might avail. The individual was upon the knees of blind gods.

But even so, even with the ashes of bitter realization in his mouth, he could not control that living thing within him which had made him the man he was. He could not control his own indomitability. He could not control that part of him which insisted upon discovering some way to defeat disaster. In short, he could not kill his courageous, hopeful soul, which forced him to continue, to fight, to seek expedients, to struggle against the invincible hand of fate itself.

So it was that his thoughts turned inevitably to his son Jan. Not to Jan himself, for he was done for good and all with his first-born. That door was closed and sealed. But in the loneliness and secrecy of the Fort he played with the idea of grandchildren! Might not that taint which had attacked and rotted his son and destroyed him work itself out and die? Was it not possible that the honest, hard-working blood of the Roulets, even in combination with the tainted blood of Jan, might create another generation bearing the name of Van Horn which might be worthy of the traditions of Phillipse & Van Horn and of that family which was to be old Jan's chief creation?

So, to his agents in St. Louis and New Orleans, in Detroit and Cincinnati, in Boston or Baltimore or wherever his far-reaching connections extended, his word went out to send him news of his elder son and his elder son's family. At least he would know if hope might find soil in which to flower.

Also, and not strangely, perhaps, his hatred of Abel Betts augmented itself and became more demanding. More and more he came to lay at Abel's door his every misfortune and disappointment.

In these dark hours he found some support; first, the intelligent gentleness and brave, sustaining love of Mary Phillipse; second, the will, the almost masculine—perhaps, more than masculine—will of his daughter Anneke—of Anneke, toasted nightly as the most beautiful woman of the metropolis! For in Claas' death Anneke read opportunity.

"Father," she said when a decent interval had passed, "I am coming to the bank today."

"Yes, daughter," said Jan, thinking she meant to accompany him on his walk to the countingroom.

"You don't understand. I am coming to the bank to stay."

Jan frowned. Usually he was not slow to catch an implication. "To stay?" he asked, fixing his grave, gray eyes upon her radiant beauty.

"To stay," she said, and her firm jaw set as the force of a will of iron tensed itself for its first great exertion. "My name is Van Horn, is it not?"

"Van Horn, yes, my daughter."

"And the future head of the House," she said.

The head of the House! True. He had not thought of that. When he was gone Anneke would be head of the House—a woman! The reflection was bitter.

"Am I or am I not?"

"It is so," said Jan.

"Then it is time I take my place."

"You are a woman."

"I am a woman who is better than any man. You have said it yourself. Have you a man in the bank who understands finance better than I? Tell me his name. Have you a man with a better brain or better health or more ability?"

"Your mother says it is unnatural," said Jan.

"Unnatural or not, is it a fact?"

Jan nodded his head. "It is so. If you were a man I could be content."

"Claas would have been head of the House," she said cruelly. "Time and again you have said I was abler than he. And you have trained me and taught me since I was a baby. If I were not a woman—if it weren't for that accident—and with my brain and my knowledge and my ability, would I not be able to carry on the House better than Claas?"

"It is true," he said wearily. "But you are a woman."

"Before now women have shown they were as good as men. Women have held great places and conducted them as men. I know myself. I am as great as any of those women. Women have been queens and ruled nations; why should a woman not rule a bank?"

"No," said Jan gravely. "Your mother says ——"

"My mother says I am beautiful. My mother says I am a reigning toast. My mother says I must occupy a place in society. My mother says I must marry and have children, and be a nonentity." She stamped her foot. "I should tear myself to pieces. I should die." She paused and held her father eye to eye.

"You will love a fine young man and he will love you," said Jan, "and then there is an end to the banking."

"Do you want me to take an oath that I will not marry?"

"God forbid," said Jan.

"I do not think I shall marry," she said. "No man shall dominate me."

"You are a woman," her father reiterated. "Without a man in your life, it is not complete. Life is life. There are matters you do not understand."

She smiled bitterly. "I am nineteen. Have I lived in a closed room? If a woman such as I am needs a man, she takes him. That is all. No. Today I come to the bank. It is my right and I demand it. A Van Horn must be there to carry on when you are gone."

"After you will be no more Van Horns," said Jan drearily.

"If you do not take me, there will be none after you," she said. "At least I am one more generation. I am coming. If you do not let me come, then here is the end between you and me and the family."

"What do you mean, daughter?"

"If you do not give me my proper place that is mine, then I will go and make a place for myself. What I say I mean. I give you your choice."

"This must be talked over with your mother," Jan protested.

"No, it is between you and me. And now. Is it yes or is it no, father?"

"Your mother says you are hard, daughter. I look at you and see great loveliness. I see a loveliness to make men worship you. You do not look hard. But there is a hard thing inside you. Maybe it is not good. To be hard is not good."

"Is it yes or no?" she demanded.

"Then it must be yes," he said, "but trouble and grief may come of it, and what else besides I do not know."

"This will come of it," she said: "The House will continue another fifty years."

"But what then?" asked her father.

"When I am through with my own life and what I wish to do with my life, I do not care. But Anneke Van Horn will have lived her life and people will have heard of her." She shrugged her beautiful shoulders. "When I am through, then I am through. It will not matter to me then."

Jan sighed. "You are hard," he said, "but also you are many things besides. It is time we go to the bank."

Mary Phillipse protested and wept, and surrendered. Anneke became a part of the bank, a seven days' wonder and a seven days' scandal to staid New York—which troubled her not at all.

A diarist, writing of her in those days, was compelled to express his amazement and his admiration and something of his distaste at the spectacle of a woman engaged in such activities.

"Anneke Van Horn, beautiful daughter of Jan, the great banker," he says, "was an anomaly and a marvel. Not content to take her place in our society, she must invade the masculine realm of business and take a desk in her father's countingroom. Never in the world, I believe, has there been a human being so deft in the business of handling money. It was a miracle to see the lightning speed with which bank notes passed through her lovely fingers. It was not mechanical; almost it was poetical, and seemed to require neither thought nor mental effort, but was like some softly, swiftly flowing stream of water, uninterrupted and certain. No fluster or recounting. And as she counted she would talk, asking and answering questions. It is one thing to count new crisp notes fresh from the presses; it is quite another to count wildcat notes, old and filthy and ragged. Merchants who received that sort of currency in payment of their bills were obliged to sell them over the counters of brokers or such banks as Phillipse & Van Horn. For hours before closing time a long row would stand before her counter with stacks of depreciated currency. Anneke Van Horn was never disturbed in her curious serenity. As she sat exchanging wildcat for par she was indeed the Goddess of Finance—as the New York Review named her in its columns."

Even in his first moments of stark grief Jan Van Horn did not forget or neglect Abel Betts and the Ramapo Railroad. The announcement of a state subsidy sent the doubtful stock whirling upward. That action had been swift, hard upon the heels of the conversation with young Whipple which had shown Jan's scheme to Abel—so quick that Betts was unable to buy at the bottom. On the heels of the first announcement came others of a favorable nature, and the stock, which had stood stagnant at nineteen, eddied and swirled in the excited air of the Stock Exchange until it touched and passed fifty. Curiously, little stock appeared until it reached that point, and there were rumors that it would go on in its upward progress until it reached a hundred.

But at fifty Jan deftly released his secret holdings—parcels in the names of a dozen or fifty men—a little here, a little there. And Abel Betts bought. It was disappointing not to have been able to grab control of the road at bargain figures, but his astute brain told him these prices were bargain figures to a man with his end in view. Once give him control, with power to elect new directors and possess himself of the machinery of management, and Jan Van Horn would pay through the nose. So he bought, secretly, but not with enough secrecy to deceive Jan. A hundred shares, five hundred, a thousand, in lots and parcels they appeared and Abel snatched them up. During the following two weeks he bought out of Jan's private accumulations upward of twenty thousand shares of the Ramapo's fifty thousand. Jan's profits mounted, climbed to the half-million mark, and all from Abel Betts' pocketbook.

Then, swiftly, his attack veered to Abel Betts' steamboat line on the Sound. Jan withdrew three ships from other routes and placed them in competition, cutting rates and fares to the bone and to the marrow of the bone. Every ounce of freight and every human being transported by Abel was at a loss. He sent as emissary one of his associates.

"What does this mean, Mr. Van Horn?" asked the ambassador, a Mr. Petersen. "This is throat-cutting. What do you hope to gain by it?"

"It is business," said Jan.

"But you'll bankrupt both lines," protested Mr. Petersen.

"Not both," said Jan, and there was an end of the matter.

So Betts' revenues dropped far below running expenses and he rushed to the banks. Weekly and monthly, through summer and autumn, he borrowed at ruinous discounts and high interest upon demand paper—which the banks were glad to sell and Jan to buy. At last the directors in Betts' transportation line had enough. They insisted upon laying up the ships. Better to rot at docks than to operate themselves into bankruptcy. And their stock dropped plummetlike until its value was negligible. Ramapo, from being a diversion, a means of making extra, pleasurable money to Abel Betts, became a necessity.

But suddenly the bottom dropped from Ramapo. The governor announced that if the legislature passed the bill for a grant of money to the railroad he would veto it. Uproar arose on the Exchange, to become pandemonium upon the news that those hundred miles of piles, driven at an expense of a half million of dollars, were useless and a loss. Downward plunged the stock, to thirty, to twenty, to fifteen. Abel Betts' investment of upward of a million in the road found itself shrunken to three hundred thousand. And he must find money to hold his commitments. Either that or throw them upon the market for a loss of nearly three-quarters of a million.

Again he rushed to the banks, suddenly stricken by panic, to find that not only could he borrow no more but that notes with his name upon the back, given by his steamboat line, were called. Now, whatever indorser or what remaining collateral

(Continued on Page 97)

At Last She Left Him... He Was A Breakfast-skimper!

LIFE will be easier for secretaries—and wives and children—when American business men stop breakfast-skimping. For a lot of our national nervousness and irritability comes from our national bad habit of starting the day half-fed.

Doctors will tell you that people who begin the day's work without the right kind of nourishment are subjecting their bodies, their nervous systems, to enormous strain . . . *Don't* be a breakfast-skimper!

You probably don't want a *big* breakfast. Most people don't, nowadays. And a small breakfast can give you ample nourishment if you choose your breakfast menu carefully. Choose food that supplies the elements your body needs to carry you serenely through the day's work.

Choose Grape-Nuts—as millions of families do each morning. This delicious food, made from wheat and malted barley, supplies a wealth of vital food elements your body *must* have for health and vigor.

Grape-Nuts contributes carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; vitamin-B—builder of appetite. And Grape-Nuts is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest.

Another benefit, too, comes from Grape-Nuts. Its golden kernels, nut-like in flavor, are enticingly, irresistibly *crisp*. And so they encourage the thorough chewing which gives to teeth and gums the healthful exercise Nature intended.

Buy Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, for breakfast tomorrow. Or mail the coupon below for the free trial offer!

Grape-Nuts Makes The Small Breakfast *Safe!*

A single serving of Grape-Nuts with cream provides more varied *nourishment than many a hearty meal. Add Grape-Nuts to your breakfast.*

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Please send me, free, a trial package of Grape-Nuts, and two booklets—"Happier Days from Better Breakfasts," and "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

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The First Name and the Greatest Name in KELVINA

TODAY'S buyers of electric refrigeration see in the new Super-Automatic Kelvinator, the same basic dependability that has characterized Kelvinator over a period of 16 years.

But they are discovering, in addition, a whole new series of sound advancements that literally transform the convenience and usefulness of electric refrigeration in the home.

There is no basis of comparison by which you may judge the new Super-Automatic Kelvinator.

For no other electric refrigerator has the marvelous four-fold service of the de luxe Kelvinator—automatic super-fast freezing of ice cubes and desserts—scientifically correct cold uniformly between 40 and 50 degrees in food compartments—fast freezing of ice and desserts—and the unique cold storage compartment pioneered by Kelvinator, with *below-freezing* cold for keeping meats, fish, game, frozen fruits and other frozen delicacies.

It is more than a coincidence that in thus broadening the service delivered by electric refrigeration, Kelvinator and the entire Kelvinator dealer organization are now enjoying the most tremendous increase in sales in their history.

Knowing that Kelvinator's great resources bring *all* these advantages to you at no advance in price, you are well advised to inspect the complete new Kelvinator line before making any investment in electric refrigeration.

Features noted above are standard on the 12 beautiful new Super-Automatic Kelvinators—with the exception of Cold Storage Compartment, exclusive to de luxe models. See them at your nearest Kelvinator showroom. Purchase on easy terms through Kelvinator's ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

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Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
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Electric Refrigeration

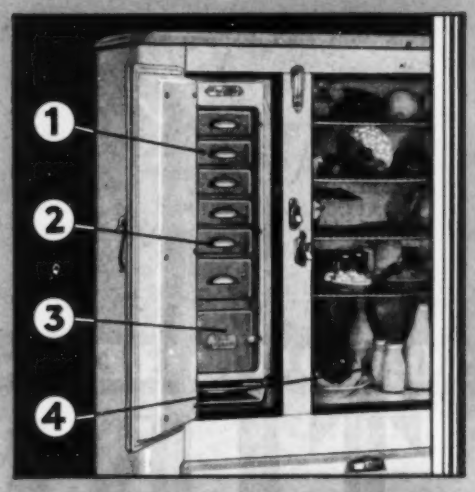
TOR brings you 4-way cold

① **Automatic Fast Freezing**

② **Automatic Super-Fast Freezing**

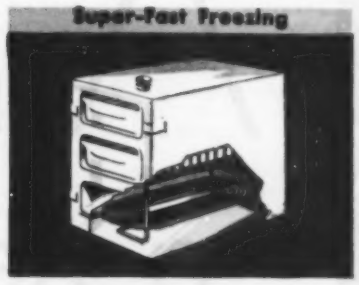
③ **Automatic Cold Storage**

④ **Automatic Cold For Foods**



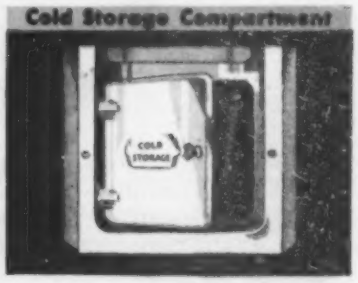
Only KELVINATOR Gives You All These Features

Super-Fast Freezing



Iso-Thermic Tubes, an exclusive Kelvinator discovery, provide for the first time amazingly fast automatic freezing of ice cubes and desserts. Merely placing a tray of water or dessert in a special fast-freezing compartment starts the quick freezing operation, which stops automatically. Nothing to regulate. Nothing to trouble the memory.

Cold Storage Compartment



A separate compartment beneath regular freezing trays—for storing fresh or frozen meats, fish, game and those new frozen delicacies you find at many markets. Cold *always below freezing*. Beef and other meats kept in the Kelvinator cold storage compartment will be actually improved in tenderness and flavor. Another new development—originated by Kelvinator.

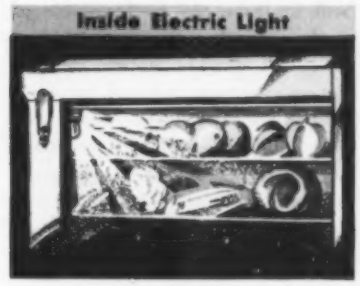
Greatest Ice Capacity

De luxe models provide more ice, size for size, than any other refrigerator. Capacities from 20 pounds in the smallest size to 34 pounds in the largest size—at a single freezing. Of course, a number of freezings per day are possible.

New Rubber Ice Tray

Made of flexible rubber that bends easily in the hands, releasing one or a dozen ice cubes instantly. These trays increase the usable yield of ice from 33⅓ to 50 per cent because they prevent waste by melting under faucet.

Inside Electric Light



On de luxe Kelvinator models, an electric light illuminates the farthest corners of the refrigerator. Switch and light indicator on front of refrigerator. A convenience that will be appreciated by every housewife.

Kelvin Cooler

An accessory, useful in two ways both as a freshener for keeping vegetables crisp and as a water cooler. All-porcelain, inside and out, and fitted with convenient nickel-plated faucet. Fits easily on the spacious Kelvinator food shelves.

It is a simple matter to decide just what electric refrigerator to buy. Drop in at the nearest Kelvinator showroom and see the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators in operation. Compare them point for point with any electric refrigerators you have ever known. You will quickly conclude that Kelvinator today offers you far more in value, in convenience, in reliable, wholly automatic service.

Free illustrated folder describing the complete new Kelvinator line will be mailed on request. Ask your dealer about the new Kelvinator Recipe Book.

Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Please mail me free illustrated folder describing in detail the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators.

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A new-type tire ...a new riding ease

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FEDERAL, a new and improved type of tire, gives greater riding comfort and greater mileage—*at no greater cost*

FIRST the solid rubber tire. Then the first high pressure pneumatic tire. Then the balloon tire pioneering the low-air-pressure idea. Each had its day. And each was "the latest development" until progress demanded better riding comfort and longer life.

Now Science has perfected a new-type tire, The Federal *AIR-CUSHION* Tire, a significant forward step. It gives you the *last word* in buoyant, cushioned riding comfort and in mileage.

A larger cushion of air

In the new-type Federal AIR-CUSHION Tire, due to more scientific design, the air chamber is decidedly larger.

You ride on a 12% larger cushion of low pressure, shock-absorbing air. You get riding comfort that you have always imagined but never known—that assures a new motoring luxury for *thousands of miles.*

50,000 miles and more

Think of this. The new Federal De Luxe, a super tire, has a life expectancy of 50,000 miles and more. Not that you are likely to wear out 50,000 miles, but to give you a tire that will be safe and reliable and efficient at 25,000 or 30,000 miles. Federal gives you this new factor of safety to meet the high speeds and quick stopping of today.

New performance features

Due to improved design, the new-type Federal AIR-CUSHION Tire will improve the performance of your car in six important ways. You will quickly notice smarter get-away—more spirited acceleration—increased speed—more velvety handling—more positive braking. Even miles per gallon of gasoline are increased by 5% to 7%, due to less unsprung weight dragging on the engine.

A new-type guarantee

See the Federal dealer. Study this new Federal AIR-CUSHION Tire, point by point. Try a set for 30 days on this unusual agreement which any Federal dealer will gladly make:—

"If after 30 days use you are not fully convinced that Federal AIR-CUSHION Tires give you more luxurious riding comfort, better acceleration, easier steering, firmer braking, and the assurance of maximum mileage, return them and your money will be refunded."

If you do not know a Federal dealer, write direct to us.

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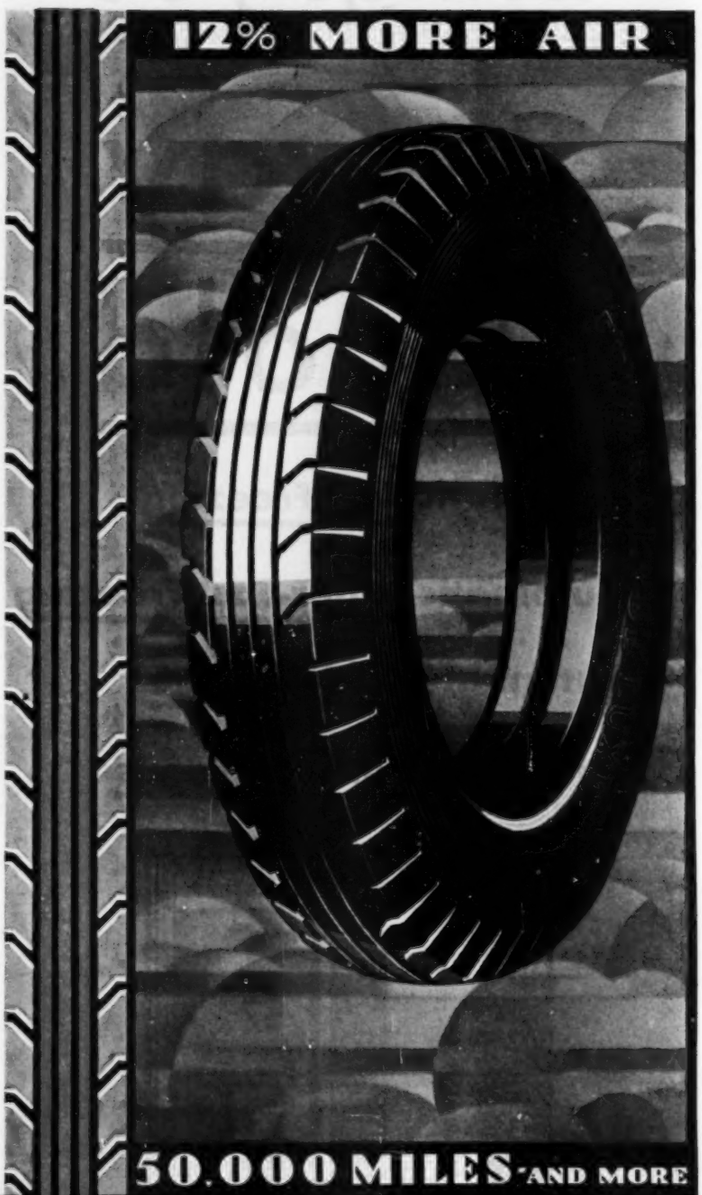

FEDERAL TIRES

YOU RIDE ON MORE AIR

(Continued from Page 92)

he owned was offered, every source of credit was closed to him. There was nothing to do but sell. Money he must have—money in large sums—and he threw his holdings upon the market. Ramapo broke to ten; stock in his steamboat line, which in prosperous days had stood at a hundred and fifty, was all but worthless. But he must realize what he could. And as he sold, Jan bought cautiously, secretly, inexorably. The plan was operating as a machine, exact in its movements, smooth, silent, efficient. Jan bought Abel's large holdings in the steamboat line at bankruptcy prices, and Abel's name was still on its paper as indorser!

The statistics were appalling to Abel Betts; would have been more appalling had he realized the extent and nature of them. In the first transaction in Ramapo, Jan had taken a profit of half a million from Abel's pocket; on the break and forced sale of the railroad's stock Abel had lost three-quarters of a million. Another million was gone with the steamboat line, and the dumping of holdings in canal companies, turnpikes and other enterprises to turn them into necessary money to meet called paper had eaten into his remaining capital until nothing but a skeleton, rickety and insecure at the joints, remained of the substantial body of his wealth. From seven millions of dollars he had shrunk to less than two. But Jan was not satisfied. He would be content with nothing save ruin complete and final—and more than ruin.

Legends of the feud, coming down to us, have charged Jan Van Horn with incredible malignancy of hatred; more than that, they have brought him to the bar indicted with actions and conduct intolerable to the decent banker and man of honor. Cruelty has been laid at his door, and injustice, for Abel Betts' hypocrisy had gained him followers and admirers. His blatant religion and his efforts to purchase an admission to Paradise had pictured him to certain impressionable and uncomprehending minds as a saint. So we have garbled stories and garbled implications from actions to be proved by evidence. Of them all, only the final chapter bears some color of truth and justice, but when one considers the provocation, the bitter, unforgivable wrongs, one hesitates to pass judgment. A wife stolen, a son debauched! Those alone were great matters, and he would be a saint indeed who would not demand the utmost retribution, who would not plan and strive and connive for his revenge.

The charge that Jan Van Horn tricked Abel Betts into prison is one which may be argued. It is true Jan provided the opportunity; true he hoped it would be used; true he brought about such dire necessity that a better man than Abel would have been tempted. There the reasonable mind, understanding finite human nature, must stop. It may be that Jan planned this final stroke from the beginning. Let that man whose wife has been stolen from him, whose son has been made a traitor to his father, judge if Jan was justified.

That Abel Betts was beside himself is shown to us by indisputable testimony; his shrewdness was gone; his adroitness vanished, and little remained but desperation. Stripped to the bone, he must use the bones to recoup; it is a dreadful thing to face poverty after riches at the age of sixty-one!

Once more Jan manipulated Ramapo; perhaps that went on in Albany which cannot bear the light of day, for already there was present in the legislature there the substantial germ which grew in a few years to be the Black Horse Cavalry of infamous memory. Be that as the facts disclose, a count of votes told Wall Street that the Ramapo Bill could be passed and would be passed over the governor's veto.

Reports of earning and present prosperity renewed the confidence of the public in the enterprise, and finally the announcement that Phillipse & Van Horn had underwritten an issue of its bonds and had become its fiscal agents was sufficient to start Ramapo on a new upward climb. To thirty, to forty, to fifty again.

Then entered once more Mr. Whipple, whose whispers to Abel Betts had sprung the trap in the beginning. Mr. Whipple whispered again, and Abel's overeager ears drank in the words.

"Mr. Van Horn is worried," Whipple told Betts. "It looks like a chance for somebody to make a great deal of money." Mr. Whipple always was somewhat precise in his language. "He holds a tremendous lot of Ramapo at these high prices. I heard him discussing it with his daughter yesterday." He lowered his voice: "The fact is he has lost votes in the Assembly. Fact! The Ramapo Bill can't pass over the governor's veto. And that issue of bonds is on his hands. The public don't subscribe."

One cannot defend the ethics of this; the facts are stated and the motives have been shown.

This is no apology for Jan Van Horn, but the story of his life, as veritable as any man's life story can be told.

"When that news leaks out," said Abel eagerly, "the stock'll break."

"Certain to," agreed Whipple.

"And a feller'd be wise to sell." Abel's eyes gleamed. He might pull out after all, for here was heaven-sent information and heaven-sent opportunity.

In the morning commenced his final campaign—selling short of Ramapo. He sold as the stock rose upon the news of the first passage of the Ramapo Bill by the Assembly.

He continued to sell upon the slight recession when the governor exercised the power of the veto. But, unaccountably, the stock did not continue its decline; instead, it climbed back to its old position, and continued to sell until no brokerage house dared accept another order or execute another sale for him.

Then, in January of 1844, the Assembly passed the bill over the governor's veto with six votes to spare!

Abel Betts was short twenty thousand shares of Ramapo, with never a resource to fall back upon, and forty-three of the fifty thousand shares of the road in Jan Van Horn's hands—a virtual corner. Nor was that the most agonizing, most terrifying face of the matter to Abel Betts. Not only had he used every penny and every security of his own in this final effort, but he had, in his confidence, or in his frenzy, thrown into the pot some quarter of a million dollars of funds not his own, held by him as trustee. And that trusteeship had been thrust upon him through the influence of Jan Van Horn! His debacle complete, ruthless, terrible!

"Mr. Betts asking to see you," a clerk informed Jan on the morning after the debacle.

"Let him come," said Jan.

In a moment the door opened and the tall, spare figure of Abel Betts stood on the threshold; it seemed shrunken beneath the suit of black which the man affected; the long, bony face was longer and thinner, and the brown eyes, aged now and no longer dancing with the light which had filled them in the circus-clown days when he had delighted bucolic audiences from the top of a barrel, were heavy, puffed of lids, and dark with many emotions, among which was neither shame nor fortitude.

"What you aim to do, Jan?" Abel asked. "I'm busted. Hain't you content?"

"Where is my wife?" asked Jan, motionless, cold, not exulting, but merciless, inexorable.

"Bygones," said Abel, moving forward, his pace almost a shuffle. "That was nigh fifty year ago."

"Where is my son?" Jan asked, and his eyes did not stir from Abel's face.

"I asked God to forgive me for that sin," said Abel, "and He's done so. I cal'late if He kin show mercy, you ought to be able to, Jan. I been a sinner and weak, but I always come back to the mercy seat."

Jan looked down at the arm of his chair as if comparing it with this mercy seat of Abel's. He felt it to be no seat of mercy.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you should let up on me, Jan. Give a man a chance. Keep your hands off of me till I git a foothold. For old times' sake, Jan. Hain't you got any Christian charity?"

"No," said Jan.

"'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord. You hain't got any right to take things out of His hands. You hain't an instrument. Won't you leave me be, eh? Won't you call off your dawgs?"

"No," said Jan.

"Hain't there any appeal'll reach to you? You've dragged me low and I'm standin' humble and suppliant."

"No," said Jan.

"About those trust funds now. It rests with you. You hain't a-goin' to press that thing, are you? You hain't a-goin' to force prosecution?"

"Yes," said Jan.

"Won't anything content you but houndin' an old man—a broken, twisted, humble old man—into prison?"

"Even that," said Jan, "is too little."

Abel Betts turned, sagging a little more at the shoulders, his feet dragging a trifle more heavily, and shambled from the room.

One month later Jan Van Horn sat in court, silent, stolid, emotionless, and heard the judge pronounce sentence upon his broken, penniless enemy. Then, with all men's eyes upon him—eyes which regarded him with a sort of dismay—he walked heavily from the courtroom. This was in the sixty-first year of his age.

XXIV

ANNEKE VAN HORN discovered an increasing volume of information to be coming into the bank with respect to her half-brother Jan and his family. This, her astute mind informed her, was not uninspired, and she was able correctly to read its significance.

Her father was engaging himself again with the family and the House. Inevitably he had turned to the male line of descent and was engaging himself with the idea of the sons of his first-born as possible heirs and bearers of the Van Horn oriflamme.

Anneke, always imperious, burning with a fever of ambition, driven by vigor of mind and body, was not one to permit herself to be supplanted without dynamic effort to hold her place. Nor was she one to postpone the moment of understanding. When the matter became clear to her she did not delay, but went at once to face her father in his office.

"A great many letters have been coming here about my half-brother Jan and his family," she said without preamble.

"Yes," said Jan, "it is true."

"What have you learned?"

"There are two children," said Jan: "A daughter with the name Christine, who is fourteen years old; and a son, Henry Clay, who will be thirteen this year."

"It is this Henry Clay Van Horn you are thinking about," said Anneke.

"Yes."

"Because he is a boy. Because his name is Van Horn."

"It is so."

"Where is he?"

"In St. Louis."

"With his mother and sister?"

"Yes."

"Where is his father?"

"He wanders," said Jan. "He goes to many places."

"But he is generally to be found on a Mississippi steamboat," said Anneke. "A gambler and card sharper."

"Yes."

"You are thinking of bringing him here," said Anneke.

"I think of it."

"But will his father give him up to you, or will you fetch the whole family?"

"No," said Jan grimly, "not the family. The boy and maybe the girl. Maybe. I have not made my mind up. I think about it, that is all. They will give him to me for a sum of money. For a sum of money he would give anything." The old gentleman's lip curled.

"What about me?" Anneke asked directly.

(Continued on Page 100)

SPEED UP

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Pulleys pace production. Like the high speed machines they serve, pulleys must be modern in design—stripped of needless weight—balanced to lessen vibration—reinforced for added stress.

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Many people have not yet availed themselves of the advantages of six-cylinder performance because they do not realize how little it costs to own a Chevrolet Six.

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And it is equally inexpensive to operate and maintain. Competing against a field of 41 entrants, a 1930 six-cylinder Chevrolet Coach recently won the sweepstakes and first place in its class in a 200-mile economy run, held under the observation of the American Automobile Association. It averaged better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Chevrolet's six-cylinder valve-in-head motor is unusually economical in its use of oil. And Chevrolet service—which is available from more than 10,000 dealers located throughout the country—is remarkably economical. In fact, Chevrolet's flat-rate charges on many service and repair operations—including both parts and labor—are actually the lowest in the industry.

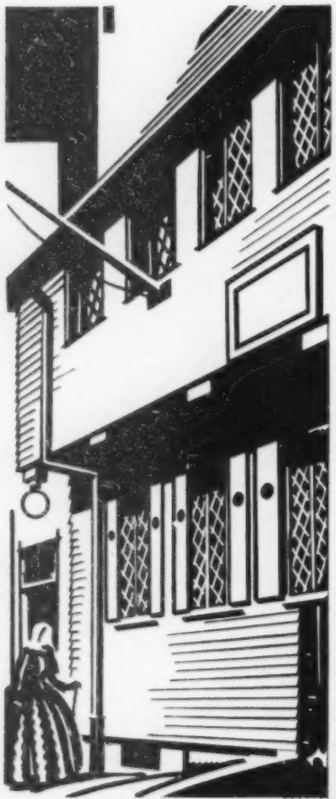
Thus it is obvious that cost is no bar to six-cylinder ownership. For it is just as easy to own a Chevrolet Six—with its greater smoothness, quieter operation and longer life—as any other car you can buy.

Before you consider any other low-priced automobile, see the Chevrolet Six. Inspect its beautiful Fisher bodies. Know the thrill of its smooth, powerful, six-cylinder performance. Then compare its prices with those of any other low-priced car.

You'll be surprised when you learn how easy it is to own a Chevrolet Six under the liberal G. M. A. C. terms. See your Chevrolet dealer today—and get a six-cylinder demonstration.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

The Roadster, $495; The Phaeton, $495; The Sport Roadster, $555; The Coach, $565; The Coupe, $565; The Sport Coupe, $655; The Club Sedan, $625; The Sedan, $675; The Special Sedan, $725 (6 Wire Wheels Standard); The Roadster Delivery (Pick-up Box Extra), $440; The Sedan Delivery, $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan.



BERRYCRAFT Finishes protect Paul Revere's home

Paul Revere's home, a shrine of American patriotism, is preserved with long-wearing Berrycraft Finishes. In refinishing a historical landmark like this, beauty and permanence are most important. This assignment was executed by the A. D. Howlett Company, Boston, one of the nation's foremost decorators and for many years a user of Berry Brothers' varnishes, enamels, lacquers and paints. Berrycraft Finishes give you more for your money in better appearance and longer wear. On floors and woodwork use Liquid Granite, the million step-test varnish. On exteriors use Berrycraft House Paint, a revolutionary new product. Bring fresh color to woodwork, furniture, etc., with Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. On porch and basement floors use Lionoil Floor Enamel, enamel at the price of paint. Your dealer has these and other long-wearing Berry finishes or will get them for you if you insist. Have extra quality at an actual saving in cost!

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints

DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 97)

"There is enough for all," said Jan. "There is much money."

"But," said Anneke, "there can be but one head of the House."

"But one head," said Jan.

"This Henry Clay Van Horn is not yet thirteen. It will be many years before he is able to hold such a place, even if he is fit for it. He will not be of age for eight years. You will be seventy then."

"Sixty-eight," said Jan.

"Will he be able to take your place at twenty-one?"

"Not so," said Jan. "Even if I live so long, he could not take my place so soon. Not for five, maybe for ten years."

"And in the meantime?" asked Anneke.

Jan considered this. "There is you," he said finally.

"There is myself," said Anneke. "You think, then, I will be able to manage the affairs of Phillipse & Van Horn and conserve its assets for Henry Clay Van Horn? You think I have that ability?"

"I know it," said Jan.

"Do you know a man who can do it as well?"

"My daughter, you are a good banker."

"And," she asked with rising color, "do you think I will occupy the place of a regent during this interregnum? Do you think I will take this son of a gambler and a drunkard, this son of a man who has seen the inside of a dozen jails, and tutor him and educate him and conserve a fortune for him, and then turn it over to him when he is ready? Do you think I will do this, and then step down to sit the rest of my life in a parlor with folded hands, living on his bounty?"

"It would not be like that," said Jan. "No. All I think to do is to keep the name alive and the House alive."

"If you should die tomorrow I become a necessity," said Anneke.

"A necessity," said Jan. "But I do not die tomorrow."

"If you die at any time within ten years I am a necessity," said Anneke.

"It is so."

"Have I been a good daughter to you?"

"Very good," said Jan. "Very good."

"Could a son have been better, or have shown more ability, or have accomplished more?"

"That could not be."

"Very well then. Now, father, I say this: I am the next head of the House. It is my right. I will not be supplanted by this son of a card sharper and grandson of a common sailor. I will not endure it. So long as I live, after you I will be first in this family. I will not only be first, I will be all. I will not permit you to send for this boy or to bring him here or to recognize him. When I was a baby I despised his father. I will have none of his father's brats about me."

"Anneke! Anneke!" her father expostulated as she paused for breath.

"This thing will be put an end to now. One way or the other. Either I am the next head of the House as long as I live, or I am nothing. Either you give me your word now that I have all, that no other human being has any part or share in Phillipse & Van Horn or in the Van Horn fortune, or I put on my bonnet and walk out of this countingroom forever. I will tolerate no uncertainty. It must be yes or no, father. I must be all or nothing."

"But, for all that, Anneke, these children are my own flesh and blood—my grandchildren."

"Very well, father, if that is your decision." She turned her back squarely and walked with erect shoulders and firm step toward the door.

"Stop! Stop! Have I said that is my decision? I have said nothing. I have only listened. Many times your mother says you are hard, Anneke. It is true. You are hard—not soft and gentle like a woman. You would be a great man. Yes, I know you. I see your brain at work. If you are a man then you are a greater banker than Jan Van Horn or Stephen Girard or Nicholas Biddle or any. I admit all."

"Man! Man! Man! I am sick of the word! I am a woman. I am a great woman! I know! And I will be a great woman in spite of all the men. If I cannot do it in the House of Phillipse & Van Horn I will do it outside."

"It would be better if there was some softness," said Jan. "Even in banking there must be some softness. It is not all hard like the rock. I think this hardness will be your spot of weakness, daughter."

"Time will show that," she said.

"Would you leave these children of the name of Van Horn to starve?"

"Have you let them starve?"

"No," said Jan, "I have fed them."

"So I will feed them. But I will not have them hanging over me as a threat. As you have sent them money each month I will send them money each month. But I will not have them independent. If they behave they get their remittance; if they do not behave I can withhold it. I mean to keep the whip hand always, or no hand at all."

Jan regarded her, not resentfully, almost admiringly. He was studying her, assaying her. She would not change. She had issued this her ultimatum and she would stand by it. And he—he was in a cleft stick. Sixty-one years old! He needed her now, and when but a few years were gone she would be indispensable. Also, there was the matter of right and wrong, and Jan throughout his life had given consideration to this matter of right and wrong. He had not always chosen the right or held himself from the wrong, but he had weighed these commodities before making his decisions. He weighed them now. There was right on Anneke's side—right and the color of justice. Also, she was a known quantity. Phillipse & Van Horn would be safe in her hands, and no man could guess how this young Henry Clay Van Horn would turn out. Henry Clay was a gamble, a guess, a hope. Anneke was a certainty. And, first and last, Jan Van Horn was a banker. Long hazards were not for him when a safe, certain course might be pursued.

He sighed. It was the final frustration of his hopes and his plans for a series of future generations—generations bearing the name and conserving and augmenting the fortune of Van Horn. One more generation, and then the end of the name. Even if Anneke married and the blood persisted, the name would vanish! He sighed again.

"It will be as you say," he said gravely.

"I have your word, father?"

"My word, Anneke," he said. And then: "It is better if you practice not to be so hard. Sometimes there must be yielding as well. Always to be stubborn is not good. And you are more than stubborn, daughter. I have never known a man so hard."

"I am what you have made me," she said. "From babyhood you have taught me and trained me."

"No, not so. There is something besides, something of yourself, that is born in yourself and that nobody gives. It will make you a great woman; also, I think, it will make you an unhappy woman. It is softness and kindness and love that give the only happiness. I know, my daughter, because I have loved." He closed his eyes. "As a boy I loved. Then came a bad time. Again as a man I loved your mother, and that has always been good. It has been the best. Then I love my sons, but not in a right way altogether. But I love them. Also I lose them, which was a sorrow. And I have loved you, Anneke. Those loves have been my happiness—what happiness I have had. Not the making of a bank or the building of a fortune. That is not happiness, but something else. It is a kind of pride that gives a cold pleasure. But not the warm and gentle pleasure of loving and being loved. I am old now. I see better what are the great things of life. Again, I would work to have more of them."

"Again, father, you would do as you have done," she said.

"Belike you are right," said Jan. "This I know: When one is old it is different things that become important. I am old. Not many years remain. I have done many things, but the things I wanted have made themselves impossible. I am wishing there had been more love and more friendship. Those are fine things to have and to remember."

"No," said Anneke imperiously, "the great thing is to accomplish. To build a thing like this bank. To have power. Those things are real, father. The others are nothing but emotions. Give me Phillipse & Van Horn, and someone else can have the loves and the friendships."

Jan smiled gravely. "After all, you are only a child," he said. "You are a woman, and beautiful. I think this love will come to you and then you are changed and understand many things. A husband and children! Then you come to understand."

"If," said Anneke, "I find I need it, I will take it."

"It does not come so," said Jan, and then for minutes he sat musing. At the end he shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I am at the end, you are at the commencement. I wish I could see what you will see. But I will not see." He drew a deep breath. "Now we go back to business again. What are Mobile Funds today?"

"Eighty-two," said Anneke.

It was true—what Jan Van Horn said of himself. He was nearing the end—nearer to the end than he or his daughter Anneke anticipated. Less than a year remained to him. On the fourteenth of June, 1845, seeming in full vigor and ruddy health, he arose to retire to his bed. He had been discussing the country's finances with Anneke, and as he reached the door he turned:

"When we have enough of one thing, then we go ahead. Then it will work out. Then will come stability. And it will come. When we have enough hard money."

That was his last word. He retired, but in the morning he did not awaken. Jan Van Horn was gone.

(THE END)

Maligne Lake, One of the Largest Glacial Lakes in the Canadian Rockies

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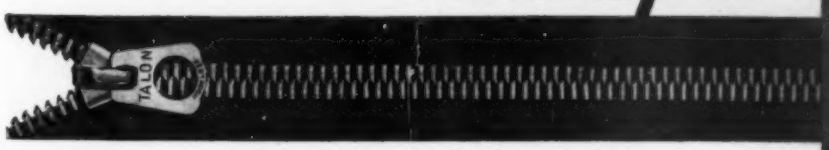

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IF you want a slide-fastened article that never fails to work, look for the name "Talon" or "Hookless" on the slide-pull of the next article you purchase. Either of these names identifies the best slide fastener that money can buy—the one that *always* works.

Send Talons through the laundry—they are rust-proof; work even more easily after washing. Swish them open and shut a thousand times. They are made to stand ten thousand openings and closings without perceptible wear!

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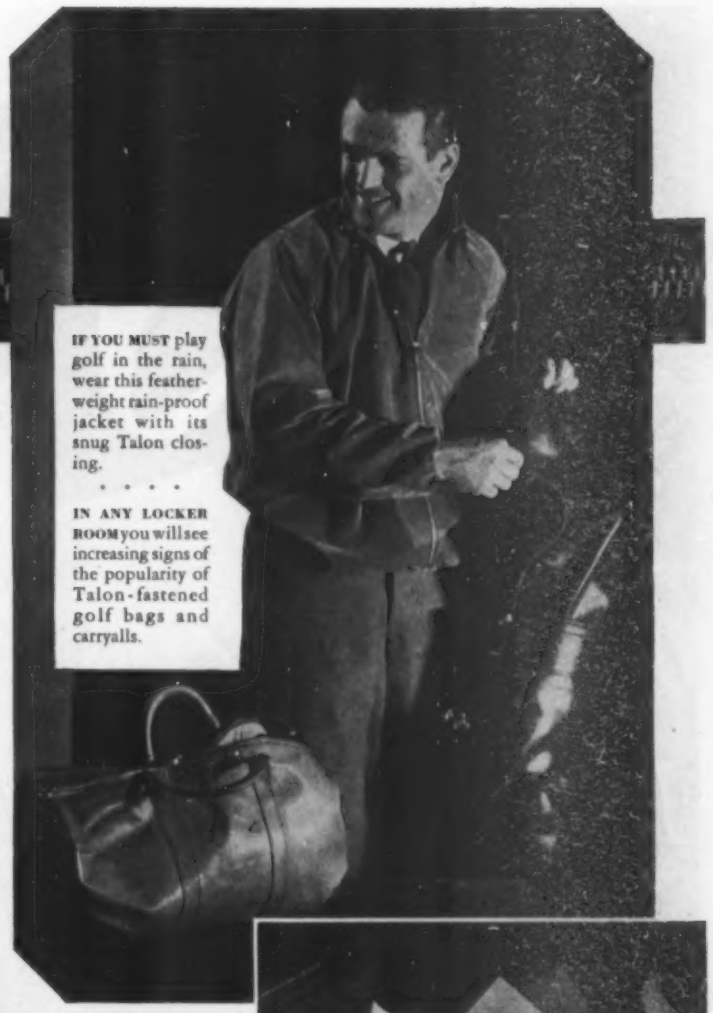

IF YOU MUST play golf in the rain, wear this feather-weight rain-proof jacket with its snug Talon closing.

• • • •

IN ANY LOCKER ROOM you will see increasing signs of the popularity of Talon-fastened golf bags and carryalls.

Above: A BOON to motorists. Trunk covers equipped with Talons are on or off in a second. And they keep out the dust.

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Left: FLY IN COMFORT. Slip this protective suit right over your clothes. It fastens snug and tight with Talons—and goes on or off in quick time.

Left: WHEN YOU SEE a particularly well-groomed tire cover, look closely. It's probably Talon-fastened. That's why it fits so neatly and smoothly.

Above: DON'T ENVY THE man who owns one of the new Talon-fastened brief cases with this inside safety pocket. Get one for yourself and see how handy it is!

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EVERY OCCASION . . .

Because no other cereal is so delicious . . . so richly nourishing . . . so quick cooking

President William Veeck of the National League Pennant-Winning Chicago Cubs votes a hot oatmeal breakfast as necessary for office workers as for ball players. Margaret Donahue, Cubs' secretary, agrees.

America chooses Quaker Oats

as "The breakfast to go to work on"

With 70% of the world's work done before noon, breakfast is your most important meal, say authorities. Quaker Oats is preferred above all other breakfasts for its richer nutrition . . . more lasting energy.

FOR sustained energy to tackle the morning's job, there's no preparation equal to a good breakfast, say America's business leaders. For the right kind of a breakfast keeps you mentally alert, at your best during the 4 most important hours of your day. It provides that "extra ounce of energy" that so often makes the difference between success and failure.

No breakfast can surpass Quaker Oats for its vitalizing food energy. It's better, richer, more satisfying than ordinary oatmeal because it's made of better oats to start with—only the plumpest, finest, most flavory ones.

Why Quaker Oats are different

These selected whole oats are not only heat seasoned in closed containers for 36 hours, but, in addition, *and this is important,* they are roasted in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It is this special process which gives Quaker that luscious nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

But the thing that makes Quaker "unsurpassed for rich nutrition" is the special Quaker milling process. This retains every bit of the vital part of the oat where Nature stores her rich minerals, her health-protecting vitamins, her fine proteins.

Thus Quaker Oats contains 50% more protein than ordinary "over-milled" cereals. And protein is the building and repair material continually demanded by every living cell in the body to make up for the wear and tear on muscles and nerves. Quaker offers, too, 65% energy food, abundant vitamin B, iron to build good red blood, plus the roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary.

⅓ more oats than ordinary packages contain

In addition to richer nutrition, Quaker gives you ⅓ more oats than most millers pack. Don't handicap the 4 most important hours of your day with less nourishing, less delicious food. Quick Quaker cooks done faster than toast or coffee. If you've time for breakfast . . . you've time for this best of breakfasts.

Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor, richer nutrition. The Quaker Oats Company.

The finest oat flavor known

1 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has been able to imitate.

2 ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

3 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

4 ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** — 16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the Quaker name on the package. For a delicious lunch—try *Quaker Milk Macaroni.* Serve *Quaker Puffed Grains* to children who "won't eat cereals." And remember—if you don't agree that any Quaker product you buy is superior to others of its kind—we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package.

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

THE HERMIT OF THREE BUTTES

(Continued from Page 5)

"I suppose you fellows out here are expert at that sort of thing," Moray commented, and looked along the platform. "Is that your machine over there?"

"Yes, sir," Ranse said, with an accentuated drawl.

Moray lighted a cigarette. "Right," he nodded. "How far have we to go?"

Ranse grinned at his own thought. He had been a little sorry for old Vic, a while ago, but he might have saved his sympathy. For this young man would not be easy company. Nor Mrs. Bayless, if she were likely to complain of small discomforts. It was not always possible to be wholly comfortable in the wilderness.

But Enid said, "I can carry this one and this one." And she picked up two of the bags. Ranse decided there would be compensations. He set about the business of getting their belongings to the car.

III

HOURS later, when the mountains in the west began to lay lengthening fingers of shadow across the desert plains which they had all day traversed, they turned aside from the main highway into a lesser road. They had stopped for dinner at a ranch which was also a sort of hostelry; and there, at Ranse's direction, they changed their traveling clothes for garments more suitable to the work ahead, and left the bulk of their baggage behind. Those things which they would for the next two weeks or so require, they packed into canvas bags which Ranse provided. Moray made some protest at the inadequacy of these accommodations, but Mrs. Bayless said it was a relief for once to get away from the burden of so many clothes, and Moray was overruled. When the bags had been stowed in the car they set forth once more upon their way.

They had driven all morning through the desert; they were still in desert country now. Mrs. Bayless sat in the front seat with Ranse; the other three behind. During the morning they had all, save Mr. Bayless, been quick with questionings. Bayless, Ranse remarked, was silent, but his eyes searched the scenes on either hand with a reflective glance, as though he looked upon something once familiar, long almost forgotten. The others asked a thousand questions, and Ranse sought to answer them, till the brooding stillness of the desert by and by did silence them and they rode in this silence through the afternoon.

It was a little past noon when they left the ranch behind; it was past midafternoon when they turned aside from the highway they had followed all that day. They pursued for a while the less-used road which was now their thoroughfare; and sometimes Ranse left the road to take a short cut up a winding arroyo whose hard-packed floor offered easy going for the car. By and by the rutted road began to climb, and suddenly the desert was behind them and there were trees on either hand. The buttresses of the mountains received them; a stream came to meet them; they entered a canyon between wooded ridges, and as they proceeded the canyon widened now and then into grassy little parks dotted with flowers.

Mr. Bayless remarked by and by a scar on the canyon wall, an excavation which followed a steadily ascending grade; and he asked a question.

"That's the old logging railroad," Ranse explained. "Used to be a lumber camp up here. The camp's shut down now, but I use it sometimes for a jumping-off place on a trip like this. It saves a long horseback ride. The boys went up there yesterday, so they'll have camp all made."

Young Moray said complacently: "Miss Bayless and I are looking forward to this trip, Ranse. We ride almost every day together, in the park at home. Great fun, you know. Though I suppose it's all in the line of work for you."

Ranse made no comment, and Enid asked: "Do we start tonight?"

Ranse shook his head. "No, ma'am," he said. "We'll sleep here."

"Well, that's a mercy," Mrs. Bayless confessed, and she shuddered. "I dread to think of riding, Mr. Curry. I've never been on a horse, actually. And Mr. Bayless hasn't ridden since he was a boy out here."

So Mr. Bayless was Western born. Ranse was about to ask a question, but discretion held his tongue. Bayless could reveal his own affairs, if he chose; it was not for Ranse to question him. But he remembered that Bayless had been insistent that they go in to this particular spot—to Three Buttes Camp—and he wondered again at that insistence now.

Yet he had little time for reflection; for there were questions to answer and the car to handle, and abruptly they rounded an angle in the canyon and came into a sort of amphitheater where the canyon walls separated and the wooded slopes were bare. The stream, which they had crossed a dozen

times on their way up the canyon, meandered toward them across the grassy park; and at the upper end of the park, a quarter mile away, Ranse saw the white canvas of the tents. In the flat between, the horses and the pack mules grazed. The place was in shadow, for the western ridge obscured the descending sun. Blue smoke rose from the embers of the cooking fire, a prairie dog scuttled to his hole as the car passed by, and a horseman came down the steep eastern wall of the canyon at a sliding run.

The car pulled up before the tents and stopped; Ranse switched off the engine and relaxed in his seat and grinned over his shoulder.

"Well, folks," he said cheerfully, "we're here!"

The horseman reached the level and came toward them at a trot, and another man appeared from the direction of the dining fly. The newcomers got out of the car, and Ranse made introductions.

"This is Lin Bunt—does our cooking," he explained with a grin. "If you don't eat his biscuits he'll go off and cry, so do the best you can. And this here is Norris Lee. Norris looks after the horses and takes care of things generally. Supper ready, Lin?"

Lin Bunt shook his head. "Half an hour," he qualified. "I couldn't start things till you got here." He shook hands with each one gravely, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and went back to his pots and pans. A stocky chunk of a man, competent and assured.

Norris Lee stayed to help with the dunnage bags. He was younger than Ranse or Lin, with a look of faint concern in his eyes.

Enid said to him: "I saw you coming. Do you run your horses downhill out here? And such steep hills? Don't they ever fall?"

Norris colored to the ears. "Yes, ma'am," he returned. "No, ma'am, they don't fall."

And Ranse said, chuckling: "Norris is a top hand, Miss Bayless. Don't try everything he tries. He's a wild young devil. I have to keep my eye on him all the time."

She eyed him demurely. "Lin Bunt does the cooking, and Norris does everything else. What is your particular job, Ranse?"

"Oh, I'm the trouble-shooter, ma'am," he told her. "Anything comes along they can't handle, they call on me."

"Do you have much trouble?" Mrs. Bayless asked in quick solicitude. "I declare, I'm going to be nervous as a witch."

"No, ma'am," Ranse assured her; and his eyes met those of the girl. "That's why I'm such a success at my job," he explained, with a grin. "I don't have much to do."

He and Norris began to unpack the car, and Mrs. Bayless sat down near the fire to watch Lin cook supper. Enid and young Moray drifted toward the stream. Mr. Bayless, Ranse remarked, strolled away by himself to inspect the buildings, long abandoned, which had been in use when this was a logging camp; he climbed on the loading platform and began to follow one of the old spur tracks which wound at a stiff grade up a side canyon into the aspens which had replaced the older growth.

There was, Ranse thought, something accustomed in the man's bearing, as though the surroundings here were not wholly new and strange to him. But Ranse forgot the conjecture in the tasks that engaged his hand.

Next morning, when breakfast was done, he and Lin and Norris packed the mules, while the others watched with a vast amusement the tugging and hauling necessary to make the hitch secure, and the suffering indignation in the mules' bland eyes. Then they got under way, Ranse in the lead. His horse struck a fast walk, which he would hold all day. Without ever seeming to hurry, he, nevertheless, maintained such a gait that the riders behind had to resort to an occasional trot to keep pace with him.

Mrs. Bayless had her troubles that day. Ranse had given her a smooth-gaited, fast-walking horse; nevertheless, she suffered, and made no secret of the fact, and when they alighted at noon, she creaked and groaned. Ranse already liked Mrs. Bayless. She did complain of little things, but he had remarked that she was ready to accept major discomforts without repining. She would, it occurred to him, be level-headed and serene in any crisis.

(Continued on Page 107)

(Illustration—No. 15 working on tail light)

"..had to borrow small screw-driver", is part of the story the motorist told.

BUY this pair of screw-drivers for your car. "Yankee" No. 15, with Thumb-turn and Ratchet, gets the best of pesky little screws. You turn blade with thumb and forefinger to start the wobbly screw, while hand steadies driver and screw. Once started, you send screw home by ratchet movement—simply moving handle to and fro.

Great time-and labor-savers—these clever "Yankee" Screw-drivers, with right and left ratchet and rigid adjustments.

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No. 11.—Same as No. 10—except Ratchet Shifter moves across tool.

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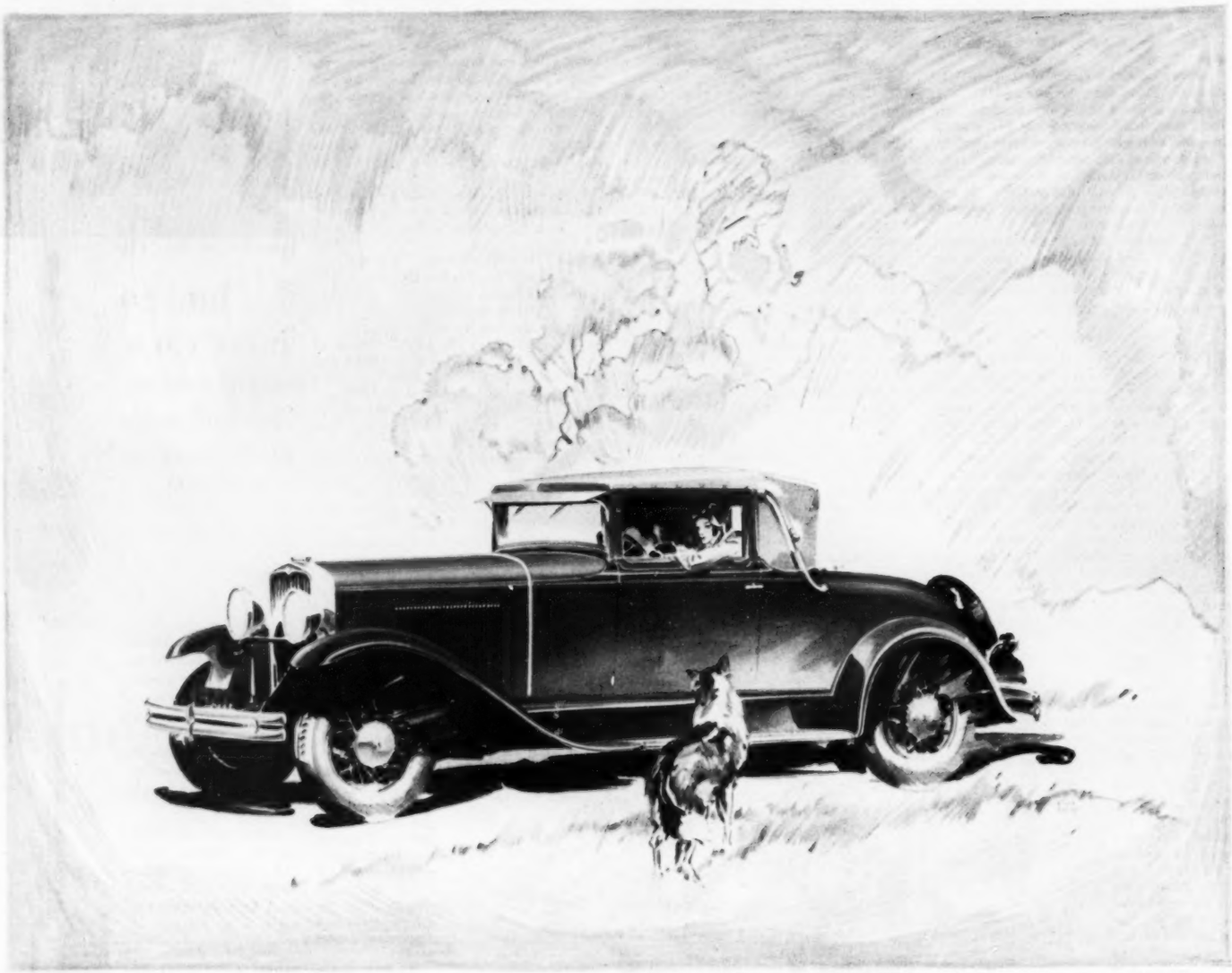

BODY BY FISHER

Forgetting Price for a Moment · · ·

That the Viking Eight is priced to represent real value you probably take for granted. But just how great that value is you can't appreciate until you know the car. · · · Therefore we're going to ask you to forget price for just a moment and consider the advantages of Viking ownership. · · · In appearance, for example, Viking combines tailored smartness with faultless taste. In provisions for comfort it offers restful riding through all conditions of travel. In performance and ease of handling it proves in every respect its right to the term "a significant forward step in fine car engineering." · · · Climaxing these important considerations is the determining factor of dependability, which any Viking owner will tell you is the kind that builds true owner satisfaction. · · · Prove these statements by examining, comparing, and driving the Viking yourself. And finally, when you really know what a car this is, consider its price and the great value that price represents. You will then realize why thousands have made the 90-degree V-eight Viking their choice of a fine motor car.

VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 105)

And he had a curious premonition that the party might encounter some small crisis before this trip was done. He found himself studying these people in his charge with an attentive scrutiny. He remarked that Moray, accustomed to the English saddle, gripped with his knees even when his horse moved at a walk. But Mr. Bayless relaxed and sat at ease. Moray held his reins in both hands, his elbows at his sides; Bayless held his in one hand and breast high, lightly. And Bayless, without being told to do so, guided his horse by the pressure of rein on neck, rather than by a tug at the bit. Bayless, Ranse was satisfied, was not the hopeless dude he might appear.

Also the man seemed to prefer to ride alone, fifty or a hundred yards behind them all; and he seemed busy with his own thoughts, and his eyes were attentive to his surroundings here.

They rode all that day by easy trails, following one ascending canyon for a while, then crossing to the next. Flowers grew thick along their way, the bright clouds swam above them, and now and then they crossed a high divide and looked out across a vast panorama of tumbled mountains, deep and deeper blue in the distance; and once they saw snow caps like low clouds above a horizon so remote that the outline of the mountains upon which those white caps rested was lost in the deep, distant blue.

They passed sheep herders with their flocks, grazing in the forest reserves; and Enid asked a question, and Ranse told her something about these folk.

"You'll always see two of them together," he explained. "Let a man be by himself for a while with a lot of sheep going baa-baa at him all the time, and he goes a little crazy in the end. So they have to work in pairs."

"They need someone to talk to, to keep their sanity," Moray interjected. "I can understand that. Tough on a man to have a lot of things he wants to say, and no one to listen to him."

Ranse chuckled inwardly, for Moray had the habit of conversation, and to be alone would have been for him hardship indeed. Ranse was puzzled by this young man; scarce knew whether to find him sinister or merely annoying. But when Moray annoyed him, Ranse could always turn to Enid for relief. There was a bright intelligence in the girl, and a quick sense of humor and a gay zest for life. She delighted Ranse, and seemed, he thought, to find some answering delight in him.

They camped that night in a deep canyon, by a tumbling stream which cascaded over great bowlders; and Lin told Ranse they could use a dozen trout for supper. Moray heard this and volunteered to catch the fish. He had a rod in its case tied to the pommel of his saddle, and he set it up and affixed reel and line and rummaged from his pack sack a box of flies. He and Enid departed toward the stream, and Ranse stayed to help set up the tents, but after half an hour Enid came back to find him.

"If we really want trout for supper, Ranse," she said laughingly, "I'm afraid you'll have to catch them."

"Not striking?" he asked, preparing to follow her toward the stream, and she chuckled softly.

"Oh, yes," she admitted. "But Emerson doesn't seem to be able to strike back." He smiled faintly, and she pointed down into the canyon below them, where the young man was balanced precariously on a slippery bowlder, whipping the stream. "He works at it so seriously, but something seems to go wrong every time."

"He's fishing downstream," Ranse commented; and they slid down the bank together, and Ranse picked his way out to where Moray had his position.

"You'll do better," he suggested, "if you cast upstream, Mr. Moray."

Moray smiled, but his words had no smile in them. "I've caught trout for years, Ranse," he retorted.

Ranse nodded and worked his way ashore again. Enid met him there, and her eyes were resentful. "Emerson doesn't take advice graciously," she remarked.

Ranse made no comment. "We'll have a try at them," he decided. There was a short leader with a fly or two attached, in the band of his hat; he cut a slender switch on the bank, rummaged a bit of line from his shirt pocket, rigged his gear and went downstream and began to cast up toward where Moray was fishing. He took a trout on the first cast, and in fifteen minutes he had enough for their present needs, and sat down and began to clean them. Enid had watched delightedly the easy grace of his movements, the sure dexterity with which he dropped his flies on the exact spot where a trout would be waiting, the quick wrist movement which hooked the fish.

She called now, "May I try?"

He nodded. "Put your fly in easy, and if you see anything, strike," he directed. "That's all there is to do."

Moray, fifty yards above them, was fishing diligently—and unsuccessfully. When Enid began to fish, Moray watched her and forgot his own tackle, so that on a back cast his fly hooked the bough of a pine above his head. He broke the leader with a vicious twitch and reeled in his line, but even then, instead of joining them, he stayed where he was, watching sullenly. When Enid by some accident did hook and land a good trout, the young man climbed the bank toward camp with no backward glance at all. While Ranse unhooked the fish, Enid looked after Moray unhappily.

"He's not so bad as he seems, really, Ranse," she said, with a doubtful smile; and Ranse nodded.

"He ain't used to it out here yet," he agreed. "It takes most folks a few days."

And when she turned toward the stream to cast again, he added, "I wouldn't. We've got all we need."

She looked at him in quick attention; and then, in comprehension, smiled. Later they climbed back to the level where the camp was pitched, together.

After supper, as dusk infolded them, while Lin and Norris washed the dishes, Enid and Mrs. Bayless and the others gathered around the fire. Later Lin, who had a gift that way, began to tell them tales of this and that. This would be his last pack trip of the season. He meant presently to go after lion and bear.

"Ranse and me put in a month or two, hunting, every fall," he explained.

Enid asked in pretended alarm, "Mercy, are there lions here? And bears too?" Lin assured her there were plenty of them; and when she smiled, he chuckled, shook his head defensively.

"Ma'am, I ain't lying to you," he said gently. "Yes, ma'am, we do hunt 'em here, and catch 'em too."

"Shoot them, you mean?"

"Tie 'em up mostly," he assured her. "They're worth more alive." And when she was incredulous, he told her certain tales. A lion was easy to tie up, he declared; because a lion already had a rope on one end of him, where a man could get a grip. A bear, on the other hand, was more difficult.

"Unless you can get a-hold of his foot," he qualified, and he chuckled and remembered one hunt the year before. "Three or four sports from Denver," he explained. "I run a bear, and the dogs bayed him, and I got there before the other folks did. So I put a rope on him, and got a hitch around a tree; and then I got hold of his hind leg and stretched him out. I was holding him there by the time they come up. So they took some pictures of me holding him, and then they shot him. Drew lots to see who'd do the shooting."

He grinned. "They sent me some pictures of him after he was dead, but they never sent none of me holding him for them to shoot. Likely they decided to destroy that there evidence."

Enid looked up at Ranse in laughing appeal. "Is he just a plain liar?" she demanded; and Ranse shook his head.

"No, ma'am," he assured her. "That's all so."

(Continued on Page 109)

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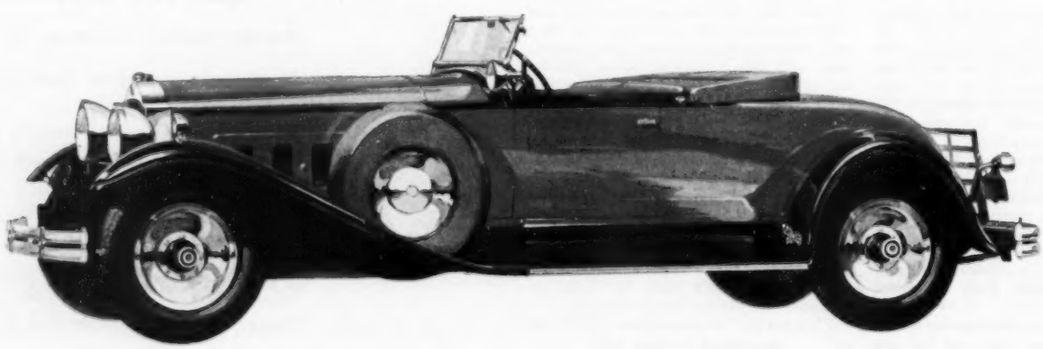

(Continued from Page 107)

Lin grinned. "Ranse and me tied up a lion two years ago that give us a fight," he remarked. "Remember that one, Ranse?" And he went on: "The dogs treed it, and Ranse went up and got a loop around its neck. Lion kept snapping at the rope, but Ranse finally got his loop on her. Then he come down and we dragged the lion out of the tree, and I got hold of her tail and Ranse had the rope and we stretched her. But by darn, she had bit the rope most through, snapping at it up in the tree, and if it didn't go and break."

Enid cried quickly, "What did you do?"

Lin chuckled. "Why, the lion kep' jumping at Ranse. So I held on to her tail. Long as she didn't turn around after me, I could hold on. She kep' jumping at Ranse, and he got a half hitch around her neck again with the rope, and we stretched her again. Tied her up snug in no time. Yes, ma'am."

"I say," young Moray said quickly, "you chaps don't seem to carry guns. Isn't that taking a chance, with all these beasts around? Or do you keep your guns in your packs somewhere?"

"Not a gun in the outfit," Ranse assured him. "No need for one."

Mr. Bayless had come quietly toward them; he stood now at Ranse's shoulder, in the outer flicker of the fire. And he asked thoughtfully: "I know there's no danger, Mr. Curry. But—suppose a horse breaks a leg. What would you do?"

Ranse said slowly, "We don't aim to let that happen. But if it did, we'd have to take an ax, I suppose."

Bayless nodded. "Where do you hunt lions?" he inquired, and he and Ranse turned a little aside from the others, while Enid continued to elicit from Lin the tale of his vast experiences.

"Find 'em along the rim rock anywhere," Ranse explained. "Mostly up further in the mountains, though. Old Vic Buker is up there now, near where we're going. We might run into him."

"Hunting?" Mr. Bayless asked.

"Vic's the best lion hunter around," Ranse agreed. "Got the best dogs, and knows the game. Yes, he's in on the Puerco."

"East of Three Buttes," Bayless remarked thoughtfully; and Ranse wondered how Bayless knew where the Puerco lay.

"Yes, twenty miles or so," he assented.

"I suppose he hunts for the bounties," the other suggested; and Ranse said this was often the case.

"But he's got a couple of men with him now," he added. "They come in just before you did, on the eastbound. He met 'em at the station; left there just about the time your train whistled in."

There was a moment's silence, and then Bayless lighted a match and held it to the end of his cigar. But the cigar had been burning well before; and Ranse looked at the older man attentively.

Then Bayless said indirectly: "I suppose a lot of men come in for the hunting. Buker probably has his regular patrons, eh?"

Ranse puffed on his cigarette and stared at the fire. "Why, some," he agreed. He became expansive: "But these two was new. I didn't hear what their names was. They didn't look like the kind that mostly comes in here. Store clothes and what all. One of 'em had a kind of a twisted nose, like somebody had hit him a lick sometime; and the other was older, and his eyes come out of the same hole."

Mr. Bayless made a curious sound, a sort of husky whistle, as though he had caught his breath quickly. Then he coughed. "A touch of asthma," he explained. "I thought I'd get rid of it up here." Ranse made no comment. "Will they hunt in toward Three Buttes?" Bayless asked.

Ranse said he did not know. "Might run a lion anywhere," he commented, "if they hit a trail."

Bayless stood up and moved away; and Ranse, squatting on his heels, looked after the man thoughtfully, till the other's figure was lost in the shadows beyond the fire. Then Ranse scratched his head. And then he lighted another cigarette.

He did not join the group about the fire. His senses were curiously alert, attuned to catch the faintest vibration in the air. Some instinct warned him that beneath the placid surface of events here deep currents moved. Why should Bayless be so insistent on going to Three Buttes? Not many men had ever heard of the place. Thirty years or so ago it was a mining camp of some proportions; there had been a few rich placer workings, and one good ore body high up on the flank of Bodega, the more northerly of the mesas which gave the camp its name. There had even been a stamp mill, and someone threw a dam across the stream to control the flow of water. But all that had lasted only two or three years, and Three Buttes had never been a famous camp. Its fame was overshadowed by such names as Tonopah, and Panamint, and Goldfield. Why should Bayless want to go in there?

Ranse shook his head. Perhaps the next few days would bring some answer to the question; he could only wait and see.

They made only some ten miles next day. Mrs. Bayless suffered torments unspeakable. Her saddle was an instrument of the keenest torture. She, who complained so readily of little things, made no complaint of this, but Ranse saw the white sweat of pain on her brow, and he set an easy pace, with many pauses to admire the view or to scan the masses of flowers in the high valleys. In early afternoon he called a halt for the day.

Bayless expressed some faint desire to move on, but Ranse shook his head.

"We'll make Three Buttes easy tomorrow from here," he explained. "And—we couldn't make it today anyway."

So they camped that night in a high park above a marshy meadow in which rose many little springs, and next morning they were once more on the move. At midforenoon, from a high ridge, Ranse pointed out Bodega and the lower masses of Tejon and Wild Horse Mesa, which cradled the valley where Three Buttes lay.

"We'll be there," he promised, "by the middle of the afternoon."

And an hour after lunch they came to a disused road, and followed it as it wound up a narrowing canyon, bare of trees on either side. Bayless pressed up beside Ranse then.

"We're almost there?" he said huskily.

Ranse nodded. "Two miles more," he agreed.

Bayless nodded, speaking to himself as though unconscious of his own words.

"Yes," he said, "I know."

IV

THEY pushed on up the canyon; and Enid came to ride with Ranse in the van, and Bayless fell a little behind. The road joined the stream, and Enid cried:

"Why, the water's muddy, Ranse! I thought all these mountain creeks were clear."

"Been rain up here," he pointed out, nodding toward a puddle in the road. "Likely washed some dirt in."

And a little later they found the explanation of the mud in the water. The creek rounded the head of an eroded spur of higher land, and the sloping end of this spur was dotted with pinnacles, slender columns like the ruins of ancient temples. Some of them were no larger than a man; others were ten feet in diameter and thrice as tall. And one, undermined by the rushing waters, had toppled down into the bed of the creek, forming a dirt dam behind which the water banked and then ripped through and began to cut down to its former channel again.

Ranse pointed out what had happened. "Same thing's been going on for a long time around here, ma'am. By 'n' by there won't be any mountains, only a lot of gullies. Even the rocks are soft; and they wash away and wash away, and tumble down." He added: "You can still see, up between Bodega and Tejon, where the creek used to run west, north of Tejon; but a big slide dammed it back and made a lake up there; and then the creek come down this way and the old lake silted up till it's a dry meadow now, with just a wet hole in the middle when it rains."

Her eyes were dim with quick imaginings. "It's like seeing a world made," she whispered.

"You know, this was all sea bottom once," Ranse reminded her. "And then it heaved up, and then the rains gullied out the canyons and left the mountains in between."

She laughed softly. "You're a geologist too?" she challenged; and Ranse grinned and retorted:

"A man that rides around here learns a little just by looking at the way things are."

They rounded another angle in the canyon, and the road broke up along the eastern slope, away from the creek. Ahead of them stood the ruins of some long-abandoned building, overhanging the water; and through gaping orifices in its walls she saw the rusty skeletons of curious machines.

"That's the old stamp mill," Ranse explained. "They put in the dam up above for power and water and all, and crushed the ore here." And she wished to turn aside to see. Then they held their horses for a moment; for from the pine woods above them on the ridge a great flock of sheep came flowing down toward the water, the empty blats of the lambs and the deeper notes of the ewes mingling in a maddening dissonance. The sheep poured across the road, and Enid watched delightedly.

"Whose are they?" she cried. "Where's the shepherd?"

"There's his dog yonder," he pointed out. "Probably old Juan. He's usually up around here."

"Are they his sheep?"

Ranse shook his head. "Man down in Santa Fé has the grazing permit here, I think. Juan works for him. Juan's about a hundred years old, and he's been sheep herding all his life. We'll see him by and by. A fine old man!"

The sheep passed, and they rode on. The way ascended into the fringe of the trees, and Ranse saw the sheep herder himself coming toward them through the pines. But as he was about to call the girl's attention to the approaching figure, Enid cried out quickly:

"Oh, look, Ranse! What's that?"

It was a porcupine, sprawled on the ground with legs outspread, at the base of a tall spruce. It lay so still that Ranse had not discovered it till the girl's quick eye fell upon it there. He told her what it was, and she asked:

"Is it asleep? Why doesn't it run away?"

He shook his head. "Dead, I guess," he decided.

The others pulled up beside them, and Mrs. Bayless had her questions too. Lin Bunt swung off his horse and went toward the creature on the ground; he picked up a stick and poked at it, and the porcupine roused and lumbered to its feet and tottered around and around in a futile effort to escape Lin's attentions.

"Sick," Ranse said. "Or hurt. Or just old age. It's a big one."

"Poor thing," Enid whispered, and a soft voice beside her murmured gently. She looked down and saw an old Mexican standing there; a grave old man with gentle, kindly eyes. His mustache was almost white; his gray hair hung below the brim of his battered hat. Ranse heard, and turned and smiled, and spoke to the man in a liquid tone, and old Juan replied.

"What does he say?" Enid whispered.

"The porcupine is sick," Ranse told her. "It is very old. Juan knows it. It has lived here for many years, and for days now it has scarce left this tree."

Juan went forward toward where Lin stood poking doubtfully at the porcupine, and the old man picked up a heavier stick from the ground. With a sudden motion he brought this weapon down upon the

(Continued on Page 112)

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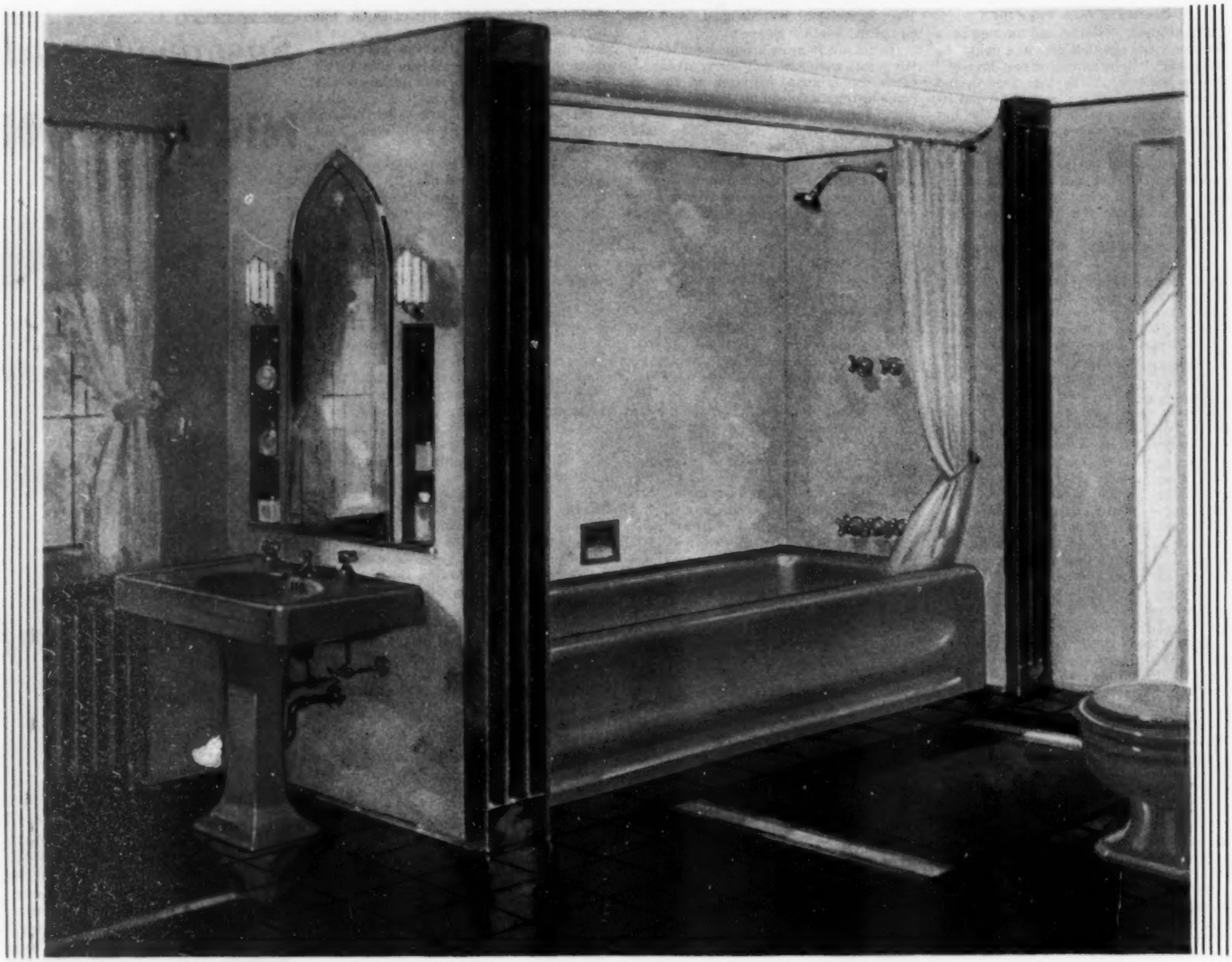

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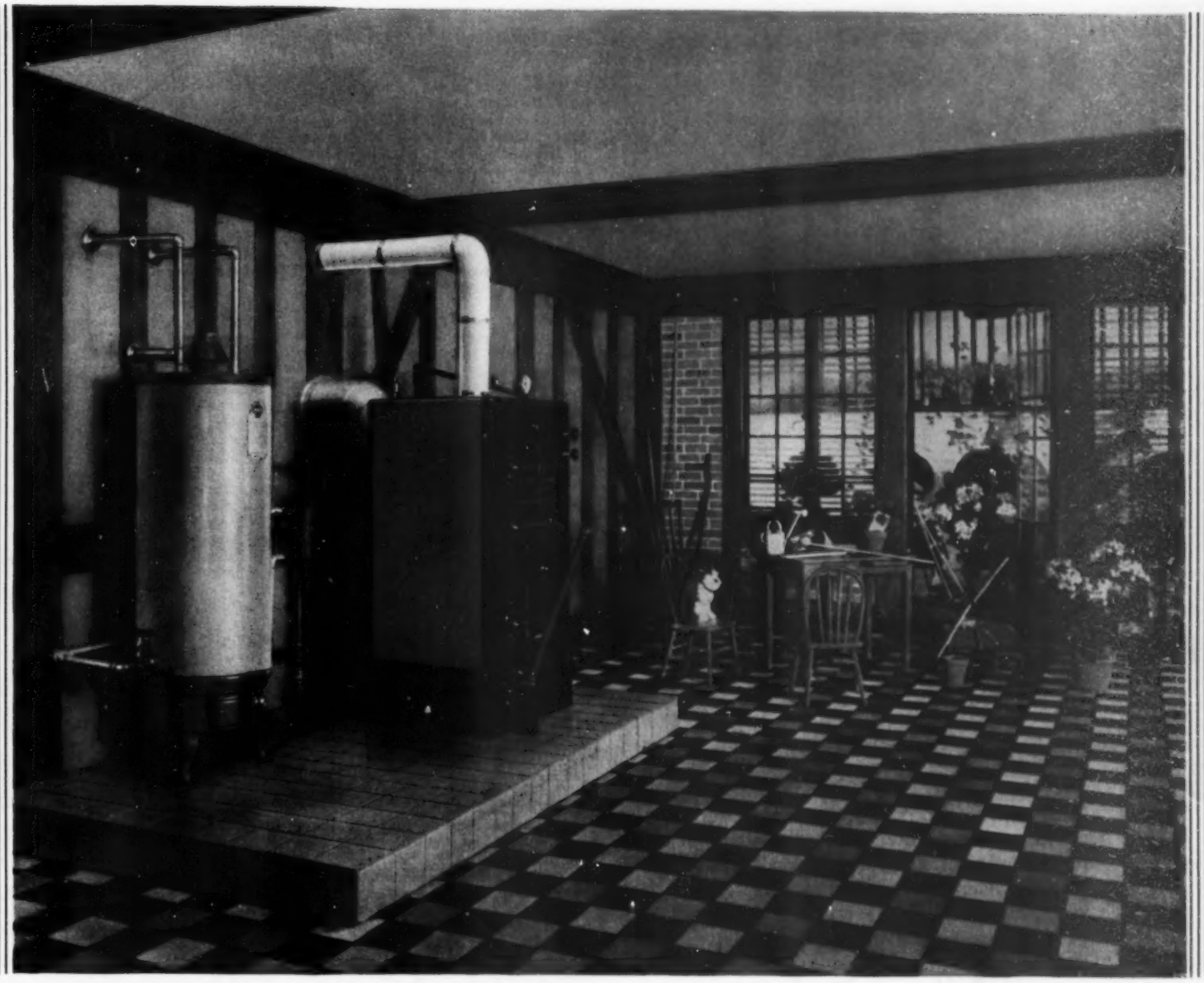

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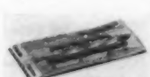

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(Continued from Page 109)

animal's head, and the porcupine dropped and lay still.

"Oh!" Enid whispered sorrowfully.

"It was going to die," Ranse reminded her. "He saved it pain."

Juan returned toward them, smiling gently; there was a benign courtesy and kindliness in his eyes. He and Ranse spoke together for a moment in those liquid syllables.

Then Juan went on after his sheep and the pack train proceeded up the road.

Enid asked, "That was Spanish you spoke?"

"Something like it," Ranse confessed. "I can manage enough to make myself understood."

"Geologist and linguist," she laughed. "You are accomplished, Ranse."

He grinned. "I told you, I'm the emergency man," he reminded her.

Then suddenly the lake lay below them, penned behind a half-ruined dam which was repaired at a broken spot in a curious, haphazard way by a rampart of dead sticks and stubs plastered with clay. And the girl cried out in curiosity, and Ranse said:

"That's a beaver dam! See the trails on the hillside yonder, up to the aspens, where they've dragged the logs down to the water. And their house is down at this end of the dam."

"I want to see them," she declared, and he nodded.

"Go on down," he agreed. "We're camping just beyond."

There was, she saw then, a man fishing from a raft a little way above the dam, but before she could ask Ranse about this man, he had ridden ahead. She and young Moray dismounted and walked down toward the beaver house together. The rest of the train proceeded a hundred yards or so to the first of a cluster of half-ruined log buildings, and dismounted there. And Norris and Lin began to unsaddle the horses, to unpack the mules.

Mr. Bayless rode up to where Ranse stood, and he also alighted. "Well, we're here, Ranse," he remarked.

"Yes, sir," Ranse assented. "This is where you wanted to come."

"Not so deserted after all," Bayless commented. "The sheep herders, and the man yonder fishing."

Ranse nodded. "That's old Dusty Peak," he explained. "He lives all alone in a cabin up the creek a ways."

"A hermit?" Bayless suggested.

Ranse grinned. "Well, he's lived in here for twenty years," he confessed. "Goes off in the mountains about once in so often, or down to town for supplies. He's got a little pocket of gold somewhere. Always brings in a poke full of dust to pay for what he wants. Folks used to try to find out where he got it, and he's been watched and followed, and I don't know what all, till they've give it up."

Bayless smiled. "The local mystery, eh?" he commented. There was, Ranse thought, a suggestion of satisfaction in his tones. But Bayless, without waiting for a reply to his query, drifted away; and Ranse had tasks to do.

Once he looked toward the lake and saw Mr. Bayless picking his way across the dam, and a little later he saw old Peak throw something into the lake and begin to pole his way up toward its northern end. That which Peak threw away had glittered in the sun. It was, Ranse guessed, a tin can which had held worms.

He said casually to Lin, "Dusty's got his mess of trout, or used up his bait."

"Takes worms to get 'em here," Lin agreed. "They can't see flies in that water."

"I'll go up to the creek and fill the pails by and by," Ranse promised. "Water'll be clearer there."

He noticed that Mr. Bayless was walking up the farther shore of the lake, keeping pace with the man on the raft, as though he wished to speak with the old prospector. And he had again that keen sense that currents not easily perceived flowed beneath the surface of events here. But there were tents to be pitched and beds to be laid; he stayed at this business for a while.

V

MR. BAYLESS was indeed intent upon having speech with Dusty Peak. The old prospector on his cumbrous raft moved so slowly that Bayless had no difficulty in keeping pace with him; and when Peak presently thrust the raft against the muddy shore beside the creek at the upper end of the lake, Mr. Bayless was waiting for him there.

He said cheerfully, "Good afternoon."

Peak jammed his pole into the mud to anchor his raft; he picked up the aspen switch which he had used for a rod, and the half-dozen small trout strung on a withe at his feet, and stepped ashore.

"How-do," he returned, in a voice that seemed to be rusty with disuse.

Bayless, scanning the other thoughtfully, saw a lean, attenuated figure of a man with a sardonic twist about his mouth; an old man, probably seventy or more; his skin was dried and browned by the keen sun of these altitudes, his eyes were narrowed against the long blaze of it. Peak gave Bayless no such scrutiny. He was used to dudes; they were a lot of fools. He had had, in his own derisive way, good sport with them.

"I judge you live hereabouts," Bayless said pleasantly.

"You might say," Peak agreed. He was in no hurry to be gone. Bayless offered him a cigar, and he took it and lighted it indolently.

"You must know the people who live near by, then."

"Well," Peak assented, "there's twenty-four people within twenty miles, counting sheep herders. There was twenty-five, but a man died here five years back."

"There's a man named Peak who used to live around here," Bayless suggested. "Where do you suppose I could find him?"

Peak's eyes suddenly were sharp; then they became bland and innocent again. "Yeup," he agreed. "There was a man named Peak used to cruise around here some."

Bayless lifted his brows, he smiled faintly. "So," he commented; and he hesitated. "Where is he?" he asked at last. "Can I get in touch with him?"

Peak spat lazily. "Why, I heerd tell he was up in Colorado, four-five years back," he replied.

"I see," Bayless remarked. "Just where, do you know?"

"Well, he's left there now," Peak confessed. "He went from there to Nevada."

Bayless nodded. "And how long ago was that?" he asked politely.

"Well," said Peak reflectively, "he went to Utah from there, when there was a gold stampede into the mountains somewhere. But that played out, so he headed back for Nevada; and he stayed there off and on for a couple of years, and then he drifted down into Arizona."

"He's quite a traveler," Bayless suggested, in faint impatience. "Is he still in Arizona?"

The other shook his head. "He drifted back this way, along about fifteen months ago," he explained.

"I heard he made his headquarters up here," Bayless confessed.

"Why, he did figure to come back here every so often," the old man agreed. "He'd turn up here and stay a spell, and then move on. He was through here a while back."

"Well, we're bringing him up to date at least," Bayless commented. "How long ago?"

"That was last spring," Peak replied. "He moved up into Colorado again, but he didn't like it, so he headed back this way."

Ranse came toward them along the shore of the lake; he had a pail in each hand, and he reached the creek a little way beyond where the raft was grounded, and stooped to dip the buckets full of water there.

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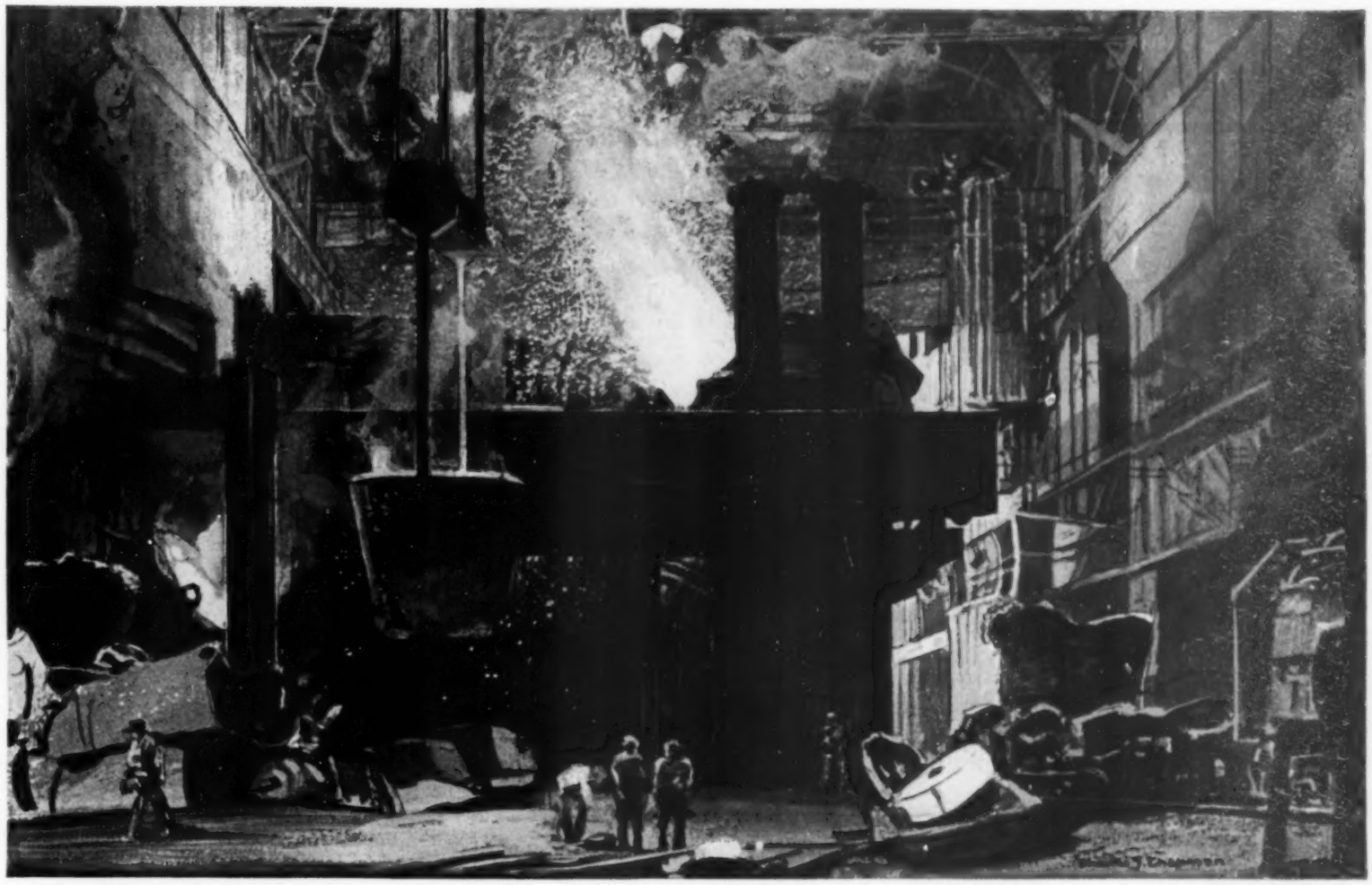

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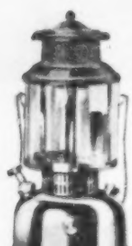

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(Continued from Page 112)

"You've kept track of him very well," Bayless remarked. "When do you expect him here?"

"He come in here about two weeks ago," the old man said.

Then Ranse left his filled pails and jumped across the brook and came to join them; and Bayless turned at his approach, and smiled, and explained: "I've been asking this gentleman if he knew a man named Peak around here." Ranse grinned, and Bayless added: "He says Peak came in here about two weeks ago." He turned to the old prospector again. "Has he moved on?" he asked.

"No," Peak assured him gravely, "I see him this afternoon."

"H'm," Bayless nodded. "Where was that?"

"Why, the last I seen of him," Peak replied, "he was getting off this here raft a minute ago." And he suddenly cackled in a shrill, dry burst of mirth and slapped his knee.

Bayless smiled slowly. "Well, you went a long way around to tell me that," he commented.

Peak cried in a shrill mirth: "Ranse, these dudes'll be the death of me. They will, Ranse." He turned to Bayless again, still chuckling. "You understand, mister," he remarked. "I don't get a chance to talk much. When I do, I figure to make the most of it." And he added: "Yo're the first man's been looking for me since I stole a horse in Texas, in '92. What hev I been a-doing now?"

Bayless shook his head. Ranse, watching him, saw his lips set firmly. "I can't say," Bayless returned. "I don't know. But I understand you were around here when Three Buttes was a live camp."

"I shore was," Peak assured him. "Yes, sir. She was a live one too!"

"I wonder," said Bayless very casually, "whether you ever knew a man named Twin-Eye Splann."

There was a sudden stillness. Far down the lake, Ranse heard Enid laugh, and he heard the splash of a beaver's tail as the animal dove. Lin's ax was going, yonder by the camp. But here where the three men stood it was very still. And Ranse watched old Dusty Peak with a swift, astonished curiosity.

For at the other man's question there was a change in the old prospector. The man's derisive mirth died; something furtive came to dwell in his eyes. He seemed to crouch a little, and he peered at Bayless with a still intentness. And suddenly he cried, in a half-choking tone:

"You ain't Twin-Eye!"

Bayless shook his head. "No," he confessed. "No."

"Who are you?" Peak challenged. "How come you to know about him? Eh? Who are you?"

Bayless said nothing; he met the other's scrutiny steadily, waiting.

And abruptly a curious thing happened. For though no further word was spoken, Peak seemed suddenly to understand. And he picked up his trout and his aspen wand that had served him as a rod. Then, like some lean crab, he went scuttling away, half crouching, looking over his shoulder as though he did expect to be pursued.

He sidled up the trail toward the aspens a hundred yards away. And Bayless looked after him with an inscrutable countenance, and Ranse watched Bayless.

When he came to the aspens old Peak checked for a moment to look back. Then he melted into the cover of the pale trees and so was gone.

Ranse, looking that way, thought that as soon as he was out of sight the old prospector broke into a run, as though in haste to be away. He thought the old man ran like one pursued.

Then Bayless smiled, as though well pleased; and he said, "Well, Ranse, supper soon be ready?"

So they crossed the creek and walked up the hill toward the camp where the white tents were grouped by the ruined cabins there. Bayless made no explanation and Ranse asked no questions, but his thoughts were racing in swift conjecturings.

For it was plain to him that Mr. Bayless, in whose aspect Ranse could find nothing in the least terrifying, had somehow inspired in old Dusty Peak a deadly fear.

VI

THE old mining camp where now they pitched their tents lay in a great basin in the hills, with Tejon to the west and Wild Horse to the east, and Bodega, in the north, flat topped and menacing, brooding above them all. These heights were bare on top, but their slopes were cloaked with spruce and aspen and with pine, and the woods descended almost to the camp in a thick and sturdy growth. The creek came winding down from the masses of Bodega to bank its yellow waters above the old dam; and across the pond there rose an open, grassy slope marked by the beaver trails which descended like tiny watercourses to the shore.

Below the dam the creek dropped steeply toward the abandoned stamp mill where old Juan had taken his sheep across the stream and moved them up into the aspens for the night, and the continual clack and clatter of their silly, metallic cries came peacefully through the evening air. The sun dipped below the western slopes, and the pale flame of the cooking fire was suddenly a bright beacon, vivid in the dusk. Blue smoke ribbons drifted toward the lake.

When Ranse returned toward the tents, Mr. Bayless stayed awhile behind; he sat watching the changing shadows on the yellow water of the lake. Then he rose and began to wander to and fro among the half-ruined log cabins, which were all that remained of the mining town that had once been here.

Mrs. Bayless, watching him, asked Ranse, "But wasn't this quite a thriving camp at one time? There are so few houses left here now."

"Thirty years ago, yes, ma'am," he admitted. "But they was mostly tents or tent houses—a few logs for a wall, with a canvas top. And that sort of thing rots fast, and folks coming in here have burned the logs in their camp fires."

"And no one lives here now?"

Ranse hesitated. "Well, old Peak has a cabin up in the woods. And Juan runs his sheep in here. That's about all."

"I liked the old sheep herder," she remarked. "He has such a gentle countenance, such a soft eye."

"Juan and I are old friends," he agreed. "I've come in here quite a few times in the last three years. But most generally we just stop one night and move on." He added, with a glance down toward the dam: "It's the surest place around to see beavers, if you want to. They're pretty tame up here."

Mrs. Bayless chuckled. "I wouldn't walk way down to that dam to see a dodo dance the Highland fling," she confessed; and she added: "You know, Ranse, I think horses were invented for my sins."

Ranse chuckled. "Ma'am, you'll git to liking it by tomorrow or the day after."

"If I live," she amended. "If I live."

Darkness comes swiftly in these high valleys; the tall ranges slide up between you and the dropping sun. Enid and Moray came stumbling up the hill together, their eyes half blinded by the light as they approached the fire.

"We saw the beavers!" Enid cried. "They swam up within fifteen feet of us, two of them, and once there were three in sight at the same time." Her eyes were shining. "And what a crash they make with their tails when they dive, Ranse."

"Yes, ma'am," Ranse agreed.

"But how do you ever get a chance to see one out of water?" she demanded. "They landed on the farther shore, but they always stayed right in the edge of the water, nibbling at twigs and things; and if you tried to get near them they'd swim away."

"The only way I know," Ranse assured her, "is to waylay them when they go up to the aspens at night. Take it on a moonlight

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

night and you can get over there and get between them and the water. Then, when they try to get down the hill, you can get a fair look at them."

"It will be moonlight a week from now," she remembered. "We'll try that, Ranse."

Young Moray said protestingly: "We may be on the way home by that time, Enid. After all, your dad didn't come up here to study natural history, you know."

The girl laughed quickly. "We'll persuade him," she promised. "Besides, he planned to stay two weeks anyway."

Moray shook his head. "You'll see! He'll want to get back as soon as he's—finished here."

Enid tossed her head, cheerfully insistent. "I can persuade him." She turned to Ranse again. "Can you catch them?" she asked. "When they try to get down to the water? I suppose they move slowly on land, don't they?"

Ranse chuckled. "I never tried," he confessed. "I've seen where they've nipped off a stick of aspen an inch thick at one bite. I don't want any hand-to-hand argument with them."

Moray lighted a cigarette and turned away; then Lin called to them that supper was ready, and they went together toward the fire. Enid joined her mother, and Ranse was left to remember Moray's words and to wonder again what it was that Mr. Bayless had come here to do. Bayless was, Ranse thought, not likely to do anything idly and without a purpose. And that there was a purpose behind this expedition he had been convinced, even before young Moray's remark. Ranse wondered whether Bayless might be interested in the mining possibilities of this old camp. That was conceivable. The high-grade rock was long since exhausted, and the placers, too; but improved methods had made low grading profitable. Bayless might have that in mind.

There was gold here; Ranse himself knew that. In the past, when he came this way with curious dudes, he had sometimes gone with them down below the dam to pan a little gravel there, and it was usually possible to find a speck or two of color in the pan. The young man had gone so far as to inquire into the title to the land hereabouts. The forest reserve began in the fringe of the woods all around them, but the lake and its immediate surroundings were still owned by the company which once had dominated the camp here.

Ranse, like most Western men, had had his touch of gold fever; and even now he never failed to feel a quickening thrill of delight when a pan of gravel and sand showed a touch of color to the eye. He decided he would take Enid down below the dam tomorrow and try to show her some gold. It would be pleasant to watch her delighted appreciation. She had a capacity for finding interest in little things. Moray, Ranse remembered, would probably go along; and Moray would be bored. But Moray might be bored if he chose.

But this plan was, for days to come, to be forgotten in the press of more immediate and tragic things.

After supper was done, Mr. Bayless drew Ranse aside; he pointed to the flicker of a fire across the valley, on the hillside a mile away; and Ranse told him old Juan was doubtless camping there.

"He's got a cabin in the woods," he explained. "But most of the time him and José sleep with the sheep, wherever they happen to be."

"Juan is the sheepherder?" Bayless asked; and when Ranse nodded, he continued: "Who is José?"

"He's the old man's nephew, or grandson, or something," Ranse replied. "These folks always work in pairs."

"And I suppose," Bayless remarked, "that these two and Dusty Peak are the only people in here."

Ranse assented. "The only ones that stay here, anyway," he amplified. "Of course, a pack trip goes through now and then, but there's more of that over in the Puerco. The fishing is good there."

"Your friend Buker and his guests are over there?" Bayless remembered, and Ranse nodded.

"They'd have got in there probably the day before us," he agreed. "Vic would move faster. I kind of favored Mrs. Bayless on the way in."

"Juan and Peak friends?" Bayless asked.

"They play cribbage together, sometimes, in the evening," Ranse agreed. "If Juan is in that end of the valley." He chuckled. "Peak's a mean old rattlesnake," he remarked. "He'd cheat even at cribbage, they say. I never went out of my way to know much about him."

He stabbed at the ground between his knees with a dead stick, and the older man cleared his throat and remarked:

"I'm anxious to have a little talk with that old man, Ranse."

"Well, I guess we can find him," Ranse agreed, in a carefully casual tone.

"He lives up the creek, I think you said?"

"Got a cabin up there, yes," Ranse assented. "There's an old shaft where they fetched out quite a bit of rock when the camp was working. Peak's built himself a cabin near by. There's a spring of good water, and it's handy to Bodega. The old man likes to poke around up there. A lot of folks think there's still gold on Bodega if you could put your hand on it."

"Suppose we ride up in the morning," Bayless suggested. "Pay the old man a call."

"Why, we can sure do that," Ranse replied. "Any time you say."

"He must be able to tell some interesting tales of the heyday of this camp," Bayless explained. "I'd like to talk to him."

"Keno," Ranse nodded. "We can go."

And Bayless rose. He was, he admitted, tired and sore; ready to turn in. He and Moray would occupy one tent, Enid and her mother the other. Ranse showed Mr. Bayless where his tent was pitched, and left him there; and the young man returned to the fire, where Lin and Norris were still washing supper dishes and putting all in order for the night. In the darkness around the camp the horses grazed, drifting slowly farther and farther from the fire. The night was very still, and the voices of those about the fire were hushed by this great stillness. From the deep cavern of the sky the stars stooped to peer intently down; they shone within hand's reach overhead.

Lin spoke of lions he had roped and tied, of bears he had slain, of wild horses shot for dog meat. Once, far away, they heard the shrill clamor of coyotes in a swelling chorus that came from everywhere, and once or twice an owl hooted in the pines above them on the slope toward Wild Horse Mesa. Mrs. Bayless went early to bed, but Enid stayed a longer while, and Ranse watched her eyes shining in the firelight while she listened to Lin's tales. Lin mixed fact and fiction expertly, but Ranse thought the girl was not much deceived. She laughed often, and she prompted Lin with questions; till by and by Mrs. Bayless called her, and the girl said good night to them and departed through the shadows. Something alarmed a beaver in the lake; they heard the slap of his great tail like a pistol shot. Over on the slopes of Tejon the lambs baaed sleepily; their mothers answered them. Old Juan's camp fire had long since flickered into darkness. The thin moon, whose curve had hung for a while above the western ranges, had long since dipped below their view; only above them the white stars still blazed. And somewhere a high wind blew; they could hear its rustling whisper in the taller trees.

The dishes were done, and it was time for sleep, but young Moray still sat beside the fire, and Ranse and the others waited politely on his pleasure before they laid their beds. Moray, after Enid was gone, took his turn at talking. He spoke of the horses. They were, he objected, a stolid lot; he had expected in a Western horse more fire. The big saddles earned his disapproval too. They cramped the rider, he objected; gave him no freedom. And they were a burden on the horse. Even his own accustomed legs—he reminded them that he was used to riding—were sore after these days in the saddle.

Lin said reassuringly, "You'll get on to it, Mr. Moray."

"Get on to it!" Moray protested. "I've been at home in the saddle since I was a boy, Lin."

So Lin said no more, but Ranse suggested, in a provocative tone: "Miss Bayless has caught the trick. She's relaxed, comfortable. You notice her, Lin?"

"Just as easy," Lin agreed; and Moray interjected:

"A charming girl! We've almost grown up together." He smiled wisely, added: "Of course, I'm Mr. Bayless' confidential man, so I see a great deal of them all." His tone was complacent and assured.

Lin tossed his cigarette into the fire. "I've always thought I'd like to have me a confidential man," he said in a dry tone, and got to his feet. Young Moray colored quickly, cried defensively:

"He has so many irons in the fire, he cannot tend them all."

"I'm turning in," Lin remarked, without replying. "You're setting on my roll, Mr. Moray. I'm sorry to make you move."

Moray returned cordially, "Not at all; not at all. You must be tired." He was on his feet, watching them cheerfully. "I expect you boys are all sleepy," he decided. "I'll take a little stroll, then roll in myself. Good night. See you in the morning, boys."

He turned away. There was silence till he was out of hearing; then Lin said piendingly, "Mr. Curry, could I maybe have more money for this job?"

Ranse chuckled. "He'll tone down by and by," he promised. "No harm in him, Lin. Just a limber tongue."

Norris whispered earnestly: "Say, have you-all noticed anything about this outfit? There's something funny, Ranse. If Moray knows so durned much, I wish he'd tell a little of what he knows. Yes, sir, there's something queer here, sure."

Lin stared at Ranse with wide eyes. "Queer?" he protested, in ironic derision. "Why, Ranse, what's Norris mean?"

Ranse grinned. "Norris," he told the horse wrangler, "you've ate too many biscuits tonight, son. Go on to bed and quit your speculating."

"I never touched the biscuits," Norris objected. He was inclined to be a literal young man. "My stomach's been a-bothering me anyway, and hot bread don't set so good. But I've been watching these people here."

Ranse shook his head. "That's bad, son," he insisted. "You don't want to watch dudes too close. You take even a dude, he's got a right to some privacy. You go on to bed."

Norris, still grumbling faintly, did at last obey. But after he was gone, although Lin had announced to Moray his intention of turning in, he and Ranse stayed a while together, talking casually. They were old allies, these two. They had hunted together, and packed together, and lived together, for seasons on end; and there was an understanding between them. They spoke of unimportant things until Norris had had time to go to sleep, but when Lin rose at last, Ranse also got to his feet, and they moved a little away from the fire into the encircling darkness.

"Just the same," Lin said then, "Norris does have some good ideas."

Ranse nodded frankly. "Keep your eye open, Lin," he advised. "There's sure something going on."

"I could see old Peak, after he left you-all, down there by the creek," Lin remarked. "After he got out of sight of you he begun to run. I never heard of anybody seeing Peak run before."

"He was scared," Ranse explained.

"What scared him?" Lin asked curiously. Ranse grinned and shook his head.

"You tell me," he returned. "Mr. Bayless said something to him about a man named Twin-Eye Splann, and Peak took a good look at Mr. Bayless, and then he just plain high-tailed it out of there."

(Continued on Page 121)

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Farming and Dairying

are most profitable. Minnesota is the leading "Bread and Butter State" of the Union. Investigate your chances. Today, mail the coupon for free booklets.

Ten Thousand Lakes Greater Minnesota Association
University Ave. at. Saint Paul
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"We'd Sure Like to Have You With Us This Year"
10,000 Lakes of Minnesota Assn., Dept. 120, St. Paul, Minn.
Please send Free booklets I've checked.
☐ 10,000 Lakes Map & Vacation Literature ☐ Farming and Dairying Opportunities ☐ Business Opportunities
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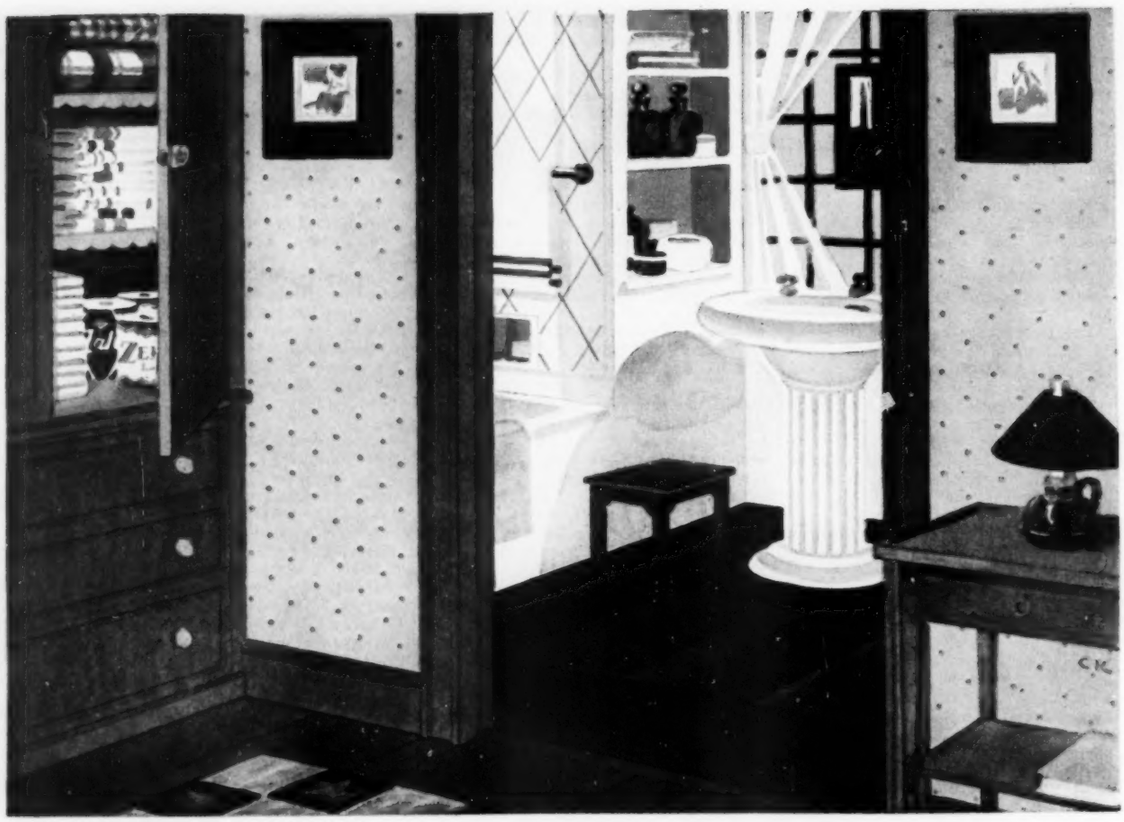


MANY *of the loveliest bathrooms are supplied with Zalo and Zee as a matter of course. Because these new "fluffed" tissues are pure enough, soft enough for baby's tender skin, women know they're safe for anyone!*

They're marching into the best-kept homes—these NEW *Fluffed* BATHROOM TISSUES

ZEE—this new ivory tissue . . . gives you 100 more sheets than you usually get on a comparable roll, yet you simply can't find a firmer, softer bathroom tissue at this low price. Each tissue sheet is gently "fluffed" to give it a suede-like softness . . . to make it more absorbent, firmer, supple! Zee is a neater roll, too . . . compactly wound so it won't unfurl wastefully. And you'll appreciate the over-all wrappers that tuck in the core of the roll to keep the tissue clean and pure until it reaches your bathroom.

THE WRAPPERS *of Zalo and Zee are so gaily hued . . . pale jade with a dash of brilliant cerise . . . that you'll really like to keep them on the shelf with your loveliest linens . . . a most convenient place to store extra bathroom tissue.*

ZALO is a pure white tissue . . . as fine in every way as any bathroom tissue you have ever bought at any price. If you were to unwind a whole roll to the end, you'd find each sheet as soft as a cotton puff . . . as white as your snowy bath linens . . . petal thin, yet firm and quickly absorbent. And Zalo, too, has been lightly "fluffed" before the tissues were entirely dry. This special "fluffing" process leaves it without the slightest glaze, yet firm as a really fine tissue should be. Both Zalo and Zee are hygienically wrapped to protect their cleanliness.

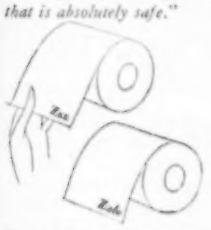
NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

ZEE
Single Roll 10¢
Soft ivory tissue
750 sheets on a roll
(100 extra sheets)

Zalo
Two Rolls for 25¢
Pure white tissue
1000 sheets on a roll
Single roll, 15¢

RUN YOUR *fingers over a single sheet of Zalo or Zee. How petal smooth it feels! Now crumple a tissue or two in your hand. It's soft enough...pure enough ...to touch a baby's tender skin.*

A FAMOUS *homemaking expert told us to give you these dust-proof wrappers. "Use a generous wrapping that tucks in the core of the roll," she cautioned. "Then, women will get tissue that is absolutely safe."*



EVEN AFTER *the wrappers are off, you can always recognize these two new rolls in any bathroom. The names . . . Zalo, on the white; Zee, on the ivory tint . . . are lightly pressed on the tissue sheets.*

Both Zee and Zalo fit all standard projecting or recessed fixtures.

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF **CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION** · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

Make your new home warm and tight with "WOOL" from WOOD

Thick, fleecy, flexible.. this true insulation proofs your home against cold and wind..saves fuel

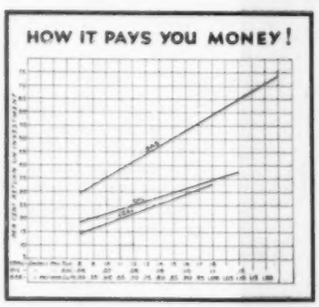
Here, in pictures, are the facts about *true* house insulation — facts that every home-builder, in fairness to himself, should know.

The large picture shows why flexibility is of basic importance in house insulation.

Note how Balsam-Wool, in fleecy, blanket-like strips, fits snug and tight between the framing members.

In cracks and crevices, around doors and windows, in all the difficult places, Balsam-Wool *tucks in*.

Everywhere that cold and wind might enter, Balsam-Wool blocks the way—as only a *flexible* insulation can!



True house insulation with one-inch Balsam-Wool soon pays for itself on heating equipment and in fuel savings. With coal at $14 for example, the annual return on your investment in Balsam-Wool is 25 per cent; with gas at 75 cents, the return is 44 per cent; etc. Within a few years Balsam-Wool pays you an annual dividend in fuel savings over and above its original cost

Like sheep's wool

The smaller picture shows a close-up of Balsam-Wool in the recommended full-inch thickness.

It looks amazingly like sheep's wool. It practically equals the actual warmth of sheep's wool!

Thus in Balsam-Wool *alone* you get the great triple efficiency of 1. flexibility 2. full inch thickness 3. the highest insulating value ever attained in practical house insulation.

Balsam-Wool insures you a really heat-tight home—warm in winter, cool in summer. A truly modern home, always comfortable, more readily salable.

It saves you money every winter

True insulation with Balsam-Wool is one of the few things you can build into your house that will actually save you money year after year.

The first cost of Balsam-Wool is small—only 1½ per cent, on the average of the new house cost.

You save the major part of this at once. A smaller heating plant is required in a Balsam-Wool house—a smaller, less expensive boiler, fewer or smaller radiators.

You save every winter on fuel bills—from 25 to 40 per cent. Thus Balsam-Wool actually pays you dividends in fuel savings every year.

In old homes, too, Balsam-Wool used as attic insulation cuts fuel costs, provides new year around comfort.

Send for sample and booklet

Let us send you the complete facts about insulation and Balsam-Wool. Examine for yourself a sample of the actual material. Mail the coupon.

Sold only by retail lumber dealers

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Cloquet, Minnesota

Also makers of Nu-Wood—the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath

Sales Offices in Principal Cities

It tucks in!

Not a crack or a crevice to let in cold or wind when your house is insulated with thick, flexible Balsam-Wool. In houses already built, Balsam-Wool is applied to attic floor or roof. A simple, easy way to make your present house warmer, your fuel bills smaller!

"WOOL" FROM WOOD! *Balsam-Wool, the war time discovery of a noted scientist, is made from the clean, pure fibres of northern trees. The fleecy "wool" is firmly held between strong, tough creped Kraft liners. They are waterproof, wind-proof and virtually puncture-proof. Balsam-Wool itself is fire-resistant, vermin-proof, permanent*

Wood Conversion Company
Dept. A-4, Cloquet, Minn.

Please send us sample of Balsam-Wool and Free Booklet. I am interested in insulation for

☐ A new house
☐ Attic of present house

Name.....

Address.....

A guaranteed Everhardt product

Balsam-Wool Blanket

THICK... FLEXIBLE INSULATION... EFFICIENT

(Continued from Page 117)

They stood a moment longer in silence, while Lin digested this. Then he chuckled.

"Well," he remarked, "I don't know why we've got to stay up all night, anyway."

And they moved back together toward the fire, and unrolled their beds and prepared for the night. Ranse had his curious conjectures, but they did not make him wakeful. He fell presently asleep, and slept soundly till, sometime in the night for no reason he could at once define, he woke and sat up, intent and listening. Lin, beside him, asked softly: "Matter, Ranse?"

"You awake, Lin?"

"Thought I heard a lion yell," Lin confessed.

"That's what woke me, then," Ranse decided. "That must have been what it was."

"Sounded like it was up on Bodega," Lin suggested. "But that's a long ways to hear anything. Funny, how they sound sometimes like a woman yelling."

"Or a man," Ranse assented; then he chuckled, shook his head. "Only it would take a good deal to make a man yell like that, I'd say."

And they rolled in their blankets once more. But Ranse lay awake for a while, listening for the lion to scream again. The long silence which followed that first cry was somehow disquieting.

VII

NORRIS was subject to spells of indigestion, acute and painful, which sometimes hindered his usefulness. When Ranse woke at gray dawn, he found the young man crouching in a huddle of misery. Ranse asked what the matter was, and Norris told him.

"But you won't want the horses right away, will you?" Norris urged. "Long as we ain't moving on?"

"I'll bring 'em in," Ranse told him. "We might take a ride after breakfast. But you take it easy, Norris. We'll get along."

Norris nodded gratefully, and Ranse pulled on his boots and caught up the night horse and saddled him. While he was doing so, Moray came up from the lake shore to his tent and entered there. He was fully dressed, and Ranse knew a slow surprise that Moray should have been so early abroad. But his immediate business was to find the horses; and thinking they might have drifted down the canyon toward home, he rode that way. When he found no trace of them, he swung in a circle through the fringe of the woods till he crossed the trail which led over the saddle between Wild Horse Mesa and Bodega, into the canyon of the Puerco. That trail had not been used since the last mountain rain; the dust lay undisturbed.

He pushed on and a little later he struck the tracks of the animals he sought, on the trail up the creek. He rode after them slowly. He was in no great hurry. The sun had just touched Tejon to the west, but the valley was still wrapped in the dewy mists of morning. The sheep were beginning to graze down toward the water, and Ranse saw old Juan emerge from the aspens and follow them. José with the dog was on their other flank. Ranse, trotting his horse up the creek trail, lifted his hand in a gesture of greeting, but old Juan did not see him. The man was half a mile or more away, a gray figure inconspicuous among the bowlders on the hillside there.

Then Ranse's horse lifted its head in a sudden attention; a moment later Ranse heard the thud of hoofs, and the horses he had been seeking came at a swift lope out of the woods and toward him. The mules followed them, with old Mary, who despite her hobbles would travel miles in the course of a night, at a clumsy, leaping gallop close behind. Hindered as she was by the straps which fettered her forelegs together, she lost her footing once and fell, but rolled to her feet and so came on.

Then the animals saw Ranse and slowed and stopped and began to graze, lifting their heads to watch him from time to time. And Ranse rode toward them, full of speculations. It was not usual for horses to run to meet the wrangler who came seeking them. Something in the woods up there had startled them. It might have been a bear, Ranse supposed, and then he remembered the cry in the night and thought it might have been a lion. But he grinned at his own uneasiness, at his own anxiety to find an explanation for the eccentricities of horseflesh. After all, horses might run if they chose.

When he came near them he saw that they were not sweating; they had not been greatly frightened then, and Ranse discarded the theory of the bear, and of the lion too. He decided that the horses must have strayed as far as old Peak's cabin. Perhaps they had trespassed on the old man's garden. If they had done so, Peak would be apt to drive them off with such energy as to alarm the animals; they might have fled so far. Ranse welcomed this explanation of the petty mystery with an unacknowledged relief. He would not confess even to himself a growing uneasiness. He was beginning to see puzzles in small, unimportant things; his nerves were reacting to incidents they would have in the past ignored.

He turned the horses back toward camp, and when he emerged from the shelter of the trees, he saw Enid on a gravel bar at the point where the creek flowed into the lake, washing her face in the icy water there. She waved to him as he went by. Her hair was bright; a little later, when the sun touched it, it would shine like gold. He must pan some gold for her by and by. Mrs. Bayless was sitting on the foot of her bedding roll, combing her hair. Ranse found Bayless by the breakfast fire, where Lin already had biscuits in the Dutch oven, coffee on the coals.

Young Moray was there, too, irritatingly cheerful. He had, he said, been awake for hours; he found the morning curiously exhilarating. Ranse could understand this. There was crisp frost on the dry grass about the camp where the sun had not yet touched it; the air was like iced wine. Moray said he had gone for a stroll up the creek at dawn.

"I was coming back when you started after the horses, Ranse," he explained.

"I saw you," Ranse agreed. Moray's flow of talk amused him.

When, at breakfast, something was said about the projected ride up the creek to Peak's cabin at the foot of Bodega, Enid immediately decided that she would go along.

Mr. Bayless said doubtfully, "You won't be interested in my talk with the old man, Enid."

Moray asked importantly, "Will you let him see that you know, Mr. Bayless?"

Ranse saw the other's disapproving glance, but Mr. Bayless said pleasantly enough "I'm not sure, Emerson." He added: "Ranse, you will ride up with me, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," Ranse assured him.

"We'll go with you as far as the cabin," Enid proposed. "And then Emerson and I can ride on and see a little country while you're there. We can get back here alone, can't we, Ranse?"

Ranse hesitated, with a glance at Moray. "Why, I've heard of folks getting lost around here," he confessed. "But I'll tell you. There's an old road that goes up the side of Bodega, where they used to haul the ore down to the stamp mill. I can put you on that, this side of Peak's place; and you can't get lost then."

Bayless hesitated; he suggested that Enid might better stay with her mother. But Mrs. Bayless negatived this. "I've my nails to attend to, and some washing to do, and this and that," she explained. "And I'll be quite all right alone."

"And Norris and Lin will be here," Ranse pointed out.

So when, soon after breakfast, they set out, Ranse and Mr. Bayless were in the lead, and Enid and young Moray followed close behind. The younger folk passed them once, putting their horses to a gallop along the open slope for a quarter mile or so till they came to the fringe of the trees, then raced back again.

"They're like a couple of puppies," Mr. Bayless said, smilingly. "Enid is enjoying this, Ranse. Thoroughly."

"Yes, sir," Ranse briefly agreed.

Bayless looked at the other with a provocative something in his glance. "And Moray is a fine young fellow; a lot of ability and a fund of common sense," he remarked.

"Yes, sir," Ranse said heartily. "Yes, sir, Mr. Moray is a right friendly sort. He sure is."

Bayless smiled faintly. "You weren't so enthusiastic about Enid!" he suggested.

Ranse colored faintly. "Why, you don't have to lay it on so thick about her," he confessed at last straightforwardly; and Bayless nodded. He answered the other's unspoken thought.

"Frankly, I have some doubts of Moray too," he admitted. "But Enid appears to be very fond of him."

They entered the fringe of the woods, the creek on their right hand; and Enid came to ride more sedately at their heels. She called: "Where is this road you spoke of, Ranse? Must I poke along with you all day?" He turned and saw that she was laughing, and he smiled in response.

"I'll show it to you by and by," he promised. "It runs up the other side of the creek to the old shaft, and then it kind of zigzags up the hill. But it's washed away, along in here." He saw that Moray had disappeared, and he asked where the young man had gone.

"He rode up that trail to the east," Enid explained, "but he said he'd overtake us by and by."

Ranse nodded; and they emerged into a little park beside the creek, where aspens grew, and Ranse saw shod hoof prints in the trail. "The horses drifted up here this morning," he remarked. "Something scared them, so they came down to meet me, or I might have had a long ride to find them."

"What would scare them?" Mr. Bayless asked.

"A bear, maybe, or a lion," Ranse told him, and he grinned. "Or Peak might have drove them back out of his garden. There's good grass in the old lake bed by the cabin, and they likely headed for there."

"The woods are so still, aren't they?" Enid said, behind them.

"Yes, ma'am," Ranse agreed. He added: "But if you was to set down and listen for a while, and keep quiet your own self, you'd hear a lot of things. Trouble is, everything within half a mile of us can hear us now."

"I feel like whispering," Enid confessed. "And peeping over my shoulder all the time. Are there wolves here, Ranse?"

"Coyotes, maybe," he told her.

"You know, the traveler in the snowy woods who has a feeling that he is being followed, and looks back and sees a pair of shining eyes."

"You been reading too many books, ma'am," Ranse drawled. But he added: "I did see a pair of eyes one night, though. Scared me good. You can see my gray hairs." And he explained: "I'd rolled in under a ledge to sleep, and I woke up and heard a kind of scratching on the rocks. There was an old lion, coming down to drink, likely; and he'd pretty near stumbled over me. I could see his eyes, and him against the sky, not fifteen feet away."

"And you drilled him with your trusty pistol?" she guessed in laughing derision.

Ranse grinned, shook his head. "I hadn't any gun," he told her. "No, ma'am, I just yelled like a good one. I let out a screech, and the lion he let out a screech, and he sure did go away from there. I could hear him going it for half a mile."

"Now if it had been Lin," she reminded him chidingly, "he'd have caught him by the tail and made a pet out of him."

"Well," he said dryly, "I never was a hand for pets, to amount to anything."

Then they fell silent again. The trail dipped and crossed the brook; it followed the base of a rocky slope, littered with

(Continued on Page 125)

PONCE DE LEON'S Fountain of Youth had nothing on Double X. For here is an innocent looking white powder that—when dissolved—puts new youth, new life, new lustre, into old and ailing floors. No matter how dingy, streaked, stained or spotted the floor may be—you can count on Double X to work its double-action magic!

For Double X is not just another "cleaner." It is a wholly new idea: *double-action!* In *weak* solution Double X *cleans* wax and dirt from floors and woodwork generally. In *strong* solution it *removes* varnish, shellac, wax, dirt—leaving the surface smooth and *bleached*, ready for refinishing.

And—Double X goes a long way: a 75¢ can will "do over" the floor of an average room. A pail of boiling water, a mop, and a can of this double-action magic are *all* you need!

Leading paint and hardware stores carry Double X in two sizes: Pound can (75¢) and 4 oz. carton (25¢) for smaller clean-up jobs. See Special Trial Offer in coupon below.

Double X Floor Cleaner

Special Trial Offer—*Mail coupon now!*

SCHALK CHEMICAL CO., 349 East Second St., Los Angeles
For the enclosed 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing) send me a 25¢ "Get-Acquainted Package" of Double X Floor Cleaner. [84]

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Savabrush loosens paint, varnish, shellac or enamel from the hardest, driest brush. "Eats" the paint but not the bristles. A 10¢ carton will save two brushes. At paint and hardware stores!

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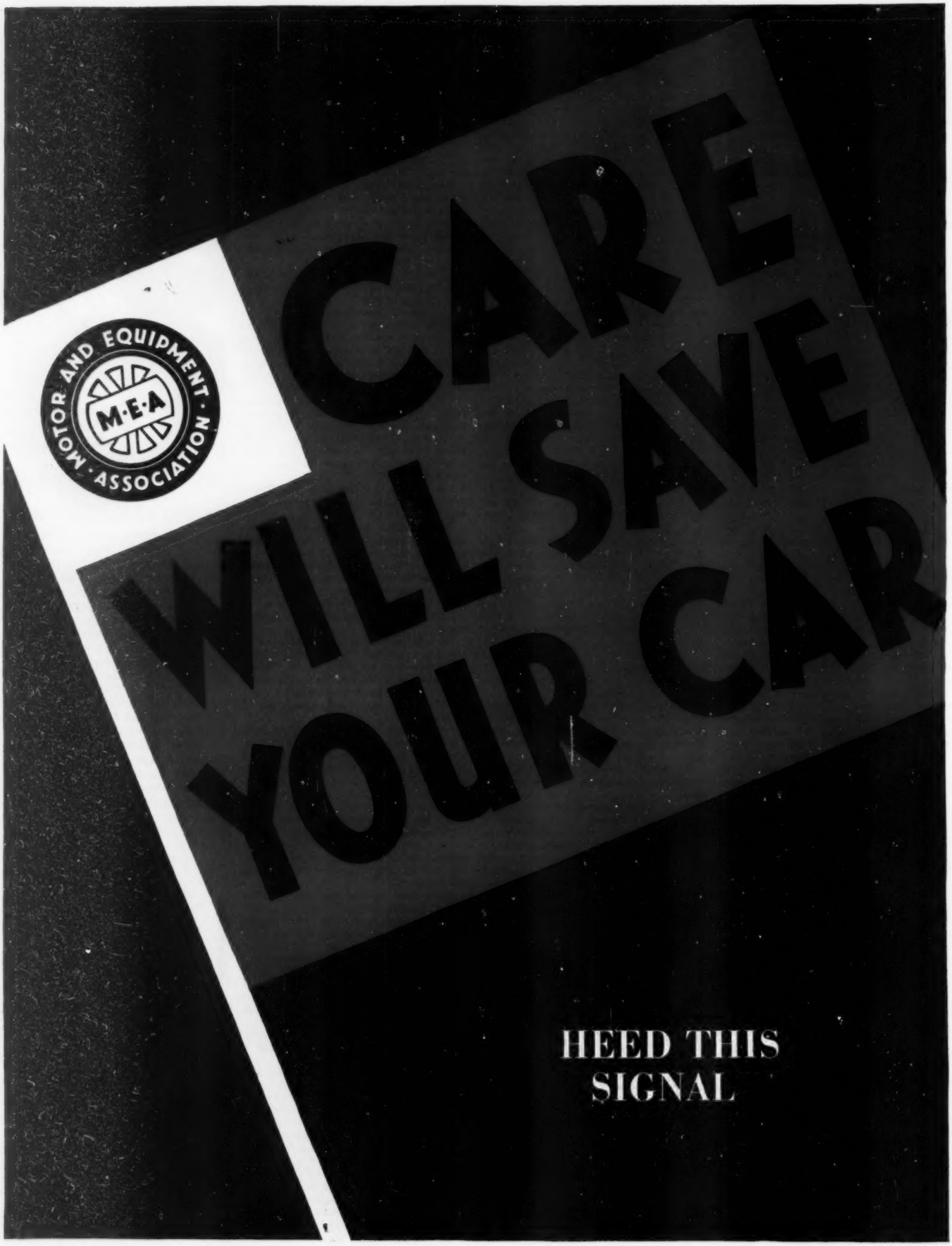
MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION
M·E·A
CARE
WILL SAVE
YOUR CAR
HEED THIS
SIGNAL

FIVE WORDS

Just think what they mean

HERE are five short words directed to America's car owners—twenty-five million people.

These five words put into action represent *preventive maintenance*, the modern way of getting the most out of your motor car investment.

Care will save your car and add much to your motoring enjoyment.

What it means

The first step in *preventive maintenance* is regular inspection by men qualified and equipped to tell you just what is needed to keep your car in first-class condition.

Inspection tells you what to do. Servicing does it. Think what that means to you.

Perhaps your car needs one or more of the following operations right now: adjustment of moving parts; tightening of structural parts; replacement of worn or defective parts; cleaning and lubrication of mechanism; upkeep of body and exterior metal work; installing of essential accessories.

What it does for you

Servicing of this character will pay you handsomely in many ways. It will improve the performance of your car. It will make your car safer and more dependable for you and your family. It will give you greater pride of ownership. It will actually save you money by reducing cost of operating, conserving trade-in value and lowering the final cost of upkeep.

Where to go

Once a month or oftener take your car in to be inspected. Pick a reliable shop or service station, one known to do good work at reasonable cost. There are many such establishments, doubtless one not far from your home. Put your car in good hands and start today.

MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT

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Tooth decay is caused by germs

Germs must be removed twice daily

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE . . . a generous supply of Pepsodent to try

Please accept a free supply of the tooth paste that affords a scientific way of fighting these common dental ills.

IF you brush your teeth *to prevent decay . . . to remove stains . . . to escape pyorrhea* . . . we want to send you free a remarkable development in modern tooth pastes (mail coupon).

It will last at least ten days. At the end of that time you will see a marked change in the color and brilliance of enamel. Continue to use it and in three to six months, we believe, you will be aware of a greater freedom from decay. If threatened with gum trouble, you will find better protection than before.

This way removes germs that start trouble

What causes decay? *Germs.* Germs and tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the chief cause of pyorrhea. It is estimated that at least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even "over-brushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

How Pepsodent fights germs

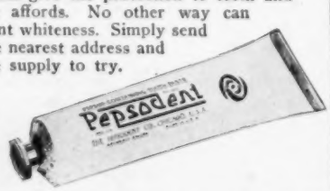
So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

Pepsodent removes film with complete safety to the enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for sensitive children's teeth and for tender gums.

You will want to try it

No other ways can give the protection to teeth and gums Pepsodent affords. No other way can bring such brilliant whiteness. Simply send the coupon to the nearest address and receive your free supply to try. Act at once.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos'n'Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY

America's Favorite Radio Entertainers

Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over NBC network.

7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
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FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

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Dept. 235, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . **London,** E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3436

(Continued from Page 121)

frost-tumbled bowlders, with rim rock at the top, forty yards above. They rode without speech; Mr. Bayless had his eyes on the trail and they were fixed in thought.

Ranse said casually: "The old shaft is up above here a little ways. But that road I was telling you about comes back along this rim. You can't get up, right here, but when we come to the shaft you can ride back along them rocks up there."

"And where is Peak's cabin?" Mr. Bayless asked.

"Quarter of a mile," Ranse told him.

Bayless nodded. He was for the moment in the lead, Ranse content to follow on his heels. Enid asked:

"Is it in rocks like that that lions live, Ranse?"

Enid was behind, and Ranse turned his head to answer her; but as he did so, a gun cracked spitefully from the rim rock above them.

The sound for a moment paralyzed them all, and Ranse had in that instant a swift and absurd satisfaction. Here at last was something concrete, some definite fact to take the place of the small, obscure mysteries which had been perplexing him.

He had time to realize that this shot, by the report, came from a rifle or a light revolver. Then he turned his head, his first glance toward the rim rock from which the shot had come. He saw a bush move there.

And at the same time he saw Mr. Bayless slide slowly sidewise from his horse and topple to the ground.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

QUACK! QUACK!

(Continued from Page 17)

What next? Why, just what has begun to happen this very year. The apparently abrupt acceleration has taken place. All of a sudden we have come to that point of depletion in our capital when it is no longer possible to take from it enough to fill out our dividend. No longer do even the most fortunately located clubs produce invariable limits. Only at the very beginning of the season, or on certain favorable and very lucky days, and in two or three small-membered and strategically located clubs. I happen to belong to a social club whose membership includes a great many hunters who, in turn, belong to a great many high-class duck clubs. After the biweekly shoots they exchange news. I have heard them for a great many years, so in them I have a cross-section impossible to merely personal experience. This year the report of limits has been only occasional. Men bringing in from fifteen to twenty ducks have been forced to conclude they have done well; a bag of a dozen has been a matter for congratulation; half that number I have actually heard called a "pretty good shoot," and to be "skunked" has not been uncommon.

Gulls for the Gullible

An acquaintance of mine whose business is directly connected with this sport and who, in pursuance thereof, in one season drove 3200 miles in the Sacramento Valley alone, was also impressed by this decrease. "In numberless instances," he writes me, "the members of exclusive clubs find it impossible to bag even ten ducks per day. I know of many instances when good shots bagged only three, four or five birds on excellent club grounds where in previous seasons limit bags were invariable. The shortage must have been at least 50 per cent as compared with the previous season."

And, he might have added, the previous season was an appalling per cent short of the season before that. You cannot keep on dividing your piece of pie in two very long without getting down to the starvation point.

Well, such being the case, are we going to take steps to remedy the situation? Probably—if there is any situation left to remedy by the time we get around to it. But we have a number of things to do first as part of the old Spanish custom of kidding ourselves along without which nothing could be legal. We do so by vociferating a number of things:

1. There are as many ducks as ever. The flight has passed us by to east or west and is now lurking south of our border.

2. There are as many ducks as ever. They are scattered out over more country because of a variety of causes which we will think up as we go along.

3. There are as many ducks as ever. They are concentrated in some mysterious place somewhere else and have not come down because of a variety of causes which we will think up as we go along.

4. The depletion of ducks is due to slaughter of market hunters in Mexico.

5. It is due to destruction by alkali, by asphalt, by polluted water.

6. They have had a poor breeding season up north.

7. And—hip, hip, hooray!—this year somebody thought of the sea gull. Everybody sooner or later thinks of the sea gull. The sea gull, it seems, invades the far-north breeding grounds of the ducks and smashes eggs and devours young. That accounts for the scarcity of ducks! This idea has been acclaimed with enthusiasm by our leading kidders. You can say anything about anything that is far enough away. Obviously those dastardly sea gulls must have discovered those breeding grounds quite recently—within five years, in fact—for it is only in the last five years that ducks have begun to diminish.

That these various theories—or excuses—are mutually contradictory does not prevent their promulgation by the same group of men. Indeed, one of their spokesmen blandly begs the question four times in one statement; occupying half his screed in stoutly maintaining that there has been absolutely no decrease in ducks at all, and the other half in ingenious theories to account for the appalling depletion! Thus every taste is satisfied.

Permit me to inject one small matter of statistics. In the season of 1928 there were bagged legally in California some 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 ducks; to which number must be added those knocked down and not recovered and those bootlegged—a very considerable addition, as we shall see. The lower estimate is offered by those who cannot believe their own figuring.

That is quite a duck population, even considered by itself. Taken as shootable increase, as income rather than capital, it would represent almost unbelievable numbers. And we must remember that the income does not belong entirely to California. Alaska, British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, Mexico—whither many of our limit seekers follow after the close of our own season—all these have an equity in the season's increase, and take it as they can. I am not going to touch those figures; our own are quite sufficient. But they must be considered if we are going worthily to rival those sea gulls.

A Heavy Day's Kill

There are various ways of arriving at these figures, which must, of course, be approximate. One way is to consider that the state issues 250,000 hunting licenses each year, of which it is estimated some 100,000 of their owners shoot ducks. Allowing only two limits apiece for the whole season, that makes our 5,000,000 without going farther! And the majority of your duck hunters hunt at least once a week, and generally twice. I know many men who have for years acknowledged two limits each week of the open months, a total of 750 birds; many more whose kept records show from 200 to 500 on their books. A few such cases take care of the average of a great many who might, on the most charitable supposition, whether from poor shooting or lack of time, be conceived to bag less than our estimated fifty.

On the opening day of the season, in Sutter, Butte and Colusa counties alone—three counties of the twenty-six or more in which ducks are hunted—641 limits—16,025 birds—were checked as killed in the clubs. That total does not include strings of less than twenty-five, nor does it take account of hunters not affiliated with clubs. In one club near Stockton the astounding total of 5425 birds were brought in—in one day, mind you! In the same region, another club, on the same day, reported 2100. A third club reported for its season 16,545 birds killed.

There are in California more than 375 private duck clubs. This does not take into consideration the independent shooters who do not belong to such organizations, or numerous units where one may shoot on payment of a price.

Take it from whatever angle we will, trust or distrust the exact accuracy of our estimates as we may, the evidence is overwhelming that in our one state alone we are eating into our principal at a terrific rate.

Dr. John C. Phillips, president of the American Wild Fowlers, tells us that, in order to maintain our duck supply by natural increase, the total bag for the United States must be confined to an average of 8,000,000 birds a year. That is for the whole country, mind you.

Casuals of the Hunt

There is another interesting slant to the situation that is worth glancing at, by the way. A lot of these fellows who insist that in certain favored localities they are still able to get the limit quickly, are now including in that limit species that were despised only a few years ago. Then even nonclub shooters, for example, would not fire at teal in the San Pablo Bay region; they wanted, and got, nothing but canvasbacks. A man who shot spoonies or widgeons or ruddy ducks was joshed within an inch of his life. Today that same man is as proud as a dog with two tails of his limit of just those birds. Some day you are to be treated to the spectacle of men bragging of their string of the lowly and unmissable mud hen. Already, though occasionally, they are to be seen on the duck straps of the returning sportsmen.

We have been talking about the birds comprised in the legal limits, but that is not the whole by any means. It is impossible for even the most conscientious sportsman to recover quite all the birds he knocks down, especially in a thick tule country. A certain number are crippled and get away, or are killed and cannot be found. I should hesitate to make more than a wild guess as to how many birds a bagged twenty-five represents on the average. It varies with conditions, of course, but he is a lucky man who does not lose two or three. A game expert of very wide experience estimates the wastage as high as five, which would mean 20 per cent additional kill. And even the more conservative guess amounts to from 8 to 12 per cent. Then must be added the duplicate or swollen limits permitted themselves by an astonishing majority of our so-called sportsmen; the inordinate numbers that must be held to the account of the fellow who shoots a limit for his wife, or a gamekeeper, or a nonshooting friend whom he has brought along for the purpose; and the ducks just plain bootlegged to supply an illegitimate market.

We will consider the illegal market hunter first. He is relatively unimportant—not

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Discriminating people use Ace Combs because they find Ace Combs divide the hair exactly, bring out its sheen better and make it lie in the style desired.

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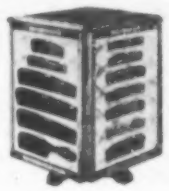

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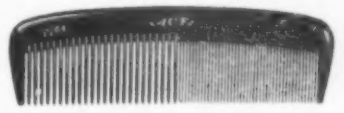

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If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

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because he is not very destructive, for he is—but because, in the last analysis, the remedy, which lies elsewhere, will automatically eliminate him. That is, if the remedy is applied.

Except for exhibition purposes, the denial that game is on the market is absurd. The fact is a matter of common knowledge. It is as much a matter of common knowledge as that drinks may be had by even the not very earnest seeker in our officially dry country. The man who professes ignorance of the fact is either doing the baby-blue-eye stuff for political or official purposes, or is too naïve to have anything to do with such matters. The bootleg quotation for ducks last year was twenty-five dollars a limit; or at the rate of one dollar a duck. Since domestic ducks cost about two dollars apiece, the inference should be obvious that by the law of supply and demand the price of one dollar means that there is an abundant supply. That supply is maintained in various ways. Some of the birds are obtained in the initial appearance of legality. The market hunter shoots his own limit, and additional limits for dummies. They may be living dummies, but as far as shooting goes, they are dummies for all that. Of course the after sale is wholly illegal. The rest are poached. The poachers have their art developed to a fine point. They procure their ducks by a system known as dragging. It is very simple. They approach at night one of those ponds where the ducks are asleep or gossiping in almost a solid pack. There they turn loose improvised machine guns made of automatic shotguns whose magazines have been extended by means of tubes to hold a dozen shells apiece. The slaughter is almost beyond belief. In the old days when market hunting was legal, I have known a man to rake a reservoir by daylight, and, with the two barrels only of a ten gauge, kill sixty-seven mallards. Hastily gathering as many of the spoils as they can, the draggers load them in light trucks disguised as innocent delivery wagons of one sort or another, and are off down the highway to fulfill their city contracts.

A Smaller Area to Watch

There is no inordinate risk in this performance. The marshes are of great extent, and it takes time for even the most vigilant keeper to make his way to the scene. The most conscientious patrol by the inadequate number of enforcement officers cannot cover so big a country. The best that can be hoped is that the marauders be forced to get out before they have picked up all the ducks. On a two hours' morning stroll, five years ago, I counted more than 200 rotting bodies along the lee shores of ponds and canals. Nor, it is said, do the raiders even fear interruption in some cases, but go about their retrieving in leisurely confidence that they will not be molested.

I have no reason to suppose that, on the whole, the enforcement officers are slack or that the club gamekeepers are not conscientious. In the best of circumstances the job is difficult and sometimes dangerous. Nor, on the other hand, am I naïve enough to believe that there is not occasionally collusion. But that, too, is becoming increasingly dangerous. The contraction of the duck acreage has at least the one beneficial effect of limiting the area to be cared for.

Cheap Ducks From Bootleggers

Until recently, too, the occasional arrest did not much disturb the professional bootlegger. What was a fine of fifty or a hundred dollars to him? An active gang could make that up, and more, in a single night's drag. One judge, for a time at least, imposed a jail sentence at the rate of a day for each duck illegally in possession. That was not so funny. But in many instances the lightness of the sentence, whether due to local politics or not, made of it but a slight deterrent.

I do not happen ever to have heard of any of the larger hotels or restaurants being called to account. The difficulties of legal evidence may be too great; there seems to be a vast difference between evidence that is legal and that sufficient for a moral certainty so exact that only a fool or a demagogue can avoid it. It may be, as is constantly charged, that there is some politics in the matter. I have no opinion as to that. But I do know, as does everybody else, whether he acknowledges it or not, that ducks are for sale, and in quantity, and at so low a price as to indicate an abundant supply to meet the demand. That this is so is a matter of common knowledge—just as common a knowledge as that liquor is for sale in the District of Columbia.

It is customary, when anybody makes such a statement in print, for those interested, or whose pride of office is touched, at once to cry it down. The procedure is very simple, and asininé. It consists of a blanket denial, followed by a challenge to prove the statements. "If you are willing to make such statements, you should be prepared to back them up by legal proof!" howls the politician. And the rules of the game seem to be that we are then required utterly to discredit the one who makes the statement, no matter how good his judgment or opportunities. It is a sort of hang-over from court procedure. It is a wonderful out for the demagogue, for the average citizen would rather muzzle even his considered judgments on most matters than involve himself in the expenditure of time, money or nervous energy that the getting of lawyer-proof legal evidence entails. Why, bless

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME COMMISSION

Geese in a Stubble Field

GUARD YOUR HEALTH

When you buy meats and perishable foods at a market that displays the Hussmann white cross of sanitation, you are sure to get *better foods*, *cleaner foods*, and *quicker service*.

The Hussmannized food market has taken every precaution to guard your health. Meats are displayed under plate glass and kept continually near the freezing point. At this temperature, the natural juices react upon the tissues and make the meat delightfully tender and tasteful.

Look for the Hussmann white cross of sanitation when you go shopping for food. The merchant who displays the Hussmann white cross has invested his money to guard your health.

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HUSS-MANN

REFRIGERATOR DIVISION

you, men hired for the purpose and giving all their time to the matter find it difficult, almost impossible.

So, in my flat statement that ducks are today poached by the thousands, bootlegged in quantity, sold quasi-openly, and at prices less than those demanded by the markets for domestic ducks, I am expressing my own carefully considered opinion, based on my own deliberate judgment of the testimony brought me from a great variety of sources. I do not intend to meet any demagogue challenges for legal proof. My opinion stands or falls according to the confidence the reader has in my judgment concerning such matters. Furthermore, I may add another purely personal opinion of my own. It is this: That legal proof could be had by anyone interested enough and determined enough and properly equipped to go after it.

Curiously enough, while I was actually writing the lines of the preceding page of manuscript, a visitor with whom I had an appointment was announced. This person was a stranger to me, and had come on a matter wholly unrelated to this subject. After our business had been finished, apropos of nothing at all, this visitor remarked that the past season had been a poor one for ducks.

"It was hardly worth while going out," was the further comment. "Why, when we wanted ducks for a party, or anything, it was a lot cheaper to buy them than to go out and try to shoot them."

"Have any trouble finding them for sale?" I asked.

"Oh, there are half a dozen places along the highway that generally have some."

So much for the supply. Whence the demand? It is not from the common citizen; though ducks at a dollar apiece are not a very expensive luxury. It is mainly from those people who like to consider themselves as belonging to the sportsman class, whether duck-shooting sportsmen or not. A dinner with a game course is rather more fashionable than one without. During the open season shooters are very popular with their nonshooting friends, for their biweekly limits must be distributed; no one family can possibly eat all those ducks. Those not popular or not acquainted with shooters cannot be left behind. They buy theirs. And after the season is over there seems to be a peculiar distinction in serving to one's select friends a dainty wholly impossible—according to the law. It is a sort of childish exhibitionism, possessing the illogical merit of strawberries, no matter how scrubby and acid, in the snow months.

Some years ago I sat in a duck blind of a small and very exclusive club with a chap whom I esteemed, and do still esteem, as a fine type of outdoor man. The morning flight was over, and we were smoking and jawing idly. Our subject was, of course, ducks, and for the moment we were discussing them from the gastronomic standpoint. My friend stated as his opinion that the chef of the Hotel Blank understood best how to cook these birds, and strongly advised me to try him.

The Real Meaning of a Limit

"I always make a point of getting a duck there when I am in town," said he.

As he hailed from a wholly different part of the country, I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, just ask for Jimmy," said he. "He can always fix you up."

On another occasion I attended a dinner given at a private club by a group of men in compliment to a certain member. As an entrée, quail was served. There were many exclamations of congratulation that the committee had produced this triumph of rarity and delicacy, but no comment on the fact that the close of the season was a month past. I may hasten to add that I realize perfectly that both these instances offered me a perfect chance, as a good citizen, to make of myself an unmitigated cad. But I prefer to think that another view is possible—that the remedy consists not in the assumption of the informer's rôle in a few valueless instances, but in a broader effort to clarify men's attitude of mind. The former results in nothing but ill-feeling; the latter may be effective in awakening the men concerned to a little clear thinking. As a rule, the fellow who serves the illegal game course to his friends thinks no further than the compliment he believes he offers. He is ordinarily the very chap who delights in serving the legal game course in season. He is the sportsman who is most eagerly afield. He is my friend, and yours; and as we know him to be a fine chap, honorable, a good fellow, the salt of the earth, we can only marvel at the complete success with which he is kidding himself along.

Which leads us naturally to the next aspect of the situation. I mean this limit question. Ninety-nine out of a hundred have never given a moment's thought as to what a limit is supposed to mean. As we have seen, in one aspect, a limit, to most, is the unit of a successful day's shoot. If you have killed a limit you have had a good time. If you have fallen one short of a limit you have had a rotten time, and you are almost ashamed to report in.

That a limit is an impassable maximum individual privilege is a thought that occurs to few. A personal privilege. If a man cannot himself bring down and bring in his twenty-five birds*, his right cannot legally or ethically be transferred to another.

A Full Bag for All

Thus it is almost a universal practice for a good shot to fill out the limit for his friend who is a poor shot or has had bad luck. This in addition to his own quota. Jones kills his own twenty-five ducks and a dozen for Smith, who has managed to scratch down only thirteen. Actually, Jones has bagged thirty-seven, which is against the law, which distinctly reads that he is entitled to only twenty-five. That aspect of it, simple as it seems, never enters his mind. All he thinks of is that Smith is entitled to twenty-five, and he hasn't got them. That the whole ethical intent of the regulation is that Smith is entitled to as many as twenty-five if he can get them is one step beyond his rationalization.

So well established and so prevalent is this view that I do not doubt this statement of the situation will be vigorously protested. Astonishing as it may seem, otherwise intelligent, and most certainly well-meaning men, have literally never thought that far.

The next step is simple. I was only the other day talking to a well-known sportsman who was boasting with justified pride of the favorable location, the admirable internal economy and arrangements and general desirability of his own small and exclusive club of only a dozen members.

"These other fellows have been having rotten shooting," said he, "but we always have lots of birds. Our crowd never fails to get a limit apiece, and we get 'em early. Last week we were all back home before noon, and we got just 400 ducks, and most of them sprigs at that."

"Isn't that somewhat over the limit?" I inquired.

"No," said he virtuously. "You see, we buy licenses for the four keepers."

Many men take their wives with them to the marshes, so that the family may bring home fifty ducks, and incidentally the male member may have more of a shoot. Or nonsporting friends. The latter have a pleasant trip to the clubhouse, and a good lot of fellows to smoke and drink and play cards with, and each can take home his twenty-five ducks—all shot by their genial host. The expense to the host is the drinks and food and two dollars a man—which is what a hunting license costs. And this, in turn, develops into the full flower of the law evasion in what is coming to be known as the caddie system. That means that the shooter takes with him a man or boy whose

*Just changed by Federal law to fifteen for next year, but as our discussion is with the present season, we will continue with twenty-five.

(Continued on Page 130)

MERCHANTS WHO SELL FOOD ... HUSSMANNIZE

When the Hussmannizer calls on you, give him freely of your time. He is a trained retail food merchandising expert. He will explain numerous methods of increasing your business and profits. Every hour you spend with him will be repaid in years of continued business success.

The Hussmannizer can help you solve any perishable food display or storage problems you may have.

Hussmann is the original manufacturer of scientifically designed and accurately built refrigerated display counters, grocery boxes, and coolers. For over a quarter century, Hussmann has been building equipment that enables food merchants to give customers *—better foods, cleaner foods,* and *quicker service.*

Have the Hussmannizer explain how these features are made possible by the Hussmann principles of correct display and refrigeration. Ask him why uniform temperature, controlled humidity, and natural air circulation are necessary in refrigerator display counters regardless of whether you use mechanical refrigeration or ice and salt.

When will it be most convenient for the Hussmannizer to call?

BETTER FOODS
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The Hussmann business is growing. We are ready to consider applications from a few responsible men who will be trained as Hussmannizers. If you are looking for a lifetime connection, interesting work and ample remuneration . . . if you want to learn how to help food merchants build up their business and increase profits... *write us* giving a complete outline of your qualifications and previous selling experience.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO INDEPENDENT MERCHANTS

FROM HARRY T. DUNN

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRESIDENT, THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Time to Re-Tire

Get a FISK!

Recently I addressed the motoring public of America on the importance of the new Air-Flight principle of tire construction by Fisk. Today it is my pleasure to address every independent merchant and explain the Fisk position in regard to factory-controlled stores and other tire establishments operated by "absentee management". >> It has always been the Fisk policy to deal with independent merchants of the highest character. These men are representative of America's most substantial citizenry. They belong to Chambers of Commerce and other civic groups formulated for the benefit of the community of which they are a part. >> Since the advent of the factory-controlled store we are often approached to deviate from our established policy of doing business with the independent merchant. At this time I wish to emphasize that our policy is unchanged. >> We have chosen our merchants for their integrity and ability to offer the public unfailing service — to honorably reflect the excellence of our product. Their success and ours are united. >> We are, as quickly as possible, disposing of 26 experimental retail establishments which we opened in various communities where no dealer of Fisk qualifications was at the time available. These will be placed in the hands of capable, independent merchants. >> We believe in the independent. We believe our merchants are the finest tire merchants obtainable. To them we pledge our support. Two weeks from today I shall publish another message on this subject. HARRY T. DUNN, *President—The Fisk Rubber Company*

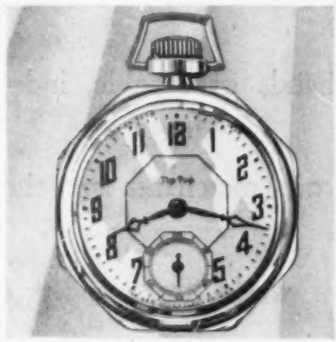
Now—despite summer heat or winter cold these NEW TIP-TOP WATCHES ARE NEVER "OFF TIME" from temperature changes

NEW!
TIP-TOP JR.
WRIST-WATCH
with chromium-plated metal strap
$5.00
With pigskin strap, $4.50
Each, with radium dial, 50c extra.

BLOW HOT — BLOW COLD
In any weather Tip-Top Watches, compensated for temperature changes, give the right time

Blow hot—blow cold—temperature changes are the old enemy of watch accuracy, unless the watch is compensated for temperature. If the weather is even 20 degrees warmer for 24 hours the non-compensated watch will run a little over three minutes slow. In the past only high-priced watches have been protected against temperature variations, but now at last low-priced watches have this wonderful time-accuracy feature—and these are the new Tip-Top Watches. The new Tip-Top Jr. wrist-watch, in its small, thin, chromium-plated case, is typical of the extraordinary refinements that the New Haven research laboratories have put into low-priced watches. In addition to the high-grade feature of temperature compensation Tip-Top Jr., at only $5.00, gives you Krack-proof Krystal, raised numerals, and chromium-plated metal strap. And now other Tip-Top watches have wonderful all-star features. See these amazing new watches! The New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of good clocks and watches for more than 5 generations.

$1.50



Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, compensated for temperature, with silver dial, Krack-Proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch; $1.50. Radium dial $2.25.

$2.00

Tip-Top Quintet, compensated for temperature, with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price; $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Copr. 1930, N. H. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 127)

sole job is to carry a gun, perhaps set out and take in decoys, pick up cripples and prove generally useful. He, too, is provided with a license and is entitled to a limit—which, of course, his employer shoots.

These latter phases—of the nonshooting guest or the caddie—are deliberate and intentional evasions of the law, but in most cases filling out a fellow shooter's limit is merely thoughtlessness. I know; for in the remote past I have done it myself, and I remember very distinctly my own attitude of mind. It was only when I began to think about it a little that I came upon the real significance of the limit as upon a great and illuminating discovery.

The goose business is an interesting one. In the old, old days they were extraordinarily abundant, but not much shot. This was for a variety of reasons, the principal of which was that ducks were better shooting and eating, and nobody had bothered to evolve a technic of goose hunting that brought results. If, when driving or riding in the broad flat country, you saw in the distance a queerly shimmering patch of what might be alkali or mirage, that was probably a flock of geese. I have never understood the origin or acknowledged the justice of the phrase "Silly as a goose." There is nothing whatever silly about a goose. His conduct of life is well thought out. The weakness that is destroying him is too implicit reliance on what was originally a fine plan.

For geese early concluded that it was a pretty good idea to do their feeding in the darker hours and to do their loafing in the daytime. For the latter purpose they picked out the broadest, flattest, most barren field they could discover, placed themselves in its mathematical center, told off sentries, tucked one foot among their tummy feathers and settled down to the enjoyment of a carefree mind. For hundreds of yards in any direction was no high grass, no brush, no ditch, no undulation of the ground to afford cover for an approaching marauder. Before settling on that particular loafing place, the first comers made very sure. Around and around and around they circled, at first high, then successively in lower spirals, hundreds of sharp eyes examining every detail, everybody expressing his opinion at the top of his voice, recoiling in swift towering at the shrill claim of an inexperienced and self-important youngster of something suspicious-looking, resuming the methodical inspection with ribald shrieks of derision when the excitedly reported bugaboo turned out to be nothing but the flock's own shadow. At last the decision was made. Swinging far downwind, they turned back against it and came in low for the landing, which they made with the precision of the skilled aviators they were, amid a last grand chorus of congratulation.

The Technic of Stalking Geese

But here was the weak point in the system. Subsequent flocks, seeking a place to spend the day, took it entirely for granted that the first fellows understood their business. When, from the great elevation of their returning flight from the feeding grounds, they espied, sometimes from miles away, a group all settled and happy, they incontinently joined them without the bother of any but a very perfunctory investigation on their own account. Nothing can equal the caution of the first geese coming in to a strange place. Nothing can equal their boldness in joining a band already safely established. The first small nucleus of perhaps a few dozen pioneers swells rapidly, until the glimmering patch on the open prairie covers close-packed acres; and the marveling Eastern visitor, accustomed to think of these birds in terms of a few score in wedge formation against far skies, or of rare fortunate singles stooping puzzled to his duck decoys, is lost in admiration at their incredible thousands. Driving by on the road, perhaps within a few hundred yards of multitudes which pay him no smallest attention, his sportsman's heart is fired by ambition and he sets out to be a goose hunter.

But after a few attempts he gives it up. There is no way to get at them. They sit tantalizingly until he is almost within range; then quite leisurely, but with a deafening chorus of jeers and opprobrious epithets, they flop into the air and depart. Sometimes, on a fast horse, he might be able to race within extreme long range for a hasty shot—your goose is no fighting plane, and takes time to crank up and taxi to his take-off. Later, with an automobile, he was able for a brief period to do even better; until the birds learned to gauge the speed of approach of a car, which they very shortly did. Some very patient and ingenious citizens—mostly market hunters—trained steers to move slowly toward the loafing flocks. Geese are accustomed to the cattle which share their prairies. The hunter, concealed behind the animal, moved with him and thus got within range for a pot shot. One man in the San Joaquin Valley even had a swivel gun mounted atop a particularly docile bull. But all that meant little. Comparatively few geese were bagged.

Then someone up the Sacramento Valley took advantage of the goose's inborn convictions. So successful was he that for ten dollars he would guarantee that his clients would kill fifty geese apiece or their money back! There were no limits in those days. He, and a few imitators, did this for years, until the numbers of geese fell off so rapidly that legislation reduced the legal number to be shot to eight.

Setting the Plant

The game, as it is now played by the original experimenter and many others, takes into account the boldness and confidence geese display in coming in to a field that has already been scouted by a previous flock. It is at once simple and very deadly.

Starting business with a few tame geese and thirty or forty outline decoys, the aspiring professional soon extends his plant. Every wing-tipped or slightly wounded wild goose brought down is saved and nursed back to health; between seasons breeding is encouraged.

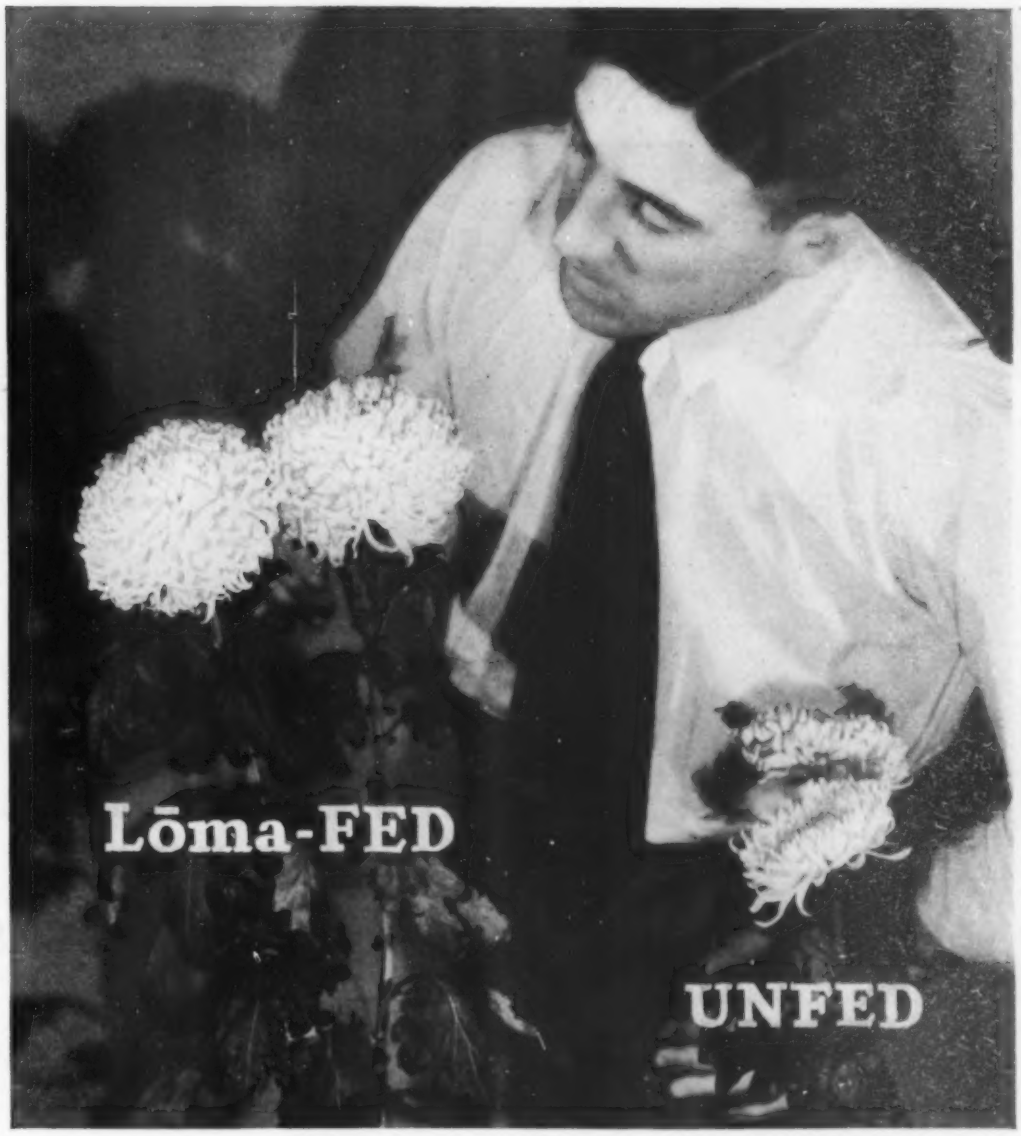
Within a few years he possesses from 100 to 150 live birds, an augmented number of outline decoys, a light truck especially fitted to carry two or three tiers of low flat cages or coops, several hundred feet of chicken wire in strips about twenty inches wide, a bundle of iron picket pins and a long-handled shovel. That is the full goose plant ready for business and guaranteed to produce results.

Two or three hours before daylight he routs out his clients, supervises impatiently their consumption of ham and eggs, and bundles them into their cars. They follow the tail-light of his queerly laden truck until it stops alongside the fence of some earth side road. Here they leave the cars and stumble for a rough half mile or so across country afoot, guided by the tail-light of the truck bumping ahead. The truck stops. By the light of lanterns the professional and his helper immediately get busy. The iron picket pins, driven in a number of small circles, perhaps ten feet across, form frameworks for the strips of chicken wire, to make a series of small pens or corrals, each accommodating the dozen birds which comprise the contents of one crate from the truck. Thus, when this particular part of the job is finished, ten or a dozen of these little groups are scattered over an area perhaps 100 yards or so across. Each coop is brought by one of the men to its pen, its door opened. One by one the geese step forth. They do so with dignity and with deliberation. As each waddles from the slats of his crate to the earth, he stops to fluff out all his feathers and shake himself before moving ahead to permit the next to emerge. There is no use trying to hurry them. They have been on this job many times before, and nobody can tell them how it is to be done. That is why it is

(Continued on Page 133)

Medal of Award received by the Charles H. Totty Company at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco—one of more than a thousand awards received during twenty-five years at the country's leading flower shows.

"The *fed* flowers," *says* MR. CHARLES H. TOTTY,



"were nearly twice as large as the unfed!"

IN the huge nurseries of the Charles H. Totty Company at Madison, New Jersey—containing more than 300,000 square feet of glass houses—Mr. Totty has developed many novelties in chrysanthemums and roses. His "Totty's Mums" are world-famous, having taken prizes and medals at all the important shows during the past twenty-five years.

Mr. Totty, who is a firm believer in the value of plant feeding, conducted a demonstration with Lōma last Fall on his Silver-Sheen Chrysanthemums. A bench of about 300 of these plants was selected, and Mr. Totty had Lōma applied to just part of them, leaving the remainder unfed.

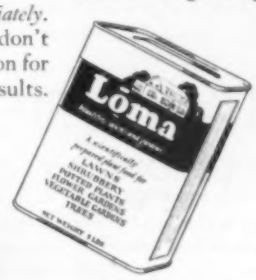
The first Lōma feeding was made on July 31, and four other feedings followed on August 8 and 26, September 2 and October 5. "At the end of this period," says Mr. Totty, "not only were the fed plants nearly a foot taller than the unfed plants, but the blooms themselves were almost twice as large.

"I am sure that if the home-owner only realized the importance of feeding flowers regularly as keenly as specialists do, he would be able to produce flowers in his own garden as large and fine as those grown in nurseries."

* * *

Indeed, thousands of home-owners in all parts of the country are already aware of the value of plant-feeding—they are applying Lōma, the scientific, richly-balanced plant food, not only to their flowers, but also to their lawns and vegetables.

Lōma is a very exact combination of nitrates, potash and phosphates in a form which growing things can use *immediately*. That's why you don't have to wait all season for Lōma to produce results.



Make a test of it on your own lawn, if you wish, and in less than ten days you'll be amazed at the difference.

Lōma can be bought in large or small bags or cartons, from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"Even a well-cared-for lawn responds to a treatment of Lōma." *Ten days after* Lōma *had been applied to a section of the very-well-cared-for lawn of Mrs. Louis J. Lucas, of Larchmont, New York, the fed area showed a marked improvement as against the unfed area.*

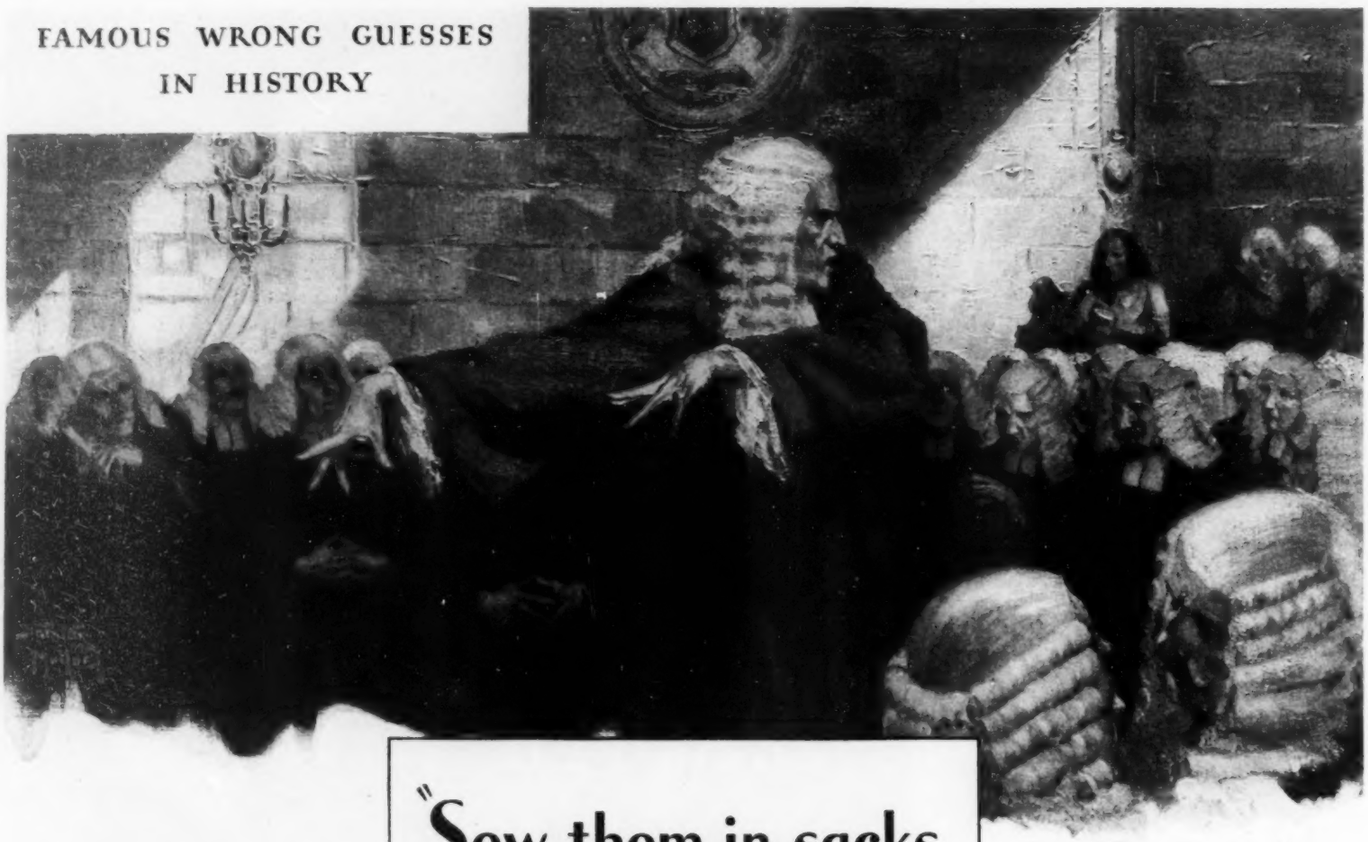
Mrs. Lucas, four times President of The Larchmont Garden Club, is the proud owner of a Special Gold Medal awarded her for the best small garden in Westchester County.

Lōma

Feed now + for a beautiful Lawn and Garden

© 1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY



"Sew them in sacks and throw them in the Thames!"

THE South Sea Bubble had burst. All England clamored for the punishment of its directors. Parliament re-echoed with angry recriminations. "Sew them in sacks and throw them in the Thames!" cried one indignant peer.

Yet only a short time before, hopes had run high. The fabulous wealth of South America was to make *everybody* rich. Shares in the South Sea Company had skyrocketed from £100 to £1,000. Landlords sold their estates. Clergymen and widows brought their savings to invest in it.

And now these towering castles in the air had crashed. The King's most important ministers were involved in the scandal. There were suicides, sudden deaths, prison sentences, ruin on every side. But the money was gone forever!

* * *

Today or 200 years ago—speculative frenzy meets one inevitable end. But though "bubbles" burst and fancy prices fall, solid values still endure.

These values rest on *facts*—not guesses. The investor who makes *facts* his guiding principle in the selection of securities, has nothing to fear. Prices at times may be temporarily depressed, but in the long run they will adjust themselves. The chief problem is to get those essential facts that will make possible a true estimate of *value*—current and prospective.

How to get these facts

Here is where the Standard Statistics Company can be of invaluable assistance to you. The largest statistical and analytical organization in the world today, "Standard" spends millions of dollars every year for the sole purpose of collecting, analyzing and distributing accurate, unbiased, pertinent, up-to-the-minute *facts*—facts that will help make business ventures and investing in securities less hazardous and more profitable for you.

Its staff of nearly 1,000 people numbers highly trained specialists in the analysis of security values and financial conditions, as well as field investigators located at strategic points through the country to study industrial and other properties at first hand.

Regularly the many varied Standard Services go out to an impressive list of clients, including the largest banks and financial houses in North America and Europe, as well as to thousands of individual investors, both large and small.

Standard Services meet every investment need

Whether you have a few thousands, or millions, to invest—whether you are interested in stocks or bonds—whether you want to keep posted on the latest corporation reports and dividend declarations or desire sound, authoritative data on commodity price movements, business trends or general industrial conditions—whatever *your* particular problem may be, there is a Standard Service to meet your individual need. We will gladly give you further information. Simply write us on your business letterhead. No obligation, of course. Address *Standard Statistics Co., Inc., Dept. P-50, 200 Varick St., New York City.*

STANDARD STATISTICS COMPANY, INC.

200 VARICK ST. NEW YORK

Organized 24 years ago to distribute business and investment information to reinforce the efforts of business concerns, investment houses and investors by a conscientious endeavor to furnish statistics, literature and reports on every business and financial subject of general interest.

THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 130)

necessary to start out so long before daylight. A goose is a very opinionated bird.

Once the crates are emptied and repiled on the truck, the assistant drives away. His boss then rapidly sticks out the silhouette decoys. The location of these, as well as of the pens of live birds, is craftily conceived with reference to the direction of the wind and the fall of the light, as well, of course, as to a natural and lifelike arrangement. It is desirable to decoy the wild birds in such a manner that they come toward the shooters, and the latter, when placed, face all one way and cannot easily turn around.

Everybody now goes below ground. The day before, the hunter and his helper have visited the field and have dug a row of holes about three feet apart. They are just wide enough to hold a man, and a little more than waist-deep when he is standing up. Around them the silhouette decoys have been planted rather more thickly than elsewhere, but not too thickly. That would look unnatural, and your goose is uncannily keen at spotting the unnatural. I have seen them sheer off and depart merely because a single empty red shell had been carelessly ejected onto the open ground. The clients, who, pending all these preparations, have been standing about idly, are now assigned each to his pit and given emphatic instructions.

"When I say 'down,' squat," says the guide, "and hold absolutely still. Don't move, don't try to see. Just hold yourself still. Don't move a muscle one inch. Especially your head. No matter what happens. Remember now; if you can see the geese, the geese can see you. When I give the word, stand up and let 'em have it!" He emphasizes immobility, almost bullying his charges. "You're out here to shoot geese," he repeats, "and if you want to shoot them, you got to do as I say. If you don't, they'll go, and they won't come back; and if I find one of you ain't going to hold still, he'll have to go sit in his car and give the rest a chance."

By now it is nearing day. The eastern sky is red and the first meadow larks are singing. The newcomer from the East, whose first experience this is, cannot rid himself of a certain strangeness. He is unable to disassociate in his mind wild fowling and water. There is no water within five miles. He is out in the middle of a hard dry field, and it is unnatural.

Here Come the Geese

In the pens the groups of decoys are moving about talking things over low-voiced, shaking out their feathers, flattened by the close confinement of the crates, seeking out pals from whom they have been separated by the exigencies of travel. Suddenly one of them stiffens to attention, stretches to his full height, cries out in a loud and commanding voice. And instantly all the others raise their heads in the same direction, and there is a great and excited clamor.

"Down! Get down! Quick!" cries the guide.

If one were to disobey and were to scan the heavens ever so carefully, it is improbable that he could anywhere for a long time discern anything to break their clear morning translucence. But no human possesses a goose's telescopic eye. They are never mistaken. After an appreciable interval, far, far away, down close to the horizon, like a distant swarm of gnats the wild birds suddenly materialize, apparently out of nothingness. It is like magic. One split second the skies are vacant, the next the birds are there, as plain as a pikestaff. And once in range of vision they increase in size with amazing rapidity, until, almost before the mind is adjusted to their imminence, they are at hand.

The decoys are wildly eager in welcome. They stand up on their tails and flap their wings, and from their throats arises a chorus of welcome and assurance and invitation, answered by an equally noisy vociferation from the incoming flock. Nevertheless, the latter make one, sometimes two, preliminary circles of examination, a performance more or less perfunctory, perhaps, in view of the indubitable presence of their living brethren, but keen-eyed for the incongruous for all that. Their minds are all but made up. Then boldly they stoop.

Of course the obedient shooters have seen none of that. They are crouching beneath their hats, holding the required rigidity. But they cannot help but hear, and as the exultant weird ululation of the thousand awing come nearer and nearer, until at last they overwhelm the crying of the mere hundred aground, the temptation to take just one little surreptitious peek becomes almost overpowering. Nevertheless, they sit tight until:

"Let 'em have it!" shrieks the guide.

Slaughter of the Innocents

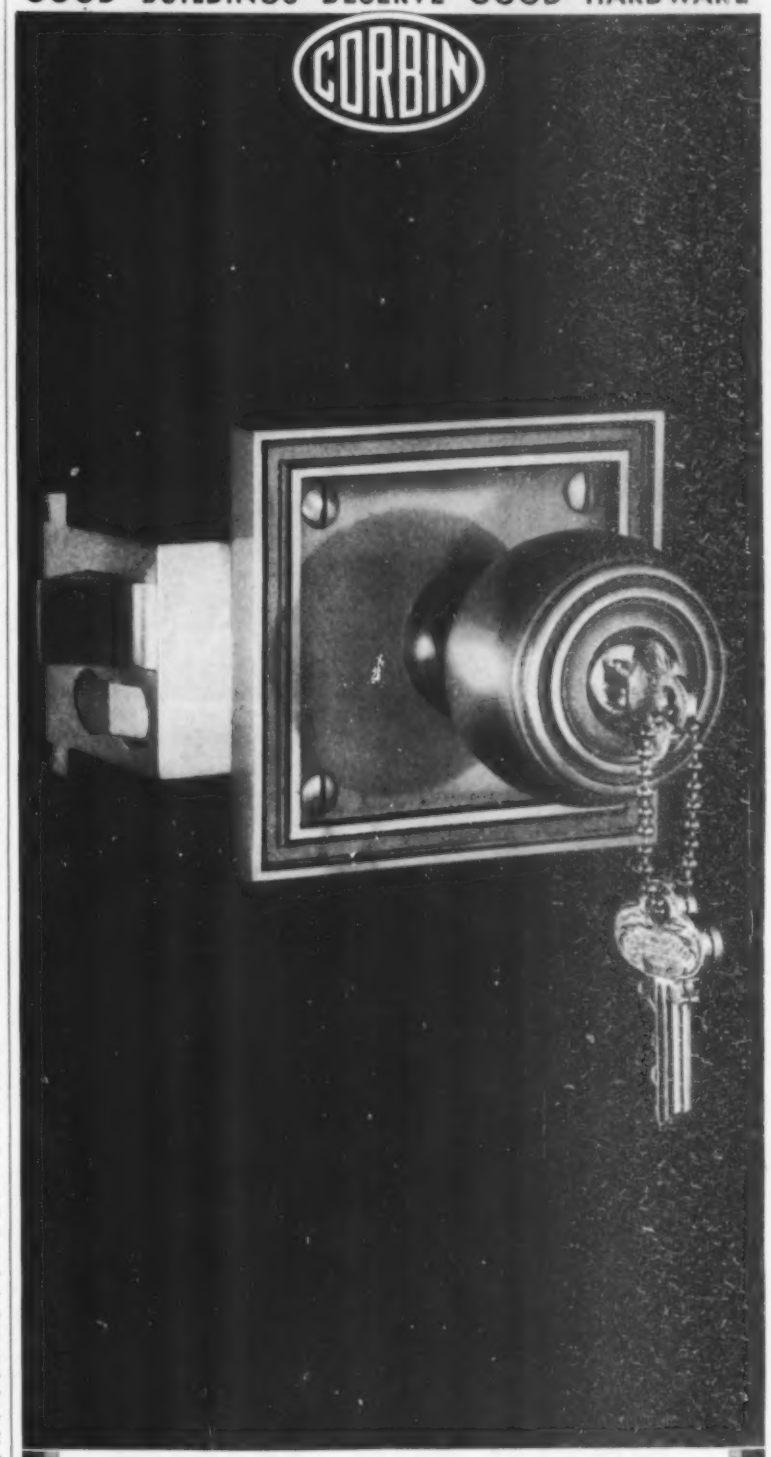
Twelve men straighten to their feet. The air is filled with the great dark bodies. The geese are at a standstill, hovering, just ready to drop their legs to alight. A greenhorn's first impression is that he could almost reach out his hand and touch them. As a matter of fact, multitudes of them are within thirty, twenty, even ten yards of the muzzle of his gun. It is almost impossible to miss; the targets are practically stationary. The batteries turn loose. Most of the men are armed with pump guns or automatics: among people addicted to the habit of this sort of thing the man who deliberately confines himself to two barrels only is considered rather a crank. The skies seem to rain slain geese. Thump! Thump! Thump! They hit the earth, great heavy birds, like so many missiles. Sometimes from directly overhead they fall almost into the pits. I have even known of a few instances where men were hit by them—one was knocked out completely, and stayed out for several minutes. The excitement is tremendous. Everybody yells.

A goose is psychologically a strange creature. No created being has keener senses, or more accurate observation, or a more cautious disposition, or is slower at making up his mind. But once he does make up his mind, it is very difficult for him to believe that he has been mistaken, and he relinquishes his decision with a reluctance that is almost fatuous. I have seen birds that had already alighted on the ground actually stay there to be shot after the guns have been reloaded, and this in face of a bombardment of shots, the thudding fall of bodies, the shouts of men, and the spectacle of a dozen heads and shoulders in plain sight. I have seen the flock, after the demoralization of such a battering, flee a half mile, only immediately to circle back and come in a second time. They cannot believe it; the immediate experience, shattering as it was, could not instantly make head against the experience of long racial habit, reënforced by the fact that their brothers there on the ground—the decoys—did not fly away. The mere evidence of their senses could not prevail against the testimony of their theories. In which characteristic they do not greatly differ from the human race, as I am trying to show.

And much as I esteem the goose, I cannot admire the completeness with which his sense of loyalty gives way before the influence of even a single year of civilization. I refer now to the decoys. There is no doubt that these debased birds take enormous satisfaction in the whole miserable affair. Their initial eager invitation and assurances might conceivably be ascribed to an instinctive desire for the companionship of their wild brothers. Not so their subsequent conduct. They manifest an evident delight, shrugging their glee, wagging their tails in gratification, vocally exchanging congratulations over the success of their treachery, setting themselves eagerly for its repetition. There is no alarm over the discharges of the guns, none at the whack of the falling slain, no instinctive panic at the killing. Their relish is exactly

No Corbin Unit Lock has ever worn out·

GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE



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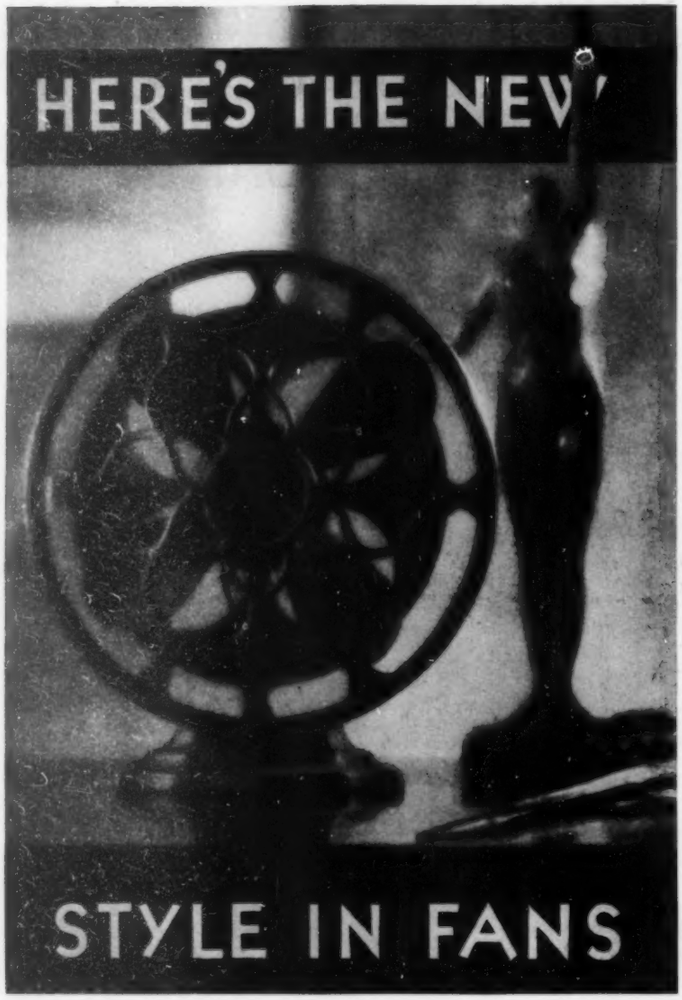

THE R&M 60

"BIDDY"

A double-duty helper about the kitchen. Extracts the morning's orange juice *in-stanter*. Beats eggs, whips cream, mixes salad dressings, malted milks and performs all sorts of useful tasks quickly and cleanly. Electrically operated—$14.95.

The R&M 60 is the prosaic electric fan gone modern. Charmingly so! Rejuvenated in face and form, and smartly garbed in modish bronze or beautiful sage green, the R&M 60 is unobtrusively at home in the daintiest room—a self-effacing, well-groomed servant awaiting your finger-tip's command to create refreshing, silent breezes. For with all its good looks, it is strictly utilitarian. Within its slender form there is one of those same good fans that Robbins & Myers have been building for over thirty years—a fan that will breeze noiselessly for many, many summers. It costs no more than ordinary fans—$14.00 for alternating current and $15.50 for direct current at all good stores selling electrical appliances.

Robbins & Myers also manufacture standard fans, both desk and oscillating, in styles and sizes for every purpose

Robbins & Myers
Fans and Motors
HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

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as manifest as that of a bird dog on his job. But the dog's loyalty to man's destructiveness extends back to dim past beginnings of time, and these birds only last season belonged wholly to their race. I admire the intelligence of their adaptation, but I cannot find it wholly estimable.

Immediately the shooting has ceased, the guide is out of the pits, nimble as a cricket, for he wishes mightily to get back to cover before another flock appears. He catches and examines the few cripples, for he is always alert for valuable decoys, kills the others, gathers all the fallen and, by propping the heads on little forks he carries for that purpose, makes of them also more decoys. Then back to his hole he pops; perhaps just in time, for already the traitors in the pens are stretching their necks toward the distant horizon.

An Unmissable Target

This method is, as can be seen, very deadly. It is literally a fact that any flock of geese venturing inside the horizon circle within which is such a plant will pay its toll. If such a flock does not come to the decoys, from no matter how far, the guide is chagrined, and looks over the outfit very carefully to discover what may be amiss in the arrangement. The only hope for the birds is that somewhere within vision is another, and genuine, flock which they may happen to join. Sometimes, if this happens too often, the assistant drives over in the truck and stirs up the whole lot.

It is emphatically not sport. No skill is required as a marksman on the part of the hunter; indeed, the devotee of this particular activity need possess no skill of any kind. He does not pick his location; he knows nothing about the arrangement of the decoys, or why they are so placed; until instructed he does not know what he is to do when he gets there; he is not privileged even to exercise the judgment of when he is to shoot. The guide does all that. He is led by the nose throughout. All he has to do is to wait until he is told. Two things only are required of him, neither of them difficult—to hold still until he is given the signal, and then to shoot straight enough to hit the game with a gun. A blind man with the palsy ought to be able to do that. The target is near, large; it is almost stationary. I have hit it with a twenty-two rifle; I have even hit it with an arrow. If it were not for the occasionally excited genius who could miss a barn from the inside, and for the fact that two or more men frequently shoot into the same bird because it happens to be the most prominent, the number of shells fired would come close to representing the number of birds knocked down.

The limit is eight birds. A rapid manipulation of a pump gun or an automatic could kill that number in two flights. Even the double barrel could probably finish off his quota in three flights, for it is a rare thing not to get a reload chance at a stray. The whole business would be over almost before it was started. Everybody would have to go home just as they were getting good and excited over this glorious shooting. Of course they do—not!

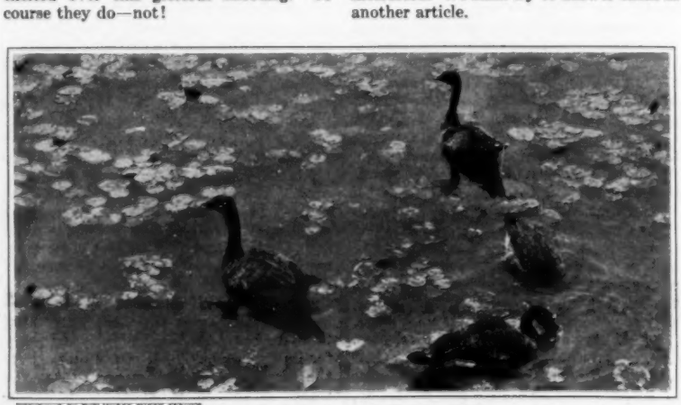
They go on shooting. What becomes of the birds? Well, each man sends home a limit by express. He also carries one home in his car. The rest are taken care of by the guide. I do not know how difficult it is for him to dispose of them. It is a pathetic fact that these largest of game birds are the least esteemed for food. But I do know this: That in supplement to the live decoy and the silhouette decoy, he produces dozens of dead geese left over from his last clients and sticks them up on his little forks. They are rather draggled-looking and already pretty high. Perhaps they may hold together for one more appearance; perhaps, at the close of this morning, he may have to drop them into one of the pits and cover them over in decent interment. But today's shoot will replace them for next time!

I cannot find it in me to blame the guide. I have known a number of these men, and they have struck me as being a decent sort. In all this double-limit business, and the responsibility for surplus and dead and decaying birds used as decoys, they are forced to assume a very considerable legal risk. The law reads that one may have in possession the limit only, and no more. In case of trouble, each of the clients would be found to be owner of exactly eight geese, the guide of all the rest. It could not be otherwise. He must protect his patrons as well as please them. Were he, in case of a raid, to allow them to hold their own bags, he would be finished as a guide. Were he firmly to call a halt on his excited maniacs when the allowed number had been killed, next time they would patronize someone else, and, in addition, would spread the news. He has, for him, a very tidy investment in this business. The one item of feed, all the year round, is a considerable item. I think every one of these men would gladly stick to the limit, would be delighted to avoid the risk—if he could.

A Simple Remedy

It may be the times have changed in the past year or so. But only a very short time ago I must confess that it seemed to me that nothing could be simpler than for a game warden to saunter across lots to the scene of one of these cannonadings, to count the indubitably dead geese, both fresh and stale, to count the number of men present and to draw his own conclusions. Perhaps they are doing so now; I have no very recent experience. But I know these parties still go goose shooting; and in other of life's activities, both in and out of the sporting field, I have noted no marked and radical change in human nature. I offer the simple expedient as a suggestion.

There is the picture as to our wild fowl. It is all that can be offered in the space possible to a single article. What, if anything, is being done about this? What can be done about it? What, if any, is the opposition? Is the situation as hopeless as some people think? Those questions, and others that naturally suggest themselves, are absorbing to anyone whom the picture has interested. We shall try to answer them in another article.



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Geese on a Lake at Falmouth Heights, Massachusetts

"It's the most sensible home furnishing plan I've ever heard of"...

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt sponsors this room and expresses hearty approval for the new idea it illustrates . . . .

• At last, a home furnishing plan that meets the demands of the individual! Furniture offered not in "suites" but in *groups* of over 150 harmoniously styled pieces for living room, dining room, and bedroom.

Your needs, *your* taste, *your* pocketbook decide how many pieces you buy at one time and how much you spend for each. For the group offers a variety of chairs, tables, sofas, beds, at different prices, to meet your individual demands. You make your own combinations within the group, buying if you wish, an expensive sofa and inexpensive chairs, or a low priced bed and an expensive highboy.

• All styled harmoniously, and styled enduringly. For these are Berkey & Gay pieces—designed and produced by America's outstanding makers of fine furniture. Offered to you through the Berkey & Gay Group Plan.

Only those styles whose graciousness and charm have stood the test of years, have been reproduced in the Berkey & Gay Groups. Buying these pieces you buy for your lifetime and your descendants'—heirlooms that need fear no changing tastes or styles.

• Starting as modestly as you wish, you can add to your collection of fine Berkey & Gay pieces through the years. For, just as in buying china from open stock, you have always the certainty that a wide choice will be available at your dealer's; you know that your furniture will never be out-moded or discontinued.

• A brief study of the room shown here, a room sponsored by Mrs. Roosevelt as heartily as the idea it illustrates, will make clear many of the possibilities and advantages of this Berkey & Gay Plan. You will be surprised to discover how inexpensively you can duplicate these groupings (prices are given in the captions), and we think you may find some of them suggestive for use in your own home.

Berkey & Gay's first group is the Old Colony, American Colonial designs in maple and mahogany. These pieces are now on display in your city's better stores. Visit them, and see for yourself the beauties of this furniture and this plan.

This delightfully comfortable sofa, $186.00, is just one of five at varying prices and styles that the Old Colony Group offers you to choose from. And you have a wide choice of upholstery fabrics, too. The butterfly trestle table drawn up to the sofa, $30.00, is exactly the right height for a tea table. And the bench, $26.00, is upholstered in the warm, rich colors of an old Paisley shawl

Compare this grouping with the arrangement in front of the glass door in the large picture, and you see one example of the variety in style and price that Berkey & Gay's new Group Plan offers you. This interesting table desk is $128.00. The wing chair is $88.00, and the rush-seat chair at the desk, $30.00

All prices 10 per cent higher west of the Rockies

The dresser-buffet at the back, $112.00, is a charming piece to use in living room, dining room, or hall. Next it is a ladder-back chair, $47.00. The graceful little table by the window, used here as a desk, is $38.00, and the side chair shown with it is $34.60. The bench in the foreground is $24.00, and the comfortable big armchair near it, $120.50. The occasional chair is $40.50, and the double-top side table against the right wall is $53.00

Settings and arrangements by
MRS. HOWARD LINN

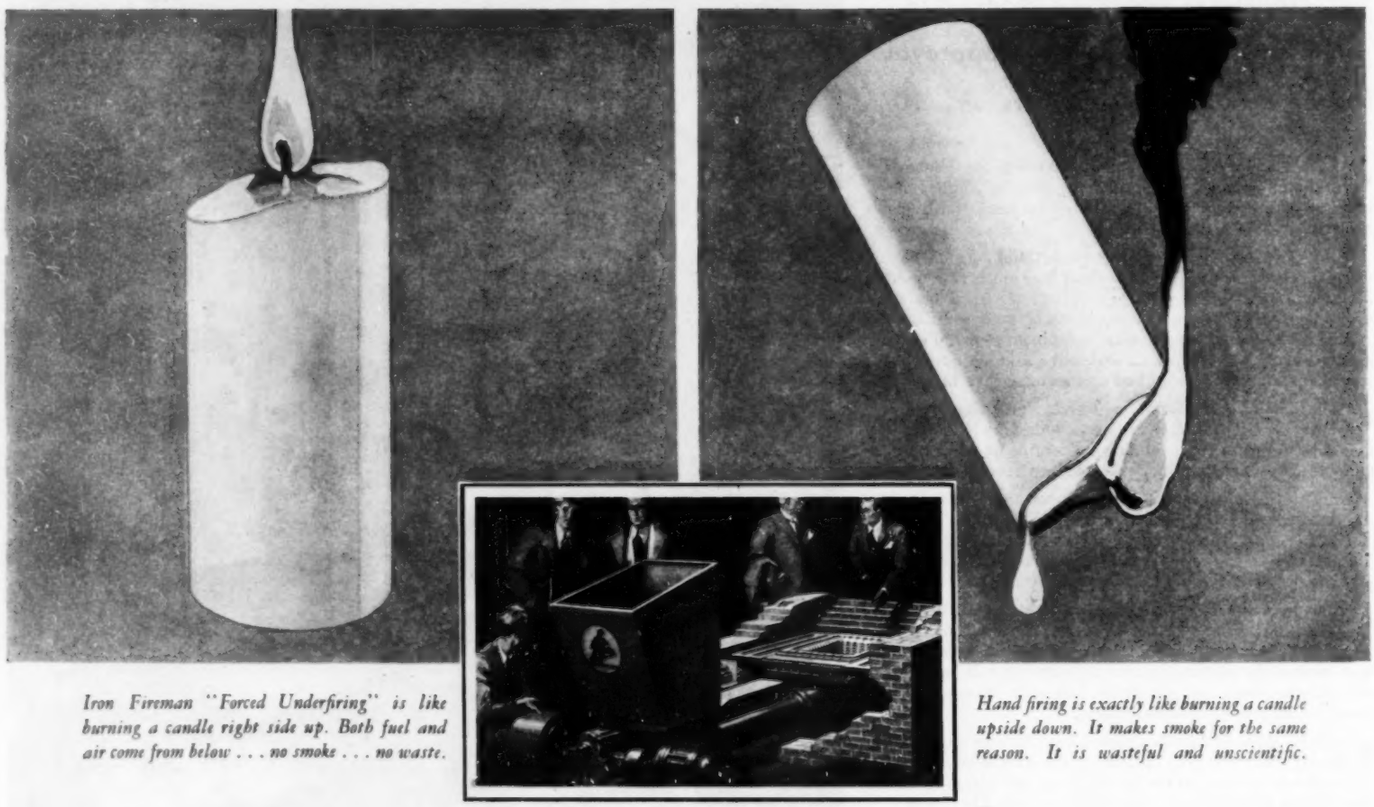
Berkey & Gay

Division of SIMMONS COMPANY
Makers of Beds—Mattresses—Springs
"Built for Sleep"

IRON FIREMAN

forced underfiring

is saving millions of dollars for users every year



Iron Fireman "Forced Underfiring" is like burning a candle right side up. Both fuel and air come from below . . . no smoke . . . no waste.

Hand firing is exactly like burning a candle upside down. It makes smoke for the same reason. It is wasteful and unscientific.

How the application of a scientific principle is revolutionizing firing methods

THE CANDLE FLAME teaches a lesson in combustion. It feeds fuel *from below.* The wax, gradually warmed, is melted and drawn upward into the flame. The heat from the flame turns the molten wax into gas. It burns steadily—brightly—without smoke.

Iron Fireman applies this principle to coal firing. Coal is fed to the fire *from below,* in a steady, slow stream. As the coal approaches the fire, it is gradually warmed. Its most volatile gases are released. As it becomes hotter, more and more gas is distilled off. All gases pass through the fire and are burned—they become heat. There is no smoke. The fire is 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than with hand firing. When the coal has passed entirely through the flame, nothing but ash remains. There is no waste.

Now observe hand firing. Like burning a candle upside down, in hand firing the coal is thrown on top of the fire. The most volatile gases quickly distill off and create smoke. Wasted fuel, low firebox temperatures and inefficiencies result.

Iron Fireman *non-agitated forced underfiring* achieves drastic economies. Users find that fuel savings alone make it one of the most profitable investments they ever made, because it—

—burns lower-priced coal and less of it
—cuts fuel costs*
—saves labor costs
—gives steady, even heat or boiler pressure
—operates automatically
—eliminates smoke
—increases plant efficiency

An Iron Fireman engineer will gladly make a survey of your boiler or your residential heating plant and report possible savings which Iron Fireman can make for you. An illustrated catalog will be mailed on request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches in Cleveland - St. Louis - Chicago - New York. Dealers in principal cities of United States and Canada.

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*392 Iron Fireman users, answering a recent questionnaire, reported fuel savings averaging 31.62 per cent . . . equivalent to an annual return of 39.44 per cent on their investment.

IRON FIREMAN
AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

. . . the machine that made coal an automatic fuel

NIGHT BLOOM

(Continued from Page 9)

gentlemen were particularly poisonous. They drank up all Judy's champagne and asked for more, and there were some awful speeches. One gathered that Dalmeny had won the prize they had all been competing for. When they got back from Palm Beach they moved into a big apartment. I used to dine with them occasionally, but every time I did, it meant staying up most of the night, going on from one place to another. And then I noticed something. I saw that Judy ——"

Mac stopped. I looked up. Milly and Dalmeny had returned to the table.

Milly said, "Mr. Dalmeny wants us to go to his apartment and have some fizzy water. What do you think? I've had enough of this place."

Dalmeny looked down at us. "Do come," he said, smiling. "I've just got hold of some Lanson, 1921."

"Is that a good year?" Milly asked.

"Nineteen twenty-one?" Dalmeny raised his eyebrows.

"It's probably apple juice and Seidlitz powders," Milly said, "but I'll try anything ——"

Dalmeny touched her arm. "We'll sneak away and wait for you out by the elevator." He turned and went across the room to his own table.

Outside in the hall the lights were dim and blue. Dalmeny was waiting for us, lean and tall and elegant, his chin sunk in a white muffler, staring into the crown of his hat. In a chair by his side was a girl in a gold evening wrap. She rose as we came up, and greeted Mac effusively. Dalmeny introduced Milly and me. He called her "Judy, dear." I couldn't see her very well in the dim light. She was short and looked quite frail. I got an impression of a mass of loose brown hair, pulled low over her forehead and about her ears, of bright red cheeks.

"Quickly, quickly!" Dalmeny said. "Or they'll be on our heels." He herded us into the elevator. Mrs. Dalmeny giggled. "We hate large parties," Dalmeny explained. "No more than six, ever, don't you agree?" he asked Milly.

"No more than two, if possible," Milly said, and gave him one of her looks. The elevator dropped slowly to the street. Dalmeny stared hard at Milly, smiling.

"Two taxis," he said to the doorman.

"We can all go in one, Vaughn," Mrs. Dalmeny said quickly.

"Not very comfortable, Judy, dear," Dalmeny said.

"For five?" Milly said. "Why, we ride eight and ten in taxis. One's plenty," she told the man.

Mac and I sat on the little seats. Dalmeny sat between the two girls, and he kept up a patter of small talk about the people at the Jardin d'Or. I felt tired and wanted to go home, and Mac was pretty grim and silent, but we went on. That was what happened when you took Milly out for the evening.

The Dalmenys lived in one of the newest, most expensive-looking apartment houses. The hall in their apartment was like the hall in a large house. There was a broad stairway to a second floor. When Dalmeny unlocked the front door and switched on the light, Mrs. Dalmeny went in quickly ahead of us, through the hall, into another room. We followed her a moment later. It was a big room, dimly lit with two or three low lamps. Mrs. Dalmeny said something about "refreshments" and went out another door. Dalmeny told us to make ourselves at home and went out through the same door. As he did so he touched a button, flooding the room with brilliant light.

Milly gave a low whistle. "Somebody had carte blanche." Milly did interior decorating on Tuesdays and Thursdays. "It's the room of the month."

It was certainly a very fine, expensive-looking room. But it didn't look as if anyone had ever spent much time in it. I thought of the parlors that were never used except when callers came.

"Why don't you do something for your friends, Mac?" Milly said.

"What do you mean?" Mac asked.

"I thought you didn't know him."

"I don't, very well. I used to see something of them ——"

"They call you 'Mac,'" Milly said.

"They'll call you 'Milly' in a minute," Mac said.

Dalmeny came in with a tray and a bottle of champagne and some glasses. Mac and I cleared off a table for him. I saw Mrs. Dalmeny in the other room. She was carrying two plates of food, and I went to take them from her. As I came up to her she suddenly stopped short, just beyond the threshold.

"Oh, all that light!" she said. "It's so ugly! Do press that button there."

I stared at her. I stood there staring at her until I caught myself and pressed the button. But for a moment the bright light fell full on her face and I saw that she was an old woman.

Well, not so old, as things go. I took the plates from her—sandwiches and cakes—and put them down somewhere. She went over to the fireplace. I hadn't really seen her before—her face, that is. The lights in the Jardin d'Or, in the taxi, had been dim. Coming up in the elevator, I hadn't noticed her. She was short and we had all stood close together. I thought she was young, like the rest of us. She wasn't old, but she was a good deal older than we. Older than Dalmeny. I thought she was rather pretty, except for the way she wore her hair—pulled all around her face. She had big dark eyes, and her cheeks were bright with color. But with the bright light on her face, I saw the deep lines under the rouge; and she looked old and tired.

There was a gentle pop! and Dalmeny filled the glasses. Milly looked over at me.

"Come on, Richard; don't die on us."

Mrs. Dalmeny came toward me, holding out a glass. She said, "This is for Dick."

I've never been called "Dick," for some reason.

I said, "Oh, no; you keep that. I'll get one."

"But I don't want any," she said.

"Judy, dear," said Dalmeny, "this is the real thing and it never did anybody any harm. The doctor doesn't know what he's talking about." He turned to Mac. "Judy's got hold of some fool doctor ——"

"If you don't want it, Mrs. Dalmeny," I said, putting out my hand. I didn't want it. I wanted to get out and go home.

"Well ——" She gave a nervous little laugh.

"Be a sport, Judy," Dalmeny said. He lifted his own glass and smiled at her gayly. "Here's to crime! Bottoms up!" He drank, watching her over the rim. She raised her glass in response, awkwardly, and sipped a little, smiling back at him.

"I beg your pardon," Dalmeny said, and gave me a glass and refilled his own. "There's lots more where this comes from."

Mac went around with the sandwiches and cakes.

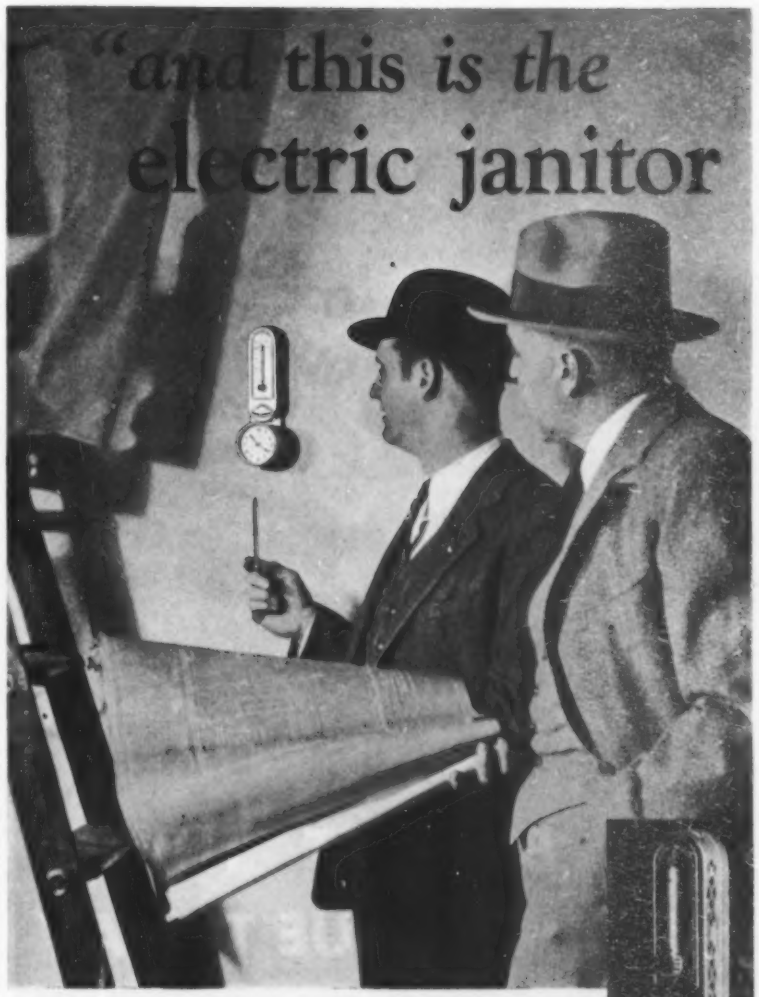
"Blotting paper," said Dalmeny. "Always eat when you're drinking. That's the secret."

I tasted the wine. It was cold and very good; at least, it seemed good to me. Dalmeny and Milly went over to an ornate-looking chest, and presently music came out of it. They stood for a moment, listening.

"All the difference in the world," Milly said.

Dalmeny nodded. "And, by Jove, you pay for it!" He went to the edge of the rug and began to roll it up. "Try a dance?"

Mrs. Dalmeny and Mac were sitting on a sofa across the room. I went over and sat down in a chair near them.



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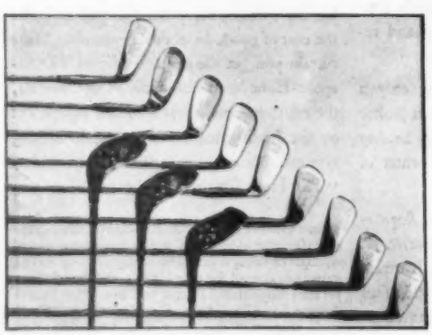

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"I was telling Mac how much we'd missed him," Mrs. Dalmeny said.

"Mac's turned over a new leaf ——" I stopped. That was not so good. "I mean, he never goes out any more. He just works and works."

"How about tonight?" she asked.

"Tonight was the exception," Mac said. "And I suppose you're still out every night?"

"Almost." She smiled quickly. "Vaughn loves to dance. It's great fun."

She picked up her glass and drank a little. Dalmeny finished clearing the rug away and came over to us with the bottle. Mac's glass and mine were empty, and he filled them.

"No heel taps, Judy, dear!" He stood looking down at her until she drank what was left in her glass. Then he emptied the bottle into it. "To hell with expense; give the canary another seed," he said. He went out through the dining room, carrying the empty bottle. The music stopped and Milly put on another record. She stood by the instrument, tapping her feet softly to the music, doing a little dance by herself.

"I don't see how you stand it," Mac said to Mrs. Dalmeny. "It would have finished me long ago." She looked around at him quickly, but didn't speak. "Have you been home at all—I mean out West?" Mac asked.

"No," she said, "not since we were married."

Dalmeny came in with a fresh bottle. She said, "Vaughn hates the West, don't you, Vaughn?"

"Has he ever been there?" Mac asked.

"Never," Mrs. Dalmeny said. "But some day we're going out and buy a farm and go to bed early." She gave a little giggle. "Can you see Vaughn getting up at four in the morning?"

"That's his bedtime now, isn't it?" Mac said.

We laughed.

Dalmeny said, "Oh, those hens and chickens!"

He poured some fresh wine into his glass and went over to Milly. They started dancing together, very softly and quietly. I sat hunched up in my chair, watching them. They danced back and forth in front of us, and their feet made scarcely any sound. Dalmeny held her close and they didn't talk. Soon her blond head rested against his black one, their cheeks touched. In the dim light Dalmeny had a funny, set smile and Milly's face was two narrow eyes and pen dots for nostrils and the line of her chin; pure and hard, like marble, and very young.

I sat there, sipping the wine and smoking cigarettes and saying nothing at all. I heard Mac talking on and on, and Mrs. Dalmeny kept laughing at what he said. Her laugh grew louder and louder. Once when the music stopped and Dalmeny came over to us with the bottle, she said:

"Mac's a terrible flirt. What would you do, Vaughn, if Mac and I just up and ran away some day?"

"I should end it all," Dalmeny said in a dramatic voice, filling her glass. She looked at Mac archly.

"What do you say, Mac?" Her voice was coy—terrible.

"Absolutely," Mac said. "Any time." But it sounded flat and, suddenly embarrassed, he murmured something about a cigarette and went across to a table near the fireplace.

"Or how about Dick here?" Mrs. Dalmeny turned and smiled at me, and the lines were deep in her face. Her teeth weren't very white—not the hard, pure white of Milly's. When she smiled that way, showing her teeth, you knew she must be quite old.

"You're not married, are you, Dick?" she asked.

"Not yet," I said.

"Two old bachelors," she said, chiding.

The music began again and Dalmeny put the bottle back on the table and went across to Milly. He never thought of asking Mrs. Dalmeny to dance. No one had asked her to dance, I thought; and I got up and said to her:

"Would you like to dance, Mrs. Dalmeny?"

"'Judy,'" she said, smiling.

"Judy," I said.

She rose and I put my arm around her and we started off. But it didn't go very well. She was thin and couldn't have weighed much, but she was heavy to dance with and seemed to be making a great effort. We couldn't keep time together and our knees kept hitting. I was in an agony and said, over and over, "I'm sorry," and "My fault," and she laughed and said, "Oh, no! I'm terrible. Vaughn says he can't dance with me"; and at last, "That's enough! You were very nice." She sank down on the sofa and lay back for a moment with her eyes closed.

Mac was sitting in a chair on the other side of the sofa. I sat down and drank some more wine. We watched Milly and Dalmeny dance. They never seemed to get enough of it. They put on one record after another. The three of us sat there, without a sound, except for the striking of a match, the tap of a glass set down on a table.

They danced a waltz, and Dalmeny sang while they danced:

"Three o'clock in the morning;
We've danced the whole night through.
Soon daylight will be dawning ——"

And when he sang that line his voice was full of sadness. I thought of what Mac had said about him. That made the song an immensely tragic one, for him. It couldn't be with any hope or joy that Dalmeny looked forward to a new day. He wouldn't let Milly go, he didn't want any of us to leave, yet. Not yet. He would bring in any number of fresh bottles, if that would postpone our going. This was life, and the morning was death. In the daytime he had nothing to do except to sit and wait for evening.

I thought then of Mrs. Dalmeny, and I tried to put myself in her place, sitting there, looking on. This was what she did, night after night—watched Dalmeny dance and play the gay dog and burn bright through the long hours. She looked old and tired, and it couldn't have been any fun for her. Why didn't she go to bed?

Milly and Dalmeny had put on another record and were dancing again, over in the shadow near the fireplace. I glanced at Mrs. Dalmeny. She was leaning back on the sofa, watching them through half-shut eyes. She didn't seem to care how long they danced together. I thought she was like some sentimental girl at a moving picture, who projects herself onto the screen, into the arms of the hero—imagining herself now, in Dalmeny's arms, dancing the way Milly danced and believing that Milly was nothing more to Dalmeny than a symbol of youth and the good times to be had in the late hours, and that was why he held her so closely and could not bear to let her go. I thought that was how she felt about it, because she met my glance and smiled, as one might smile and say, "These children!" Then we turned again to watch the dancers.

And in that moment I saw what I might have believed was an illusion had it not been for the sudden, sharp intake of breath at my side. An illusion, because it happened so quickly, because an instant later there was nothing to suggest that it had happened. I saw Dalmeny turn his head and brush his lips across Milly's cheek. And Milly put her head back and their lips met. Then they turned, not missing a single beat of the music, and went on as before, very softly, back and forth, around and around, in the shadow.

I stared straight ahead, seeing nothing. After a moment I emptied my glass and lit a cigarette, as if nothing had happened. But something had happened. I thought of Mrs. Dalmeny and I felt a keen, terrible pity. I remembered her smile as we watched them dance, and Dalmeny's constant "Judy, dear." She had believed that nothing like

(Continued on Page 141)

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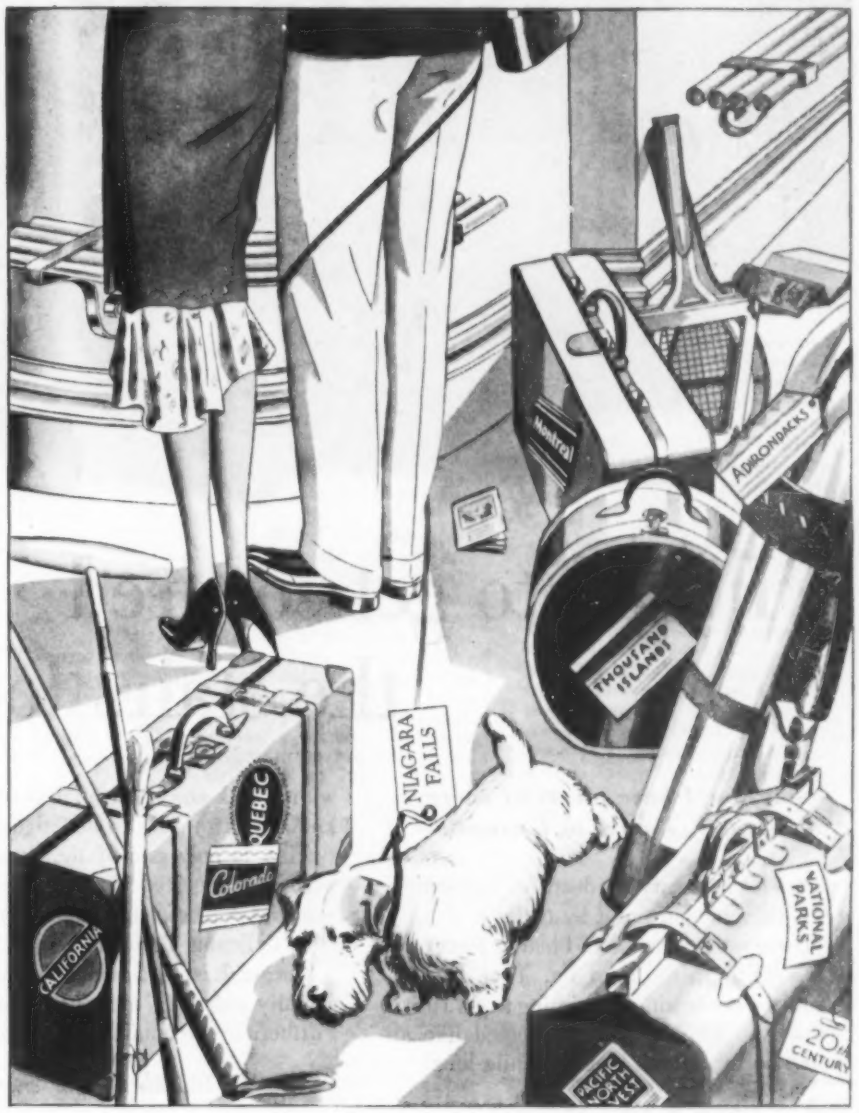

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(Continued from Page 138)

even a fleeting kiss could ever happen. That was strange—knowing the life they led and the kind of people they went around with—yet I felt it was true. Everything, so far as he was concerned, was innocent and aboveboard, and everybody had a good time, and there was nothing underhanded or ugly. So she had believed. That sudden gasp of amazement, of intolerable pain, couldn't have meant anything else.

The music stopped and Mac scrambled out of his chair.

"Come on, Milly. Time to go."

"Nonsense!" Dalmeny called from across the room. He and Milly were over by the instrument, choosing another record.

"Come on, Richard," Mac said.

I got up. Mac turned to Mrs. Dalmeny.

"Good night ——" he stopped.

I looked down. Mrs. Dalmeny lay back with her eyes closed. She made no response.

"She's asleep," Mac whispered.

Milly came across the room.

"Shall we push off?" she asked.

"Unless you want to stay to breakfast," I said.

"Mrs. Dalmeny's asleep," Mac said.

Milly stood looking down at her, smiling faintly.

"Asleep?" Dalmeny came up behind Milly. "Judy!" he said loudly, angrily.

"Don't wake ——" I began. Dalmeny had leaned over and taken the sleeping woman's arm. He gave it a little shake, and suddenly Mrs. Dalmeny fell over sideways, face downward, on the sofa.

"Judy!" Dalmeny said in a queer voice. Mrs. Dalmeny lay still.

"She's fainted," Mac said. I went through the dining room into the pantry and got a glass and filled it from the cold faucet. Mac came in.

"Dalmeny says there's brandy here." Mac went around the pantry, opening cupboard doors. I took the glass of water into the living room. Dalmeny turned around as I came in.

"She's not breathing," he said, in a dazed way. His face was dead white. I held out the glass of water. He shook his head. "It's no use. She's not breathing."

I stood with the glass of water, looking down at Mrs. Dalmeny. She hadn't moved from the position in which she had fallen.

"She's fainted," I said foolishly. I looked around. Milly was standing by the fireplace, her back to us.

"I can't find it, Vaughn," Mac said, from the doorway.

"It's no use," Dalmeny repeated.

Mac came into the room.

"What's the doctor's number?" he asked.

Dalmeny didn't answer.

"What's your doctor's telephone number?" Mac asked again.

"It's late ——" Dalmeny began.

"Late!" Mac exclaimed. "Don't be a fool! What's his ——"

"He's away," Dalmeny said in a flat voice. "He's out of town—down South, shooting."

"Well, he's got an assistant or a substitute, hasn't he?" Mac said. "We've got to get a doctor here."

Dalmeny shook his head.

"He hasn't got anybody," he said. "Nobody I know of."

"Do you know any other I can call?" Mac asked.

"No. We've never had anyone else," Dalmeny said.

Mac turned and went toward the door leading into the hall.

"Where are you going?" Dalmeny asked quickly.

"I'm going to get Jim Bridges around." He went into the hall, and presently I heard him at the telephone.

"I think I'd better take her upstairs," Dalmeny said. I started to say something about not touching her, and then I thought, "Why the devil should I say that?" Dalmeny leaned down and picked her up in his arms as if she were a child. Her head fell backward over his arm for an instant and her hair fell from around her face and hung down like a club. Then he put her head up on his shoulder and held it there and went out of the room and up the stairs.

Milly turned around from the fireplace. She looked sick.

"Do you want to take me home?"

"Not particularly," I said. "But I will."

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at me.

"Nothing," I said. What's the use? I thought. "Where're your things?"

I followed her into the hall. Mac had just finished telephoning. He said, "Jim's coming right around."

I told him I was taking Milly home. She stood, wrapped up in her green cloak, her small golden head set in a great collar of fur, gazing at us without expression.

Mac said, "All right. I'll wait here. Perhaps you'd better come back."

"I'll come back," I said.

Milly and I went down to the street and walked along till we found a taxi. She lived about ten blocks away.

After we'd ridden a few blocks, she asked, "Why didn't you want to take me home?"

"You know," I said.

"Good heavens!" she whispered. "What's a kiss? What's a little kiss?"

"It may mean a lot," I said. I tried to make it sound serious but it only sounded silly.

She leaned forward out of her corner and put her face up close to mine and smiled.

"Does it mean much to you?"

"Well, it might," I said.

She kept smiling at me, and then we went over a bump and our heads hit together. So I put my arms around her and kissed her. It was good to feel her, living and warm, after what had happened. I held her tight and kissed her a long time.

She said, "Tell him to drive around."

But I'd told Mac I'd come back. And our kissing didn't mean anything, except that we were both alive and wanted to forget that we had to die sometime. So I told her I had to go back, and she pushed me away and sat back in her corner. We didn't say anything after that, except to say good night when I left her.

Mac opened the door for me on my return. He said that Jim Bridges had come and was upstairs. We went into the living room. The empty bottles were still on the table, and the glasses stood where we had left them, and the room smelled of stale cigarette smoke.

"We might clean this mess up," Mac said. He picked up two glasses that were on a table near the fireplace and went over to the sofa toward the other glasses.

I said, "Hadn't you better leave her glass where it is?"

He stopped and looked at me blankly.

"What are you talking about?"

"If there's anything queer ——" I began.

Mac burst out laughing. "Are you going to have the contents analyzed, inspector? Do you suspect foul play?" he asked.

"You said something queer went on," I said.

"So I did." Then he picked up Mrs. Dalmeny's glass and drank what was left in it. "But it's nothing so crude as even the most subtle poison."

"What is it, then?"

"It's—wait!" He put the glass down on the table. I heard someone on the stairs. We went out into the hall. Jim Bridges, a young doctor whom I knew slightly, was there, alone. I shook hands with him. He made a gesture with his head toward the floor above and said:

"He asked me to say good night and thank you. He's not coming down. There's nothing more we can do—any of us."

As we came out into the street, he asked suddenly, "How old was she? Do you know?"

"What would you say?" Mac asked.

"About fifty," Bridges said. "Dalmeny told me thirty-eight." He stopped and put his little bag down on the sidewalk and took a package of cigarettes out of his pocket. "We might as well wait here for a taxi." We lit cigarettes. "Dalmeny's what?" he asked. "About thirty-two or three?"

"About," Mac said. "What was it—her heart?"

"The heart simply stopped beating," Bridges said. "I should say she was tired—tired to the point of exhaustion. An overdose of late hours, from what Dalmeny told me. Out every night. Dancing. Up till dawn. And she was getting on for that sort of thing. The young man could stand it."

"Yes. He could stand it all right," Mac said.

"Did you know them well?" Bridges asked.

"Well enough," Mac said. "I've seen them, on and off, for a year or so. She came from the West."

"So Dalmeny said," Bridges went on. "I suppose the white lights went to her head. It's strange that she should have cared for that kind of life."

"That wasn't what she cared for," Mac said.

Bridges looked at him.

"I'm merely judging from what Dalmeny told me," he said.

"I understand," Mac said. "But she cared only for him."

Bridges stepped off the curb and waved his arm, but the taxi went tearing by.

"There was somebody in it," I said.

"Her place was in the home," Bridges said, after a moment—"Mrs. Dalmeny, I mean."

"That's where she would have liked to be," Mac said, "but he wouldn't let her. I believe he set out deliberately to kill her."

"Oh, come!" Bridges interrupted, smiling.

"I believe he killed her," Mac said, looking at him. "With malice and premeditation, just as much as if he had stuck a knife in her heart."

"Tired unto death?" Bridges asked, musing. "But being tired isn't enough. Usually there's something more—not wanting to go on. I remember a case of a young student who spent all his nights working for some prize when he should have been sleeping. Some fool prize that meant more to him than anything in the world. For months he got practically no sleep. Lived on black coffee, and so on. After the manuscripts, or theses, or whatever they were, were in, he collapsed. Complete exhaustion. Still, he would have got well, I think, if someone else had not won the prize."

"Yes," I said, "the feeling that after all you've done it's no good."

"You saw it, too, did you?" Mac asked, looking at me. "Do you suppose he counted on that kiss doing the trick? He might have. Like the last twist of a knife."

He threw out his arm suddenly, and a taxi swerved from the middle of the street and drew up beside us.

"'Some fool prize,'" Mac said as he ducked his head and got in. "That fits our case too."

They still had the old trick of turning the lights out and training colored spotlights on the dance floor. Someone shoved a silver flask across the table. Things hadn't changed much. The music was different, and the room had been done over, and a good many of the men wore white ties and tails, and you stepped on women's trains now, but that was all. My five years in outlandish countries might never have been.

"I remember this place," I said to the girl sitting next to me. "It used to be the Jardin d'Or."

She shook her head. "No. It was called The Shack."

"But before that," I said. "You're too young to remember. It was the Jardin d'Or. I was here five years ago."

"Oh!" she said. "You're the man from Persia or some place. Are you in the rug business?"

"Neither Persia nor rugs," I said, bowing. She nodded to a man on the other side of the table and they got up to dance.

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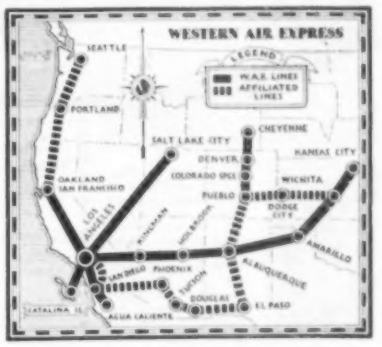

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Then, when the music stopped and the lights went on again, I saw him. He was sitting at one end of a long table over near a wall, alone. The rest of his party had been dancing. They came back now, and he didn't even look up. He sat there, drinking out of a tall glass and speaking to no one. The girls at the table were all young and too generally pretty, I thought, to have been drawn from the very best circles.

"It isn't Persia, then?" My supper partner was back in her chair.

"No," I said. "Do you see that table over near the wall? With the man with the shiny black hair at one end?"

"Yes. Which girl is it? You're not so bad, after five years."

"It's not a girl," I said. "Do you know who the man is, by any chance?"

"Oh, him!" she said. "He's a museum piece. His name's Dalmeny. You always see him at these places, and never anywhere else. He's wonderful-looking, don't you think?"

"He looks tired," I said, "and pretty old."

"He's not old at all. He's under forty. They say he's drinking himself to death."

"Why?" I asked.

"Do you see the girl in yellow, halfway down the table, to his right? With the very yellow hair, cut very short?"

"The one that looks about sixteen?"

"That's his wife," she said. "They say he killed his first wife so he could marry this girl, and this one just married him for his money and won't have anything to do with him, so he's trying to drink himself to death."

"He seems to be making a fair success of it," I said. "How did he kill his first wife?"

"Poison, or something," she said.

"He was acquitted then?"

"Acquitted?" she repeated. "Oh, there was never any trial. Nothing ever came out about it. But that's the story."

I looked at the second Mrs. Dalmeny again. I had the feeling I'd seen her before, somewhere, and I tried to think of the girls I'd known in the old days with hair of that color, but I couldn't think of any.

"I met him once," I said, "and I met the first Mrs. Dalmeny. As a matter of fact, she wasn't poisoned or anything like that. She died of heart disease."

"Really?" she said. "Well, the other's the story they tell about him, anyway."

I looked at Dalmeny and I thought about the last time I had seen him, when he went out of the room and up the stairs, carrying—Judy was her name, I remembered. Judy and Milly. I found myself staring again at the girl with the yellow hair. I had met her, seen her, somewhere.

"Doesn't he ever dance now?" I asked. "He used to be a famous dancer."

"Did he? I've never seen him dance. He just sits and looks on."

My eyes kept returning to the face of the second Mrs. Dalmeny. And then I realized that it was of Milly Downe she reminded me. Her face looked as if it had been newly cut out of marble; there was the same line from the ear to the jaw. She looked young, tireless; the way Milly had looked five years ago. Only Milly's hair hadn't been so bright a yellow.

"Did you know him well?" the girl at my side asked.

"No. I met him one night on a party. That was all. What was this Mrs. Dalmeny's name before she was married? Do you know?"

"I've no idea," she said.

I looked again, and then, suddenly, I knew that it was Milly. Why I hadn't known at once, except for the different color of her hair —— A long time ago I had taken her home in a taxicab.

"You'd better be careful," the voice beside me laughed. "They say he's madly jealous, and you've been staring steadily now for five minutes."

"Why doesn't he go home?" I asked. "He looks tired and bored and drunk. He ought to be in bed."

"He won't let her out of his sight," she replied. "So they say. And she keeps on going from one place to another, all night, every night. Some night he'll collapse. And look at her! She looks about twenty."

"Perhaps she's immortal," I said. "Divinely appointed to a certain end. Maybe she's Nemesis herself."

"Who?"

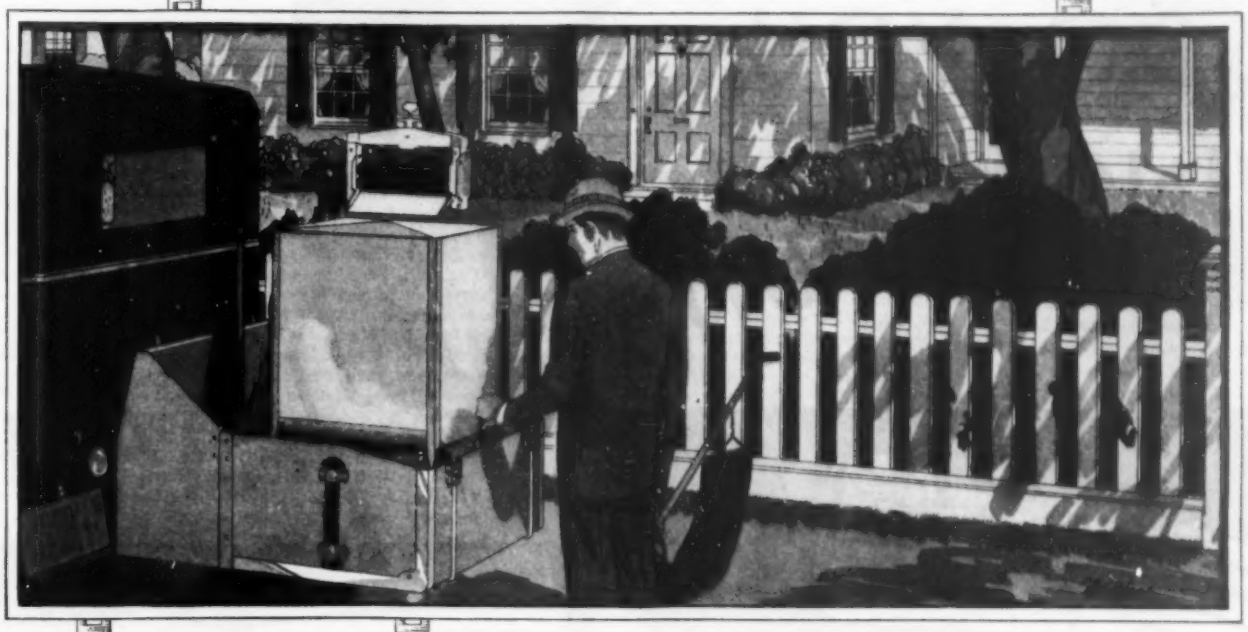
"Never mind," I said. "You'll never meet her, so long as you're kind and true."

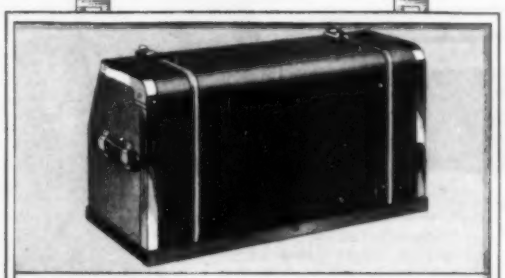
The lights went out then, leaving only the colored lights on the dancers, and Dalmeny and Milly and their friends disappeared suddenly in the darkness.

"Would you like to dance the last of this?" I asked. She nodded, and we got up and went out on the floor to dance.

"Who Plays With Me?"

335





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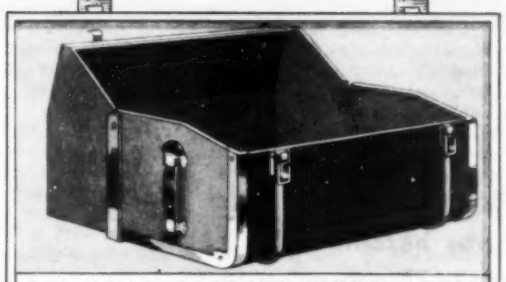

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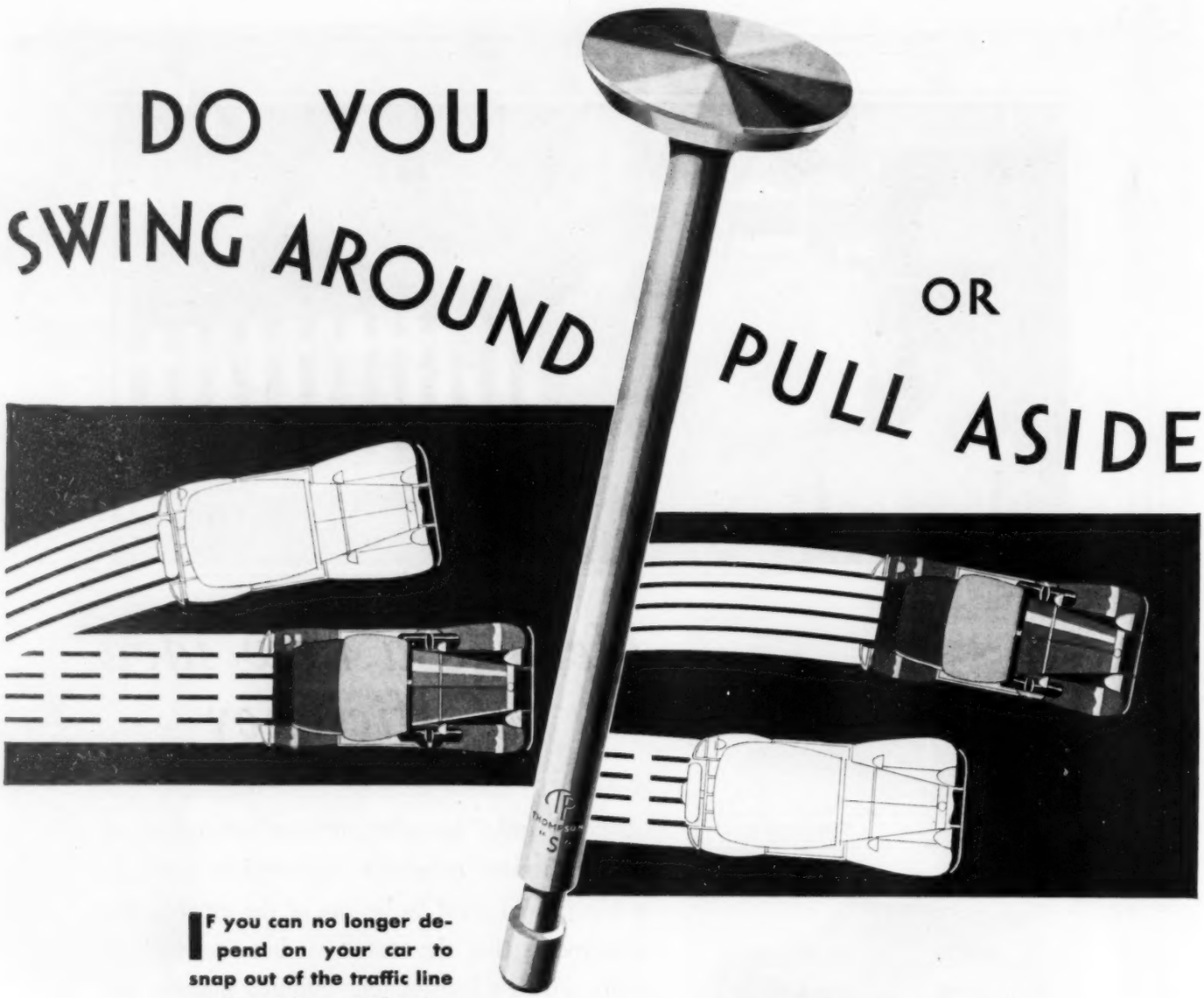

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COMPANY MANNERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Martha did not protest. It was midnight, and though she was thoroughly annoyed with Derek, she remembered that he wanted and needed a good sleep. But it was Derek himself who promptly objected to any departures.

"What's the matter? Isn't everybody having a good time? What's wrong with this party anyway? You don't want to go home yet."

Obviously Beryl Lester didn't. She said that in twenty minutes they could tune in on the Melody Boys' orchestra. Her husband made a suggestion in an undertone, but she did not take it seriously.

"Don't bother me, Con," she said. "Go on home if you like. Someone can give me a lift."

He did not go. He waited for her. Conrad Lester was always waiting for Beryl—waiting to take her home or to take her out, waiting for her to get through talking to some other man. He was very much in love. It didn't take more than the naked eye to see that. But there was something just a little subdued in his manner. It seemed almost as if he were afraid to say very much to his wife.

So nobody went home at midnight. It was after two o'clock before the Ayreses had the house to themselves.

Fatigue settled on Derek almost instantly. The expression, somewhat humorous, slightly amorous and entirely gallant, with which he had said good-by to Beryl Lester, faded without leaving a trace. He looked at his watch.

"Well, I suppose I may as well get some sleep in what's left of the night. There's not much."

"You should have let them go home at midnight, when Hattie suggested it. That would have been two hours saved," said Martha coldly.

"They didn't want to go."

"Beryl Lester certainly didn't."

"She's rather an amusing person, isn't she? And very easy to look at."

"Plays splendid bridge," remarked Martha.

Her husband looked at her, conscious of satire at last.

"You were positively docile when she threw away that hand, weren't you? You almost thanked her for doing it," said Martha.

"Oh, well, you've got to be courteous," said Derek.

"Yes, to everybody except your wife. Mrs. Lester told me that you have lovely manners."

Derek looked just a little silly. He seemed pleased and quite acquiescent in Mrs. Lester's views.

"But you haven't," added Martha. "All you've got is company manners. The kind that you put on with a dinner coat or when there are people around who don't belong in the family. But there it stops. You're a bad-mannered person. Look at the way you jumped on me tonight during that bridge game! And you know I was perfectly right. And what right have you to be so ugly before people come here and then bow and flourish?"

"I'm not going to listen to any tirades at this time of night," said Derek, growing angry.

"It's not a tirade. I'm simply explaining you to yourself," said Martha. "You ought to know!"

She wasn't at all sure whether it was coffee or thought that kept her awake long after Derek was audibly asleep. It was one of those worst hours of marriage, which come not at times of crisis but when mere continuance must be faced in the full knowledge of what it means to continue. Martha knew that there wasn't anything really to make a fuss about. Graciousness couldn't be forced, and, after all, Derek did support her and loved the children. In spite of all his gallant flourishes in every direction, he was loyal too. But he was used to her, and one of these days he would be tired of her, loyal or not. It was humiliating. That was all. Clearly Beryl Lester had been thinking tonight that Derek was wasted on his wife. Well, she could think what she liked. The children had to have a home, and a woman couldn't run around to lawyers asking for a divorce because her husband snapped at her and didn't think it was worth while or necessary to be polite to the woman he had married. Or was that mental cruelty? However, Martha didn't want a divorce anyhow. Ill-tempered or not, she wanted Derek. And yet, years and years of life with him did not seem so tempting at the moment. "If I were arranging the marriage service," thought Martha, turning over on her other side, "I'd take a chance on the love-honor-and-obey stuff, but I'd certainly make people promise to be mannerly to one another. They'd probably keep the rest up automatically."

Still, she was frightfully sorry when Derek lost that case. He was sick at heart, under all his alibis and explanations. Martha knew. It was apparently not so brilliant a defense as it might have been, not quite so close knit as he could have made it.

"Of course, if I'd had some sleep the night before the case went to the jury, it might have been different. If you hadn't had that damned party on ——"

Martha knew it wasn't the party. It was so evidently a situation in which he had counted a little too much on swinging the jury. He'd trusted too much to his own personality and not made the facts quite so impressive as they should have been. He'd been tripped up by the prosecution. But knowing all that, Martha was careful not to hint at it.

The thing that got under her skin was to hear him telling Beryl Lester about the case when they all saw one another at the club on Saturday night—telling her as if she were the one woman in the world who really understood him. Beryl had on a sympathetic kind of dress, very low in the back, very soft blue in color. Almost any man would have confided in the dress alone, and Beryl within it was irresistible. Martha saw from her husband's absorption that he found his new friend charming. She herself felt immeasurably removed from him. He was evidently going to let himself in for a heavy flirtation. Martha wasn't used to that sort of thing in her married life, though she constantly saw it happening among her friends. For all his flourishes and gallantries, Derek had usually spread them pretty thin over a lot of women. But he was acting rather differently now. He was looking at this girl in a way that reminded Martha of the time when she had thought that all the romance in the world was concentrated in Derek, that he was romance incarnate. She knew now that he was a good many other things besides romance.

"What was that you said?" she asked Fred Mason, her mind having drifted far from his conversation.

Freddy explained once more about a distinguished friend of his—all Freddy's friends were distinguished, according to him—who'd written a book on marriage.

"What did he do that for?" asked Martha.

"He was explaining it—certain phases, you know."

Martha made a very skeptical noise.

"What do you think about marriage, Martha?"

"I think it's simply wonderful," said Martha.

"You do? Why?"

"Because it can take such a lot of punishment," answered Martha casually. "Come on. Let's dance."

For she did not care to see Derek dancing past her again with Beryl Lester. Beryl was too pliant, too relaxed. "No one ought to relax that much in a man's arms," thought Martha, "unless she legally belongs there."

Still she kept her temper. Or was it her head? Or was it her pride? She needed them all in the next few weeks. There were so many times when the only possible relief seemed to be to raise a scene, and a good noisy one. Though she didn't allow herself that outlet, she began to see why women sought it. Sometimes it was because a thing was important and sometimes because it wasn't. There was the occasion when they were leaving the Mason house one night and Derek put Beryl's overshoes on while Martha put on her own. It was pure accident that there was no other man in the hall at the moment to give Martha that quite unnecessary assistance, but still it had been galling. There was the time when Derek talked ten minutes on the telephone to Beryl about nothing at all while the lamb chops stiffened on their platter, and then came back to the table without a word of apology. It was the most trivial thing in the world to notice that he tucked robes carefully around Beryl when she was driving home in their car one night, and the next night, although it was equally cold, never thought even to pull one over from the back seat for Martha. Martha kept commanding herself not to be petty. She told herself that even more firmly when she found out that Beryl was writing Derek notes and calling him up at his office on the faintest pretexts. After all, it was a free country in a modern world, and she hadn't bought a husband, body and soul. She had just married one, and so given him the privilege of being rude to her. Martha was fairly sure that there was nothing permanent in this affair with Mrs. Lester, nothing really wrong or vicious. If Conrad Lester could put up with it, no doubt she could too. It was just embarrassing and insulting, and nothing to break up a home about.

It took poor Freddy Mason to do that.

Perhaps it was reading the book on marriage which had so upset Freddy. It may have put ideas in his head. Or perhaps Hattie cut a bit deeper than usual. After it had happened, Martha remembered how Freddy's hands were trembling that night when Hattie had snubbed him at the Blakes' in front of everyone.

"She treats me like the dirt under her feet," he had said to Martha that night. "I'm tired of it. I won't stand it. I'm through."

Martha had not taken it seriously at the time. She had merely thought that Freddy had taken one drink too many for discretion and was bent on telling all the things that people already knew. But curiously enough, he had meant it. It was only a few days after that he had gone, simply deserted Hattie and everything else. And then it appeared that he must have had it in mind for at least a little while, for everything was in order, his business concerns ready to wind up and his money where he could reach it. A girl from his office had gone too. Hattie went around looking very white and contemptuous of the whole thing. But there was shock in her eyes and pain back of that.

"Perhaps," thought Martha, "now Derek will run away with Beryl Lester." There were moments when she almost wished that he would. She was worn out by the constant drip of gossip which she could hear going on about her. The very sight of Derek had come to be an irritation. And when, one Sunday evening, he said he wanted to talk to her, she thought she had a very good idea what it was about. He had been nervous and restless all day.

"Go ahead," she said.

She was deep in the cushions of the chaise longue in their mutual room, and she looked up at him squarely. He was a very good-looking man and at the moment exceedingly ill at ease. Much more so than Martha was. She was wearing black lounging pajamas, her hair was flung back over her forehead and her chin was proud, ready for any announcement.

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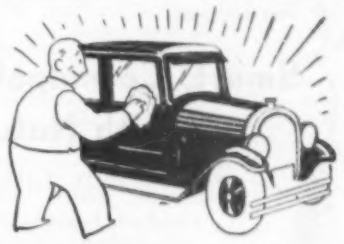

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"I just want to put something up to you," he said. His tone was as hesitant as his manner.

"You have every right," said Martha rather curtly.

"I don't expect you to be exactly sympathetic with what I'm going to say. But I hope you'll try."

"Well?" she asked after a moment. "Are you going to say it?"

"It's all a silly misunderstanding," Derek began. "I suppose you know I've been—well, paying a little attention to Beryl Lester."

"So I hear," said Martha; "so I've noticed."

"Of course I liked her. She's a nice girl and very sympathetic ——"

"Just the way you want me to be now. What a lot of sympathy you do take," remarked Martha.

He flushed.

"There's just nothing to it," he said; "and now, just as things are beginning to break nicely for me, it's annoying. Mr. Sears has been coming around to see me lately, to talk things over. And she calls me up at the office. I—it's embarrassing!"

Light began to break in on Martha. This was not the ultimatum she had expected, not at all the declaration of love for another woman.

"You mean you can't get rid of your little affair?"

"It's not an affair," protested Derek. "She's a pretty woman and her husband's kind of a dull, silent fellow ——"

"I wonder," said Martha.

"Anyway, I can't have her calling up the office. Not with Sears there, the way he was the other day. It looks bad. You surely see that."

"May I remind you that it is not I who am calling you up?" asked Martha. "Why talk to me?"

"You might tell me what to do."

"Oh, that's my part in it!"

"It concerns you just as much as it does me to get this partnership."

"I see."

"I wish," he said impatiently, "that you'd drop the sarcasm. Suppose I have made something of a fool of myself. You know that you're the only woman I care about. She ought to know that too."

"You've not made it clear to either of us," said Martha. "After all, it was her overshoes and not mine."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"It's mutual. I suppose what you really mean is that you're fed up with her."

"Well," said Derek rather sullenly, "she's all right in her way, but ——"

"But you wish you could get rid of her."

"It's getting to be a nuisance," said Derek, as if it were Martha's fault entirely.

She laughed.

"Well, you dragged her here to the house in the first place," he told her accusingly.

Martha thought that was funny too.

"All right," he said, "I come to you for a little help and advice, and you just sit there and giggle. Of course if I lose this partnership it won't be so funny. Sears is very strait-laced. And I'm beginning to be kidded about this woman at the club. A lawyer in my position can't afford it."

"No," agreed his wife, "I should imagine not."

"I thought that maybe you could go and talk to Beryl. You know. You might just tell her that there was a little gossip and that you objected or something like that."

Martha sat bolt upright, cushions skidding about her.

"No," she said; "no indeed, and by no means. This is your affair, Derek, and you just work your way out of it. I'm not mixing up in it at all. I can't prevent your having affairs, but I don't have to chaperon them."

"So you won't help me?"

"I might give you some advice. Tell me first what you said when she called you up and you couldn't get rid of her in spite of Mr. Sears' august presence."

"Oh, I was very nice to her. I told her I couldn't talk just then, that I'd call her back when I could. I was very courteous and very pleasant. She just kept right on talking."

"Your mistake," said Martha.

"What do you mean?"

"The next time you see her or talk to her," said Martha, "drop your company manners. Treat her the way you'd treat me if I broke into a business conference. Just act natural, as if you were home. Lose the knightly manner. It probably deludes her. It used to fool even me."

"Are you trying to be insulting?"

"I'm giving you excellent advice. You think it over. No company manners and you'll soon be rid of her. And I'd rather not talk about it any more. I've a book I'm interested in. . . . Are you going out tonight?"

"It's only nine. I thought I might drop in at the club for an hour."

"Why don't you?"

He turned at the door and stared at her. But she did not look up from her book.

Perhaps it was an interesting one, but Martha did not remember a word she read in the next two hours. Sometimes she looked at the print and sometimes she looked away from it and into her thoughts. She found a great deal of pity in them for Hattie Mason and poor, weak Freddy, running around somewhere with his strange girl. She put her mind in order, throwing out a number of loosely rooted fears and worries. And when Derek returned she was in exactly the same position.

He came in very softly, as if he thought she might be asleep. Then when she spoke to him he came over and sat on the edge of the chaise longue and picked up her hand and didn't say anything. He looked very thoughtful.

Martha spoke first. Somebody had to. "Did she call you up?"

He nodded.

"What did you say?"

"I was pretty short with her," said Derek. "I took your advice."

"And I suppose she didn't like it?"

He was silent for a moment.

"She certainly tore loose," he admitted. "I hadn't any idea she had it in her. I hung up finally. She told me where I got off all right. She told me ——" he let it go at that. "Say, I wonder what that husband of hers puts up with?"

"I always suspected that Beryl Lester had company manners too," said Martha.

It was her only revenge, and she was ashamed of it. For he took it standing.

"You won't see any more company manners on me," he told her. "I've been thinking that over. Or if there are any, I'm going to use them on you. You watch me from now on. You listen to me."

She laughed again, not because he was funny this time but because she was happy.

"Oh, don't be too polite to me," said Martha. "I wouldn't feel married."

YEARAGE

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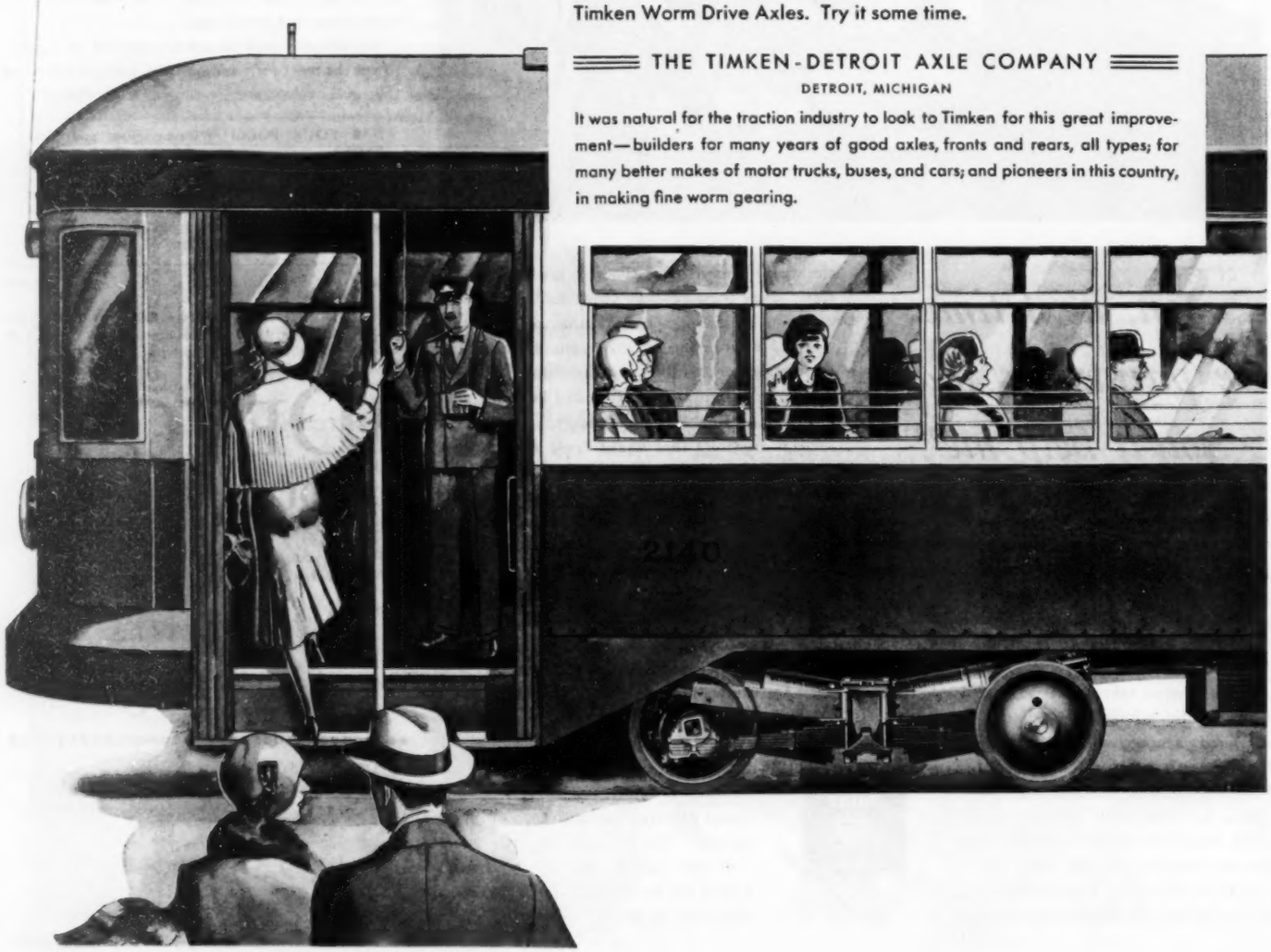

BAD PENNY

(Continued from Page 27)

plausible enough in her ears. She even remarked, "The child is a wreck. I'm sure it will be a relief to all of us when she is settled in a comfortable home of her own. I think you've acted with remarkable wisdom, Beth." The girl herself felt some reason to believe that she had handled rather neatly a really difficult problem.

Mr. Grove was no better and no worse. His heart was dilated. And his years and the general state of his health made the case difficult; beyond this, Doctor Braden had nothing to say. But his manner seemed to Beth to indicate a measure of hope.

Later in the morning she was called down to the town court. There was no opportunity there for further conversation with Judge Bisbee, but to her immense relief he handled the matter with discretion and simply ordered Philip Cowden, the chauffeur, held as a suspicious character. Beth found it unnecessary to testify to any more than the sounds she had heard and the fact that she had been able, in the moonlight, to observe the man, from the window of her room, hauling away the ladder. Feeling then that she had better keep away from all temptation to meet friends and be drawn into talk, she drove back home and shut herself in her room. Not a word had come from Thompson Burr. For all she knew, he might be dead. What was it Doctor Braden had said about a blood clot?

She cried some. Why had Tom slipped off like that and left her to face all this alone? Anything might happen. Now that Philip's case had come up in court, the newspapers might easily pick up the story. Dorothy's flight, the entry into the house at one o'clock in the morning, the painful beating poor Tom had suffered—he might have been killed!—all the most pitiful elements of scandal were there. The prominence of the family made the whole frightful business infinitely worse. And to sit alone here, fighting to control her racing thoughts, taxed her little-exercised self-control beyond her strength. The moment came—it was about 2:30 in the afternoon—when she couldn't stand it. She tiptoed across the hall and called Judge Bisbee on the telephone. They reported that he had just gone to the town hall. She washed away her tears, powdered her nose, pulled on a pretty little hat, and drove down there in the big car.

The judge wasn't in his office. But he had looked in. The middle-aged woman secretary thought he had stopped at the police station in the rear of the building. Beth went there. They all knew her, of course. Probably they could see that she was in a nervous state. But there was nothing she could do about that. The sergeant remarked smilingly that he'd see what he could do for her. He disappeared for a moment; then reappeared and ushered her through a door that bore the word Chief on ground glass.

The door closed behind her. Her eyes were a little slow to convey what they took in to her brain. Looking up with the surprised air of men who had been roused from an absorbing conversation were the judge and Thompson Burr. Burr's suitcase stood in a corner. The judge smiled, but Tom was frowning. And there was an intent, almost hostile look about his eyes. The big bandage that Doctor Braden had put around his head was gone. In place of it was a cocoon of cotton and strips of surgeon's tape. The scraped bruise on his temple and cheek was still there. Beth, quite unstrung, gulped back a sob. Her knees were shaking.

It was the judge who sprang up and led her to a chair. His firm, kindly presence steadied her somewhat. Burr plainly didn't want her there. The queer, sudden flash of anger in her breast was a steadying force. Or a counterirritant. She found herself able to sit quietly at the table.

"Was there something in particular, my dear ——" began the judge.

"No," she interrupted wanly; "I just had to come. I was so awfully alone at the house."

"Naturally. Mr. Burr just arrived and sent for me."

Beth was experiencing her usual inability to stay angry. Tom literally hadn't spoken to her. He was just plain cross. But the bruised face and the wounded scalp unnerved her. Her eyes filled as she looked at him.

"Oh, Tom," she breathed, "you shouldn't have gone! I told you what Doctor Braden said."

He nodded brusquely.

"Where have you been?" she cried out impatiently.

"New York. Drove down. Came back by plane to Boston this noon, and taxied out. See here, Beth, I want to know just how much you told Judge Bisbee—in the night, when you got in touch with him."

Her face flushed up with another wave of anger. He thought less than nothing of girls. She knew that.

It was Judge Bisbee who spoke. "Then there is more?"

"Oh, yes," said Burr. "And it is high time you knew all of it."

"Well, then," mused the judge aloud, "suppose I recapitulate: As I understood Beth's story, poor Dorothy has had the misfortune to be caught up in a romantic and secret love affair. You and she, learning of this, consulted as to what course, if any, you might be able to take to forestall a serious scandal. Last night Beth placed you in her room, opposite the hall telephone, in the hope that you might be able to overhear a telephone conversation. You and she together did hear such a conversation. In the course of it, the man who was telephoning—apparently the man, Jean Du Rut, who had succeeded in fascinating Dorothy—as you both were aware—proposed to come in the night and carry her away. There was some talk about what you assumed to be a ladder in the garage. And there was some confusion regarding her window—as to which side of the house it was on. Later in the night, Beth heard what she believed to be sounds of a struggle. She went upstairs to investigate. Dorothy had disappeared, leaving her bed unopened. And Beth found you lying on the floor with a severe scalp wound. The room was disordered, indicating that there had been a struggle. A broken chair lay beside you; Beth, a moment later, heard further sounds outside, and was able, from the window, to identify the chauffeur, Philip Cowden, taking the ladder away. She promptly called Doctor Braden and myself. We came with two officers, left our car halfway up the drive and walked to the house. The officers found the chauffeur in his bed in the garage and brought him down to the jail. We were, fortunately, able to accomplish this without disturbing anyone else in the house. That, I think, is the story as far as I have gone."

"Quite right," said Burr. He turned to Beth, looking at her—so she thought—as if she were a piece of furniture. "I thought it best that we should understand each other fully, Beth, before you—while you are here. I have a good deal more to discuss with Judge Bisbee and ——"

So! She was to be set aside now! She looked down, twisting her handkerchief. She'd rather he didn't see that her eyes were filling.

"One other thing, Beth, before you go." This time he came right out with it, brusquely: "Nothing has happened since to lead you to believe that anybody else in the house knows or suspects that anything unusual has occurred?"

She moved her head slowly in the negative.

"You have given an explanation to Mrs. Anthony of Dorothy's absence?"

The girl's head moved again; this time in the affirmative.

Illustration: Biltmore Standards

It's time for Biltmore Seat Covers

Now that winter is gone, the very touch of fuzzy upholstery becomes a smothering, prickly irritation, - - the soft nap, a storage place for dust and grime. A million bristling fibres grind the dirt into seats and cushions of the car and the garments of those who ride.

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If you can wait a very few days for the finer fabrics of Biltmores DeLuxe, these will actually be made-to-order for your car, individually hand cut and tailored. They will give to your car the appearance of a special upholstery job harmonizing perfectly with its color scheme.

But if you have children or a companionable dog to romp over the seats, you will want Biltmores of Aerocloth, the marvelous fabric by DuPont that wears like iron, looks like satin and washes with soap and water, right on your car.

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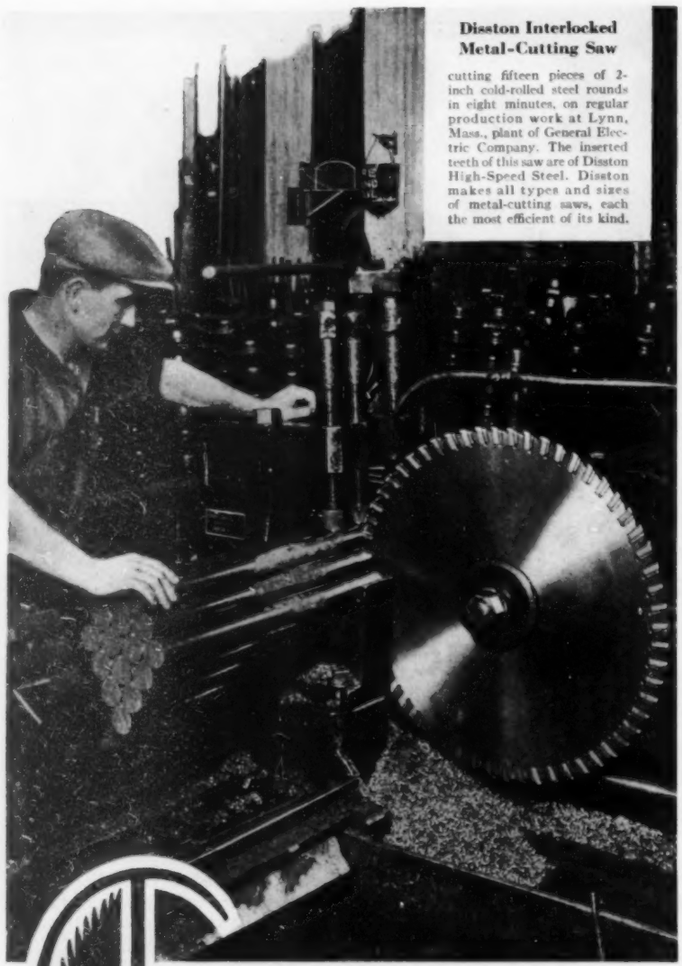

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"She accepted your story?"

Beth jerked up her head. All at once she didn't care if they saw her wet eyes. They did see them. Burr, indeed, found them inconveniently stirring, for they seemed to have deepened in color from that pretty China blue to something nearer violet.

"Yes," Beth broke out, with a touch of defiance in her manner. "She accepted it. She slept late. I told her Dot went after breakfast in her own car. You see, the car was gone."

"H'm!" remarked Judge Bisbee. "Her car was gone, eh! Odd!" He mused a moment, then turned to the somber, weary-looking Burr. "If you don't mind," he remarked, "I think it would be wiser to keep Beth in our confidence. She has really been closer to the matter than either of us. And she has acted, I feel free to say, in an extremely difficult situation, with remarkable discretion. I'm not at all sure that we don't need her counsel. She understands her sister much better than you or I."

At that Beth could only wipe her eyes with her twisted-up handkerchief. She could easily have thrown her arms right around Judge Bisbee's neck. Burr didn't like it. Indeed, a flicker of doubt that could have been nothing less than impatience with the suggestion—if it wasn't downright irritation—crossed his battered face. But he bowed in acquiescence.

"There are still a few points to clear up before we undertake to bring our story down to date," the judge went on, in his brisk and sure-footed but kindly manner. "You, both of you, evidently had definite reasons for believing that Dorothy was actually planning an elopement with this man Du Rut. What were those reasons?"

Burr considered, then turned to the girl. "Better tell about her going out with the suitcase yesterday afternoon." He spoke as if giving an order. But she obeyed.

Then Burr took up the narrative. "Last night, Judge Bisbee, I told a rather personal story to illustrate my theory of chance and coincidence as ruling factors in life. As you may have surmised, I told it for a reason."

"In the light of what has since taken place, I'll admit that I've wondered if it weren't directed at Dorothy."

"It was. Straight. And she knew it. You see"—and he told precisely what had happened at the filling station.

"I do see!" mused the judge. "Yes, yes! H'm! Unquestionably, Mr. Burr, you have met with plenty of corroboration for your views."

"Plenty."

"I gathered from Beth—to shift the subject for a moment—that you have had no recollection of the struggle in your room."

"None whatever. Oh, except that I seem to recall drawing a chair to one of the windows with the idea of watching for any intruder into the grounds. And a faint memory of hearing a rumbling sound that probably marked the opening of the garage door."

"But you cannot remember fighting the man, whoever he was, or even seeing him."

"Not a thing. It has puzzled me more than I can tell you."

"I think Doctor Braden would assure you that it is a familiar enough happening, Mr. Burr. Often when a man has been struck on the head—hard enough, that is, to cause some concussion—all memory of the incidents immediately leading up to the accident is erased from the memory. It would help a good deal, of course, if you had been able to recognize the man. You evidently put up quite a fight. But I should expect that of you."

"Well"—Burr slowly shook an aching head—"I didn't recognize him. It may come back later, but that is how it stands now."

Judge Bisbee considered him thoughtfully. "I am by no means sure, Mr. Burr, that all this exertion on your part is wise. Didn't Doctor Braden advise absolute quiet? They usually do in these cases."

"He did!" cried Beth.

Burr stirred impatiently. "A week from today," he said, with spirit, "I am due to leave for China. As you may easily imagine, there are a thousand things to be attended to. I should be in New York at this moment. But Mr. Grove was my father's oldest associate and friend. An extremely difficult situation had developed in his house which, whether I like it or not, involves me. It claims my attention and my energy. Furthermore, I find myself entangled once again with this fellow Du Rut in what may easily prove to be the climax of our curious personal story. I'd like to clean that up once and for all, if the thing can be done. At the very least, I must do all I can, knowing what I do know, to save Dorothy."

"It is your idea of this Du Rut that he is the sort of man who would attempt so fantastic an enterprise as to carry Dorothy down a ladder and elope with her? Your very interesting picture of the man last evening certainly suggests the possibility."

"It is exactly what I believe he would do, Judge Bisbee. He is a half-crazy romantic. He is forever staging scenes, play-acting. If I understand the fellow, he is continually picturing himself doing just such things."

"And of course, that medieval devil-may-care sort of thing would impress very deeply a girl whose emotions were quite out of hand."

"Bound to." And Burr added softly, "Poor kid!"

"I needn't say that it would help immensely if we could settle on the man who entered your room and attacked you."

"It must have been Du Rut. Who else? Hardly that chauffeur; though ——"

"Wait a moment," remarked Judge Bisbee. He left the room.

Burr didn't give Beth a glance while he was gone; merely sat there drumming nervously on the table.

The judge returned bearing a square box, which he placed on the table and opened. Burr, recognizing at once the Chinese workmanship, leaned forward. So did Beth.

Wrappings were removed. A teapot of jade appeared. The judge set it on the table and all three studied it curiously.

"Why," breathed Beth, "that was Mr. Deever's present to Dot!"

"I hadn't seen it," said Burr. "But what a beautiful thing! I've handled a lot of good jade, Judge Bisbee, but never so large a piece in that perfect moss-green color."

"Pretty valuable, isn't it?"

"Very. It would be hard to say how valuable, offhand. Eight or ten thousand dollars at least." Burr turned it around in his hands. "Yes, not a flaw. And all made of one piece—even the lid and this chain by which the cover is attached to the handle. My word, what workmanship! And what color! The Chinese collectors, as you may know, prize this clear soft green more highly than any other sort of jade. The only color that approaches it in popularity is the creamy white that they know as mutton fat. Yes, it is a perfect thing."

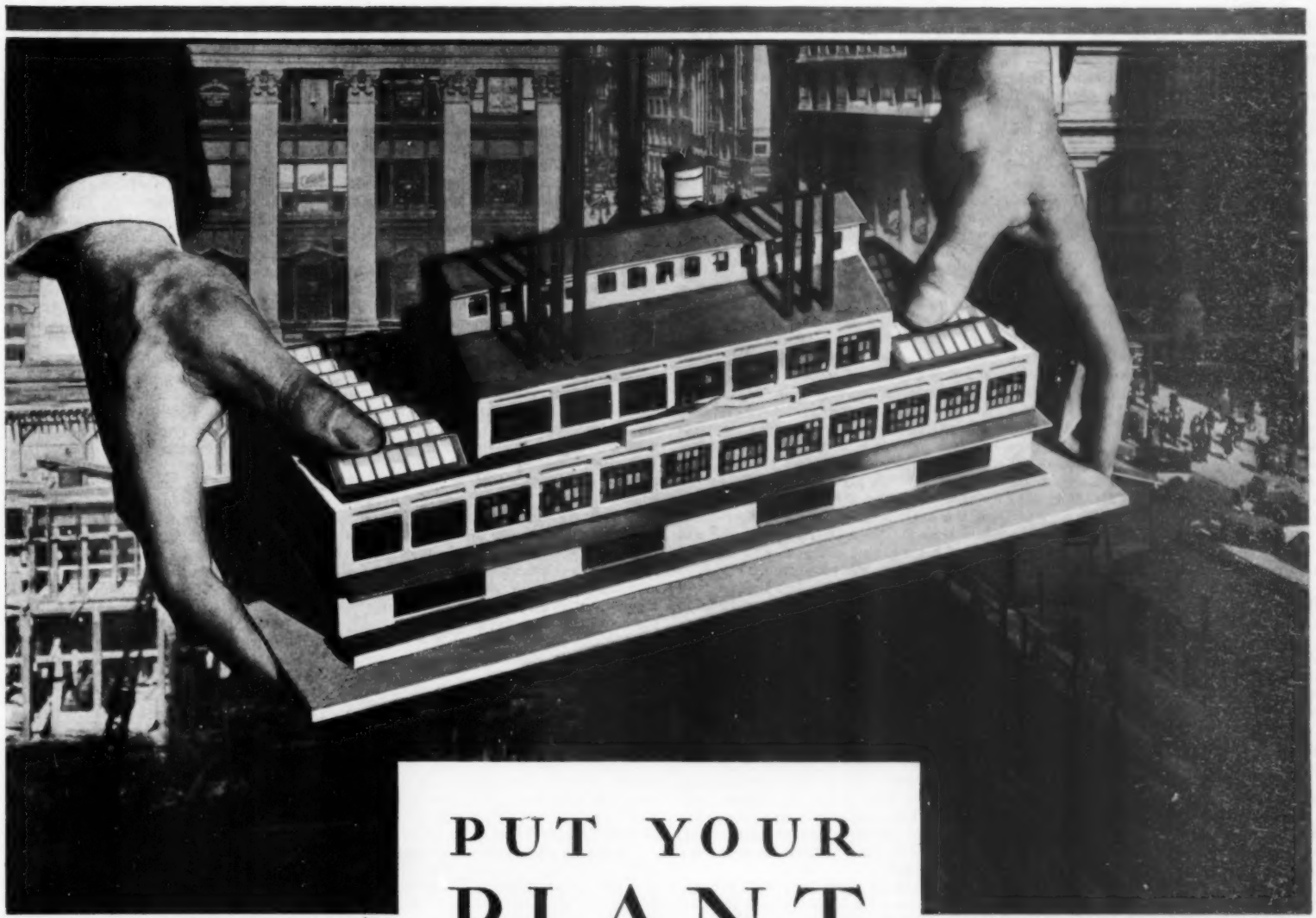
"The presents were on the second floor, were they not?" asked Judge Bisbee.

Beth nodded excitedly.

x

"SUPPOSE now," Judge Bisbee went on, addressing Burr, "you tell us whether you found any leads in New York this morning. As I understand the present situation, it is our common wish to bring Dorothy back in time for the wedding, if the thing is humanly possible. Force, naturally, is out of the question. But I think we all recognize that the poor child may as well be regarded as temporarily out of her mind. She really is, I believe—and I say this with the profoundest sense of pity—a case for the expert psychiatrist. None of us, I am sure, would go so far as to try to force her into a marriage with Ben Willis, if the very idea has become repugnant to her. So far as that is concerned, the only suggestion I could make would be a postponement and time for possible second thoughts. Certainly a postponement of the wedding would bring about only a

(Continued on Page 152)



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Fortunately, there is a location where production costs are low, and where market is nearby. That place is New York State. It offers a manufacturer two outstanding advantages:

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TROY
UTICA
WATERFORD
WATERTOWN
WATERVLIET
WELLSVILLE
WESTFIELD
WHITEHALL
WHITESBORO
WILLIAMSVILLE

(Continued from Page 150)

minimum of unpleasant publicity. But the present situation is laden with scandal of the most disastrous sort.

"We have your father to consider, Beth, as you know. He is in no condition to withstand so heartbreaking a shock as this. And then there is Ben. I fear that we cannot—for the present, at least—permit him to have even an inkling of this story. He is young, and, naturally enough, of a conventional bringing up. There is hardly a possibility that he could or would understand or help us. No, I am convinced that for the present—for the few days that remain to us—we must act without him, using our best judgment, in the hope of bringing about something nearer a normal situation. I'm afraid I can already picture in my mind the headlines that we shall have to read if we fail. The scandal of it would be enough to disrupt, perhaps to destroy, any prominent family in New England. The mere thought is tragic." He sighed. "It is a heavy responsibility to take on our shoulders, but—well, the situation is a strange one. It is, in a sense, thrust upon us. I really cannot see that we have any choice in the matter. And now, Mr. Burr, will you tell us about New York?"

"One moment!" said Burr crisply. "Beth! How about Ben? Has there been anything from him? Anything?"

"He called up this morning, to ask how Dot was feeling."

"He did?"

"Yes. I told him I'd persuaded her to hide away and really rest for a day or two, and not to worry if he doesn't hear from her before he comes up for the wedding. He said he'd come up Tuesday night."

"That was shrewd of you," observed the judge. "My, what a pack of liars we are getting to be." Adding, more heavily: "But I fear we can't help that. We must do what we can."

"Ben went back to New York this morning," Beth put in. "He said he had a lot of work to set right before he could get away for the wedding and the honeymoon."

"Naturally. And fortunately. It is extraordinary, really, how well the true situation has been covered up." The judge sighed. "We have certainly taken a great deal upon ourselves in keeping so much from that young man. But so it is. . . . Now, Mr. Burr, tell us of your trip today, if you will be so kind."

"Well"—thus Burr—"I got away shortly after three this morning. Naturally, I wasn't feeling any too comfortable. But stirring about in the open air helped a lot. I found I could drive my car. And I drove it fast. There was very little traffic, of course, at that hour. I reached my garage in New York before nine."

"You did drive," remarked Judge Bisbee.

"Yes. My one thought was to learn, at the earliest possible moment, whether Du Rut had taken Dorothy to his New York apartment. He had more than two hours' start, but if they were together they would probably stop somewhere for breakfast and wouldn't be much ahead of me. I went to my own doctor, told him I'd had a battle with a burglar, and got him to fix me up so I could wear a hat. Then I went straight to Du Rut's place. A Chinese servant opened the door, and proved as uncommunicative as a Chinese can be when he really tries. He said that Du Rut was not there. I told him then that I must see the young lady. When he tried to shut the door on me, I forced my way in. I tried the Cantonese language on him, but he insisted that nobody else was there. He didn't know where the man was or when he would be back, and there was no young lady. But while we were talking, a door opened. A bedroom door, I judged. And I saw a young woman."

Beth exclaimed "Dorothy?"

"No"—Burr moved his head in the negative—"no, it was not Dorothy. Judge Bisbee, it is an extraordinary thing, but I am fatalistic enough to believe that the long arm of coincidence will follow me and control my actions to my dying day. I found that I knew her."

"Indeed? Remarkable!"

Burr nodded. "She is one of the independent young women you meet so often about New York. When I came back from China last year, she interviewed me for one of the New York papers. And I have met her at various gatherings of writing people. One of the Greenwich Village sort. It was perfectly clear, of course, that she was living there in Du Rut's apartment. She wore a kimono, and showed unmistakable signs of having got rather hastily up from bed. She was flustered, naturally, but made an effort to carry it through in an offhand manner. She invited me into the sitting room and asked if I'd have a cup of coffee. Du Rut, she said, had had to go away for a day or two. She didn't know quite when he'd be back. He had important business—the sale of one of his Oriental treasures—to a wealthy collector in Connecticut." Burr fingered the teapot. "Now, as I look at this wonderful piece of jade, I imagine I know what it was. She explained that he'd offered a number of his more valuable things for sale on commission over a period of years, but had refused to let them go until he could get his price. In the present instance he'd taken the piece in question out of the dealer's hands and engineered the sale himself. Only the day before he had called her up, long distance, and told her that everything was going well.

"All this came out during a little general chat. She knew that she was caught cold so far as her manner of living was concerned, and was, plainly enough, brazening it out. She talked like any settled housewife. I'll admit that the discovery of this situation hardened me a good deal. I hadn't before felt any particularly deep personal resentment against the man. I suppose I've regarded him as a picturesque and more or less helpless victim of temperament and circumstances. But he was evidently deceiving this girl. I had no feeling about her. She knew what she was about when she entered into that sort of relationship, and could take the consequences, so far as I was concerned.

"So I told her, bluntly, that I had the best of reasons for believing that Du Rut had eloped with a young woman in whom I was interested, under particularly unfortunate circumstances. And then, I'll admit, I felt a little sorry for her. She went white and sank back in her chair. I thought for a moment she might faint. But she managed to pull herself together and asked a lot of questions. I gave her no names or places, but told enough to convince her that I knew what I was talking about."

"May I ask"—this from Judge Bisbee—"your idea in giving her this information?"

"I believed that Du Rut would communicate with her. He's very slippery, you know. The sort that justifies all his erratic actions through the twistings and turnings of that queer, utterly unreal mind of his. And there seemed to me to be a chance that when she turned on him, he'd come back at me. That's what I want. And I believe it is just what he'll do. Get him angry and he'll do the most outrageous things. Oh, fantastic things."

Judge Bisbee thought that over. "I see. He'd really have to communicate with her, wouldn't he?"

"Oh, yes! He couldn't simply leave her there in his own apartment. Either he'd have to put her out, bag and baggage, to make room for—another—or he'd have to get his own things out. I imagine he hasn't yet faced all that. He isn't the sort that thinks ahead clearly. I'm afraid that our friend has got himself into rather more of a tangle than he realizes. A pretty murky tangle."

There was a telephone instrument on the table. He drew it toward him and turned to the girl. "Where does Mr. Deever live, Beth?"

"In Connecticut. Near Putnam. You can get him through the Putnam exchange."

Burr put in his call, and soon found himself connected with Dorothy's godfather. The conversation was a rather long one, but finally he hung up the receiver.

"Well," he remarked, "there we are! It is really amazing."

"Du Rut?" asked Judge Bisbee.

Burr nodded. "Mr. Deever knows him. He says he was eager to talk over the coincidence with me last night, but before an opportunity came for any private conversation, Mr. Grove was stricken and it went out of his mind. He recognized Du Rut as the principal figure of the story I told. He knows him, and has found him quite as odd, and even fascinating, he says, as I made him out to be."

"And Mr. Deever bought the jade teapot from Du Rut?"

"Yes," Burr mused, frowning. "It is almost unbelievable, the way these coincidences draw together. Du Rut has been after him for some years to persuade him to buy it. But Mr. Deever—you know, of course, that he is a rather famous collector of jades and Chinese pottery and paintings—Mr. Deever felt that he was asking too much. His price was fifteen thousand dollars. And at that price Mr. Deever wouldn't touch it. When the matter of Dorothy's wedding came up, however, he felt moved to give her, as his godchild, something valuable and, if possible, unique. Last week Du Rut got after him again, suggesting a slightly lower price. He came up to Putnam with it, and after some bargaining Mr. Deever handed over his check for twelve thousand and took the teapot, bringing it over in person a few days ago. So there's the story of the teapot."

"I think," remarked Judge Bisbee, "we'd better have the chauffeur in here and question him a bit."

XI

THE man was led in, handcuffed to an officer.

"Now, Cowden," said the judge sternly, "I'm going to ask you to give us again your version of what took place last night. I am interested to know if you may have decided, after a few hours of thought, to tell us a little more. Even the truth, possibly."

The man shifted his feet and swallowed rather painfully. His color slowly rose. He glanced at Burr, and then quickly lowered his gaze to the floor. For he had met a puzzled frown. There was a long silence.

The man glanced up again—nervously, this time, at Beth, but her pale, questioning face gave him no encouragement. She had made up her mind not to speak. It was better to leave the handling of the situation to these older men. They understood such difficult problems better than she could hope to.

Cowden was now looking, with a startled expression, at the jade teapot.

Judge Bisbee lifted it. "I see you are interested in this, Cowden. We didn't speak of it this morning, did we? Do you know where it was found?"

The man moistened his lips. Huskily then, and faintly, he began: "Well ——" but seemed unable to get further with it.

"It was found in your room over the garage. In your trunk, as a matter of fact."

Cowden's shoulders sagged.

"What have you to say? You must realize that it is, to put it mildly, somewhat incriminating."

There was no answer.

"If you don't mind, Judge Bisbee," said Burr, in his abrupt way, "I'd like to hear his story—whatever he may have been able to think up." Cowden winced, and again moistened his lips. "Tell us exactly what happened!" Burr thundered.

Cowden again shifted his feet. "Very well, sir," he replied at last, his eyes apparently studying out the cracks in the board floor. "I'll tell you all I know. Something woke me up, this morning. The garage door was opened part way. I couldn't help hearing that because the roller wheels make a good deal of noise. I wasn't fully awake, and think I dozed a little after it."

"You dozed after it, eh?" said Burr. "Wasn't that a rather remarkable thing to do?"

"I don't think so, sir. I hadn't been asleep very long, and it wasn't easy to wake up. I remember thinking that it might be one of the guests leaving unexpectedly. I thought of you, Mr. Burr."

"That was good of you. Go on!"

"Well, I knew Mr. Grove was sick. People might be stirring."

"Yes, yes!" observed Judge Bisbee. "You have thought up a little more, haven't you!"

"Well, sir, that's how it was, anyway. It was after that I heard a scraping sound. At first I thought I'd dreamed it. But after a few minutes I must have got nervous in my sleep. I found myself sitting up in bed, wide awake. I couldn't hear anything more. I went to the window, but couldn't see anything. I put on my shoes, went down into the garage, found a wrench without turning on the light, and went out into the yard. At first I walked around the north side of the house. Everything was quiet there. I came on around, and on the south side I found a ladder leaned up against the roof of the side porch, near Miss Beth's window. I stood there a minute, wondering if there was a burglar in the house. But there wasn't a sound. So I took the ladder away and put it back in the garage where it belonged. Then I went back and stood behind the big elm tree with the wrench in my hand. I thought if there was a burglar and he came out to find the ladder and had to jump down, I'd hit him with the wrench. I waited a long while, but nobody came. So I started back to the garage, and stumbled over something. It was that teapot. I wondered then if I ought to try to put it back in the house. But I knew all the doors were locked. I'd have to climb up to a window. They might mistake me for the burglar. I didn't want to get shot. It was quiet, and everything seemed to be all right. I knew the teapot was pretty valuable. I'd seen the presents, and knew it was one of them. It was pretty clear that there had been a burglar, and he must have got away or it wouldn't be lying there on the ground. So finally I took it back with me and put it away where I thought it would be safe until morning. Then I meant to take it back in the house. And I went back to bed."

"It didn't occur to you to rouse the house?" asked Judge Bisbee.

"No, sir, it didn't."

"Is there a telephone in the garage?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And it didn't occur to you to call the police?"

"Well, no, sir, it didn't. I'd got pretty sleepy again by that time. Probably I was wrong. Just stupid, I suppose, really. But that's how it was."

Burr had drawn the teapot toward him and was slowly turning it around between his fingers. He lifted the lid and looked within. A startled expression crept in about his eyes. He replaced the lid.

"The weakest spot in your really remarkable story, Cowden," said Judge Bisbee, "is of course your failure to do something about the matter, when you knew, by the presence of this teapot on the ground, that there had been a burglary. You surely must realize that any jury you may have to face will find that part of it a little hard to swallow. Just a little hard to swallow. Very well. We'll lock you up again and give you time to improve that part of your story. Take him along, officer."

"But, judge, please! Give me a minute! I've never stolen anything in my life! I was just keeping the teapot safe until morning! I was! If that isn't the truth, why didn't I get away? It's worth a lot of money. Do you think I don't know that? If I'd gone into the house like a sneaking burglar, do you think I'd have just put it away safe and gone back to sleep? They'd miss it the first thing in the morning. I may be stupid when I'm half asleep, but I've got a little more sense than that! I wouldn't steal a jade teapot worth God knows how many thousand dollars, put it in my room, and go back to bed! I'd be in Canada by this time! I wouldn't have put the ladder away, either, if I wasn't going to stay!"

(Continued on Page 157)

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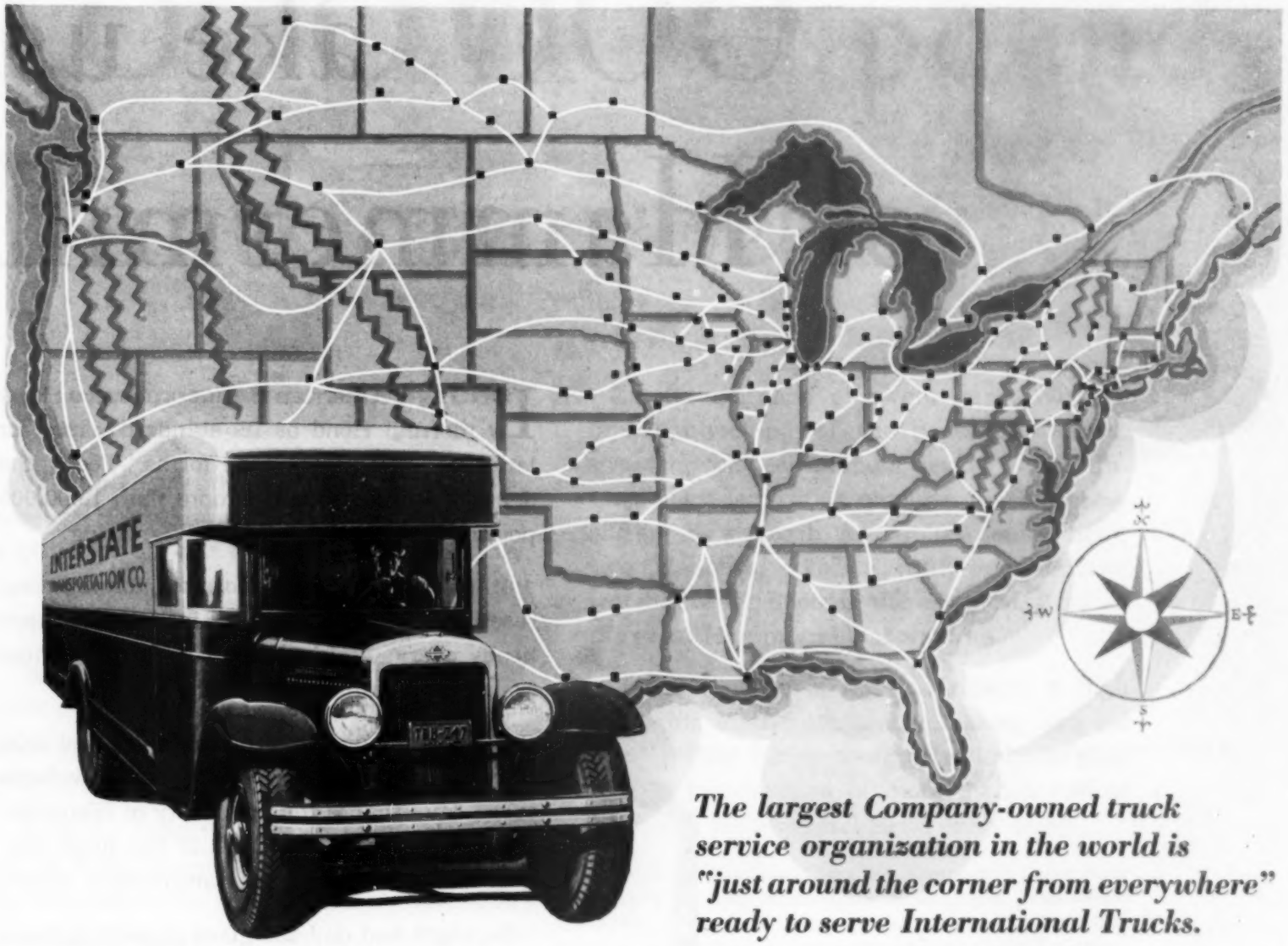

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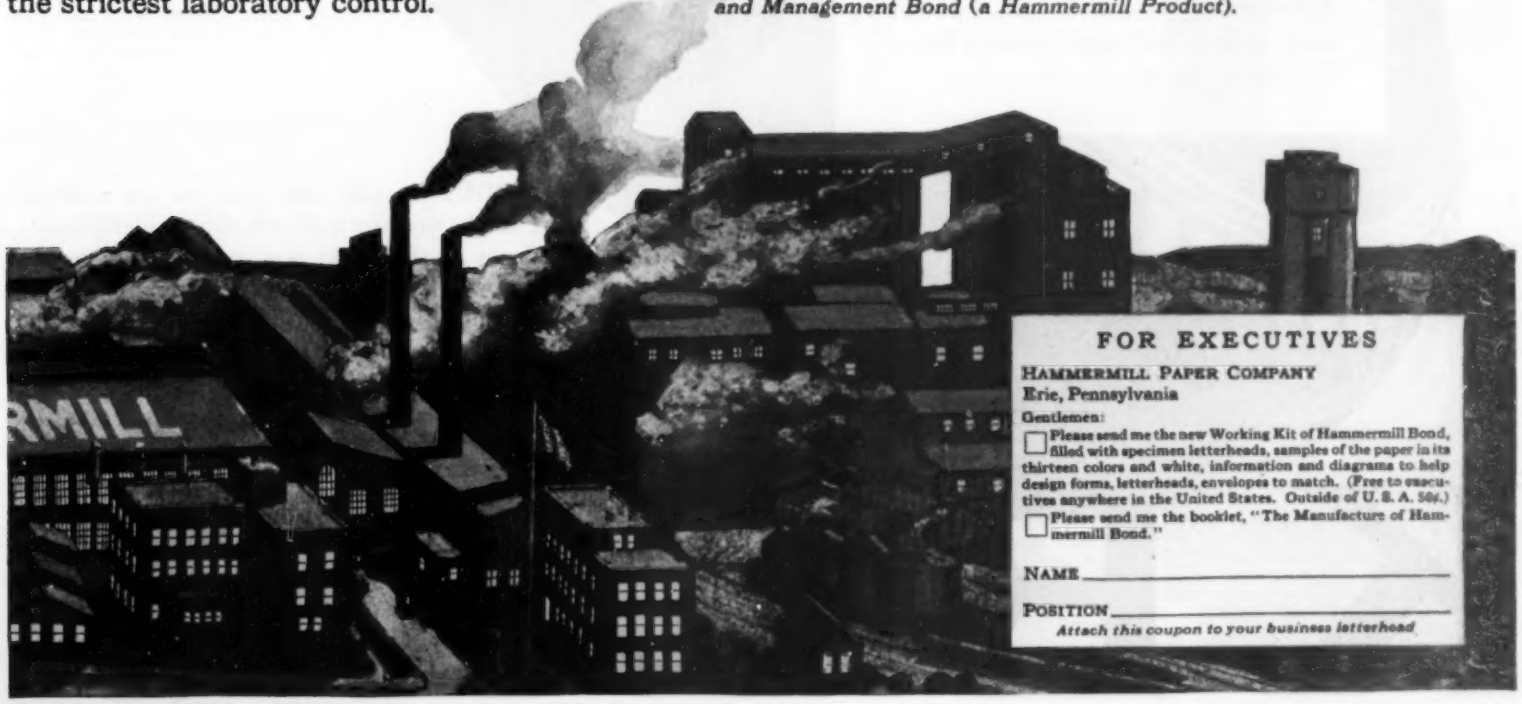

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(Continued from Page 152)

"A rather good point," said the judge. "You just go back now and think up some more."

"Wait!" cried Beth, who had forgotten her plan to keep silent. "I heard you talking—you and another man! How about that?"

"I didn't!" shouted Cowden. "Didn't talk with anybody! Didn't even see anybody!"

"Take him along, officer," said the judge with finality, "and let him think some more. He's really rather clever at it."

The door closed on the two men.

Burr remembered quietly, "Look here!" He lifted the lid of the teapot, turned it upside down, and shook out a twig.

"What do you know about that?" he muttered.

"An elm twig, I should say," observed the judge, curiously turning it about in his fingers.

"Then," said Burr, "he did pick up the teapot from the ground."

Beth stared.

XII

"SUPPOSE," observed Judge Bisbee, "we make an effort now to review the whole situation. Obviously ——"

"Oh, can't we do something about Dot?" This unhappy cry came from Beth, whose impulsive nature was meeting with considerable difficulty in holding back to the deliberate pace of the old man's logical brain.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that we must think before we act, if there should prove to be any action that we can take. Regarding the entry into the house, the attack on Mr. Burr, and the removal of the jade teapot, we know hardly more than we knew before."

"Philip knows!" cried Beth.

"He certainly knows more than he is telling. But, even if he were to tell us the rest of it, it might not enlighten us. In essence, his story may approach the truth quite nearly. It is—of course you understand I am quite frankly groping—altogether possible that he did pick up the jade teapot and take it to his room with the idea of replacing it in the morning. We must be prepared, if we ever do draw out the complete story, to accept that as a fact."

"You mean, then, that he is covering some other person?" asked Burr.

"Yes. It seems to me evident that he knows more than he is telling. And then there are the men's voices Beth heard. We know of nothing whatever that would connect him with Du Rut."

"And I couldn't even swear to the voices," said Beth, who had, with an effort, composed herself. "Not honestly."

"He must have come to your father with adequate references, Beth."

"Oh, yes! Dad has always been careful about those things. We talked him all over. He had been four years with the Wetmores in Bedford—until Mr. Wetmore died. And before that he was some sort of officer on one of the Florida boats. His captain wrote to father."

"Very good. My own impression of the man is that he is hardly a thief. He looks steady and honest. Naturally, he is in a highly nervous state at the moment. Who wouldn't be? Yet he is unquestionably implicated. And such evidence as we have quite justifies us in holding him."

"Perhaps," Burr put in wearily, "he knows the burglar and for some reason feels compelled to protect him."

"Even that hypothesis is puzzling, Mr. Burr. I confess I can't quite see how a casual burglar could have known of the jade teapot. Whoever it was, we may assume, did know of it and broke into the house for the purpose of securing it. The police report that the other presents appeared to be there. And yet, after running all that risk, the intruder—if it was someone other than Cowden—simply dropped the teapot and made his escape. And in that connection Cowden's point that he would hardly have entered the house, beaten you half to death, Mr. Burr, and then gone coolly back to bed, is distinctly credible. I'm afraid we shall have to agree, for the present, or at least until Cowden decides to make a clean breast of it, that we are balked in that direction.

"Now, as regards Dorothy's disappearance, let us consider what little we actually know. She had already, yesterday afternoon, made a deliberate effort to elope with Du Rut. We know that. And we know that she was saved, at the moment, only by the really remarkable coincidence that you, Mr. Burr, happened to appear at the precise instant that made the rescue possible. You are perfectly certain, by the way, that Ben Willis caught nothing of all that?"

"Perfectly certain."

"Very good. Now we are justified, I believe, in assuming that Dorothy's departure in the night was quite as deliberate as her attempted flight in the afternoon. Her car has disappeared. That is, to me, rather a poser. Why didn't she go in Du Rut's car?"

"She may simply have driven again to some rendezvous to meet the man," said Burr.

"Certainly. She may have. Probably she did. And in that case she may have left her car in any one of hundreds of garages. It would call for a very long search, indeed—and, I fear, a baffling one—to find it."

"Or she may have sold it," said Burr. He was leaning forward over the table, propping his head in his hands. Beth watched him with anxiety in her gaze.

"Yes, she may have. . . . Oh, by the way, I must not forget to tell you that Dorothy had a small savings account in the bank—a few hundred dollars. She drew it all out yesterday morning, closed the account. It was naturally assumed that her action was merely a detail in her plans for the marriage. The household account was also in her name—jointly, that is, with her father's—but she did not touch that. She merely took her own money."

"I'm inclined to think," muttered Burr irrelevantly, "that I shall always believe it was Du Rut who climbed to my room and attacked me. There is the matter of the telephone conversation and the confusion, over which was Dorothy's window. Though why she should have taken her own car, if I'm right in that, is too much for me."

"We are casting about without much purpose, I fear," said the judge. He pursed his thin lips and gazed thoughtfully at the jade teapot. "I think," he remarked in his deliberate, strong way, "that we would do well to turn for the moment from this consideration of the available evidence to the puzzling problem of our own objectives. Here we are"—he picked up the twig, examined it, and then returned it to the jade teapot and replaced the lid; the chain of jade rattled against the bulging body—"here we are, deliberately concealing a very dramatic and possibly disastrous series of events from two persons who have a right to be vitally interested in them, Beth—your father, and Ben Willis, Dorothy's prospective husband."

"But we couldn't talk with dad now, Judge Bisbee. Doctor Braden would never let us!"

"I understand that, Beth. But Doctor Braden informed me this morning that your father showed signs of being a little better. Consider the fact that he may become quite himself and ask a few perfectly natural questions that you, Beth, might find extremely difficult to answer. . . . And then there is Ben." The old judge moved his head in a negative, thoughtful shake. "Our present attitude toward him can only be justified by ultimate success in what we are trying to do. And I'm afraid we shall have to admit that any hope we may have of what I have termed success is exceedingly faint. Now just what is that faint hope that at present animates the three of us? Let us face it. I think we are all three agreed, in the light of what evidence we have, that Dorothy has gone to or with the man Du Rut. Is our hope not, in a word, simply that the poor girl may be brought somehow to her senses before the man succeeds in further establishing the strange spell that he seems to have cast over her, and that we can quietly restore her to her family and to Ben in time for the wedding?

"Isn't that all we have to cling to? If my analysis of the strange situation is correct, I'm sure you must both recognize the slenderness of our chance. Dorothy is not a child. She is an adult. She has, after all is said and done, the right to direct her own actions as she may choose. I believe I have considered this problem from every angle. We might turn the whole matter over to the police and start a country-wide search. At the risk of intolerable scandal, we might ——"

Burr was puzzled about his head; it was so curiously heavy. He kept propping it up, leaning there over the table. Odd how it tended to slip from his limp hands. He didn't like that. He had always felt intolerant of weakness. He didn't hear any more.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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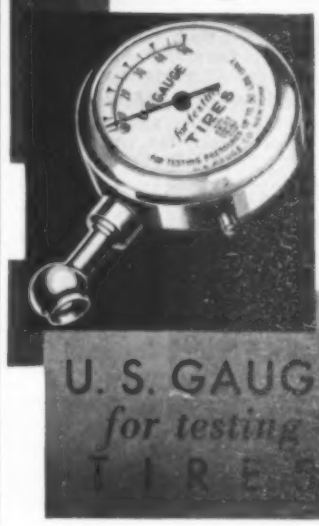

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WANTED: A DREAM MAN

(Continued from Page 37)

room was practically papered with old hunting prints of people taking awful spills off horses, and dogs tearing up foxes. So it seemed that I no sooner dropped off than Llew was pounding on the door, yelling, "Time to get up!"

I struggled out of the feathers somehow and into the riding habit, which smelt of moth balls and didn't fit as well as it used to before I started taking cod-liver oil. In fact, I felt quite positive that any undue strain would be liable to cause some of the seams to rip, and it surely looked as though yours truly was going to be in for some undue strain.

However, breakfast was swell, and Llew in his hunting regalia struck me dumb with admiration. You never saw anything like him outside of the Sunday supplements. It all brightened me up considerably, and by the time we were ready to leave the house I was feeling great. Not for long, though, because when I put on my hat, Llew said, in a surprised voice, "Not wearing a derby? The ground's awfully hard today." And mamma favored me with another of her sad looks. Baby, I could feel the nerve going out of me just like that!

We went out to the barn, and the grooms brought up something which was supposed to be the old mare. I could see right away that she wasn't as old as I'd expected, and she had an expression on her face that I objected to from the first. Then I started to try to climb on. Ethel, it took Llewellyn and two grooms five minutes to get me up on her, and I split a couple of vital seams and lost my hat and my temper. That old mare wouldn't stand still a minute, and to make things worse, Llew insisted on giving me a leg up. Which means that they grab your knee, and you're supposed to leap as they lift, if you get what I mean. But either I didn't leap as he lifted or else I leaped when he didn't lift. Finally, I had to climb on from a step ladder.

Well, then Llew clambered aboard what he called the colt, and we started off down the road like we were shot out of a gun, the colt doing the Highland Fling, and the old mare, Lord love her, trying to see if she could tear the sleeves out of my coat.

After a while, though, things sort of straightened out, and I began to enjoy myself. Fool that I was, I thought this isn't so bad after all. We rode on and on, and pretty soon came to the top of a hill, and Llew said, "Here come the hounds." And gee, it looked pretty. About a hundred people on horseback, some with red coats, and the dogs running around and all, and a man blowing a horn and yelling things at them. We got in with the crowd and Llew introduced me to everybody as the future ball and chain. Then he said: "Now, dear, we ought to pick up something in this woods; so you stick close to me and everything will be all right."

He was awfully sweet, and I was just about to cast him a languishing smile, when some woman giggled, "You'd better not follow him, Miss Smith! He'll take you over some terrible fences!"

My gosh, Ethel, for the first time it came over me—did that man really expect me to jump fences? I said "Llewellyn, listen; if you think I'm going to do any fence jumping, you're all wet!" Well, gee, what should he tell me but: "Of course, I won't take you over anything big, but you'll have to do a little jumping or you can't get through this country. Just grip tight with your knees and give the mare her head, and she'll take care of you."

Kid, I could of dropped dead. In the first place, his advice was a joke. I couldn't grip with my knees; they were shaking so I couldn't do anything with them, and besides, my trousers were too tight. As for the old mare, she could have her head, she could have her whole self as far as I was concerned, but I could just feature her taking care of me! My cow! It was perfectly obvious to anybody with any sense that all she wanted to do was get rid of me.

I was just thinking up something extra bitter to burn Llew up with, when all of a sudden the dogs started making the most awful noise you ever heard, and the next thing you know we were going lickety-split out across a field. Ethel, I don't know what happened from then on, I really don't. A branch of a tree knocked my hat over my eyes and I couldn't see where we were going, and every time I opened my mouth to yell "Whoa!" somebody kicked mud into it. We jumped over something or other and I pretty near bit a piece out of the mare's neck; then we galloped through what must have been a creek and I got water all over me. Then I ran into somebody and pretty near got dumped off, and lost my stirrups, and just then everybody stopped dead and said, "Wasn't that glorious?"

Llewellyn appeared from somewhere and remarked, "This is what is called a check. You did wonderfully over that stone wall, sweetheart."

I says through my teeth: "Llewellyn, I want to go home." His face fell like the cakes we girls used to bake at cooking school, and he said, "Why, they haven't even started running yet! You can't stop now!"

"Who can't stop now?" I snarled. "You may be only starting, but I'm through!"

Again I was wrong. The hounds began to yap, and off we went before I could make any more rash statements. Well, Ethel, between mud in the eye and my hat coming down over my face every few minutes, I haven't an idea what went on. You know yourself that I've ridden in cars with boys whose idea of good clean fun is to dash in and out the L posts at seventy-five, and never turned a hair. But this business had me praying. I finally snapped out of it, realizing that just ahead was a great big fence that everybody was riding at with intent to jump. Ethel, I could just feel the crow's-feet springing up in my pan. I yanked and pulled that old mare, but she had her mind made up plenty. We went at this fence a mile a minute, and the next thing you know—wham, bang!—I heard something splitting—don't know whether it was my trousers or the fence rail—then I saw the ground coming up to meet me, and did it look hard! And boy, it was hard! What a jolt! Lots of times I've lit in the same position while out skating, but never with such force.

I sat there for a minute trying to decide whether I was dead and was that heavenly music I heard, or was it just my ears ringing. Then Llewellyn's voice penetrated the whirling conk. He was shouting "Is she hurt?" with such a world of feeling in his voice that I was touched.

But on second thought I figured I'd teach this boy a lesson. I'd let on I was injured and give him a good scare. So I settled back into a graceful reclining position, hoping that the mud on my map wouldn't detract from my martyred look, and waited for strong yet tender arms to raise me from the turf.

But did they, Ethel? They did not! I lay there for a second and then opened one eye. Girl friend, believe it or not, here was this silly old fool mare stretched out on the ground a few feet away, and Llewellyn was on his knees, holding her head in his lap, crooning love words in her ear. The love words I'd been waiting around to hear! It'd been her, not me, he meant when he yelled, "Is she hurt?" Honest, if I could of dug a hole big enough, I'd of buried myself right then and there. I was flabbergasted, thunderstruck —— Oh, use your own imagination.

Finally I arose from Mother Earth, a quivering mass of shattered illusions, and ankled over to Llew. He looked up, smiled forgivingly at me and said: "She'll be all right. She just had the wind knocked out of her."

Well, kid, I took off the ring, handed it politely to Llewellyn and said: "It may be a trifle small for her hoof, but you can have it stretched."

Then I stalked off to a near-by road, asked a hick in a flivver, who was sitting there gawking, for a lift, and drove off. I could hear Llewellyn making funny noises back in the field, but couldn't even be bothered looking back. I had seen quite enough of McNiff.

The hick rattled me to the nearest phone, where I called up Eddie Collins, the saxophone tooter that lives in our block, and he came out and drove me home.

Thus endeth that chapter, Ethel. What do you make of it? Neither do I. I suppose you live and learn, but gosh, what a way to learn. I'm feeling awfully cynical about it all, or maybe it's just on account of the bump on the back of my head aching like thunder.

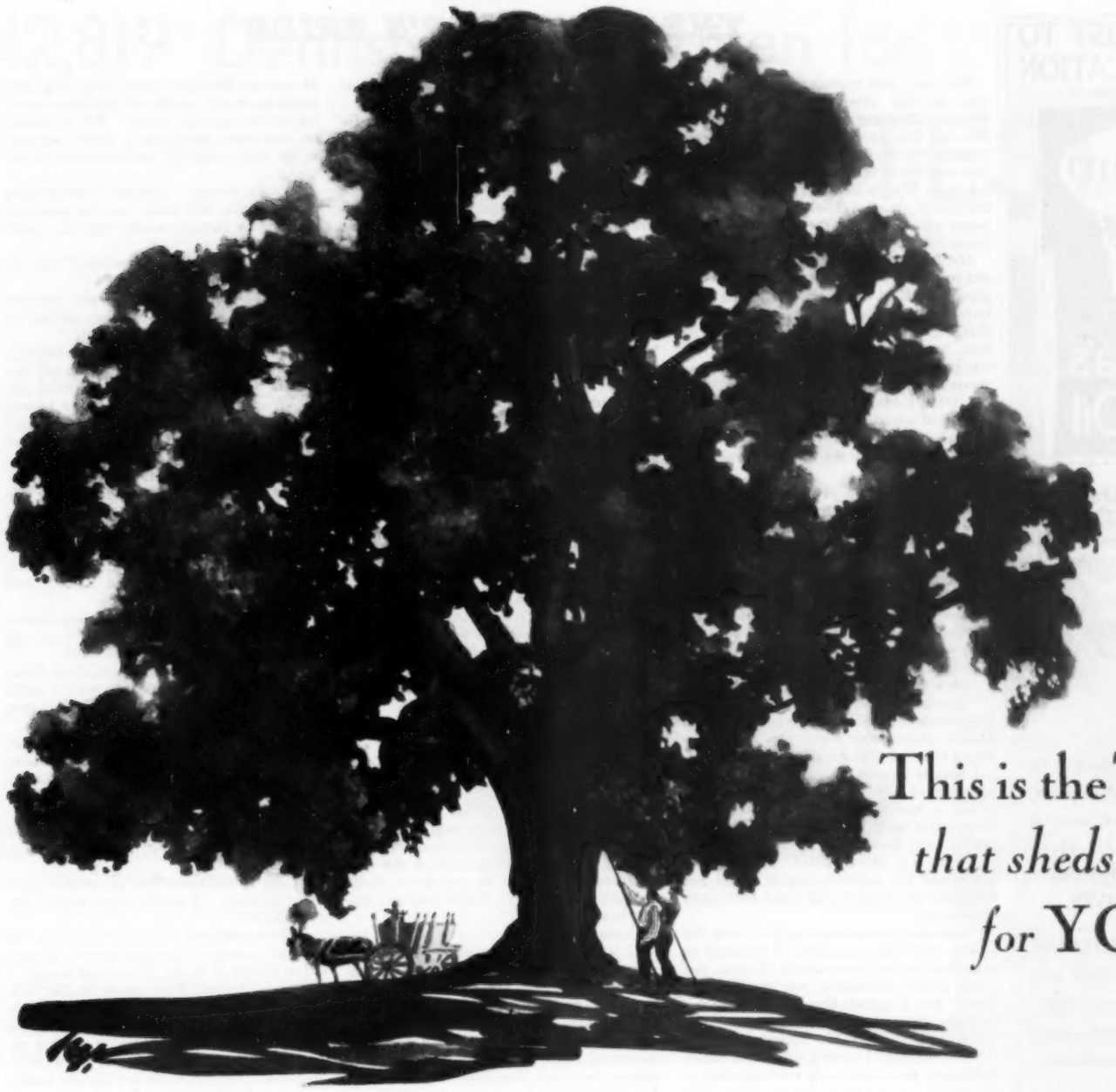
This is the third time my Dream Man has turned out to be a nightmare. Three times I've started to fill my hope chest, and still I haven't had a chance to use any of the hand-crocheted wash cloths, embroidered guest towels or solid-linen table runners. I'm going to throw the darn thing out. It's a jinx.

The sheik I'm looking for now has got to have so many things that it makes me dizzy to think of them. But, gee, supposing I did meet a man who was good-looking, generous, tender yet bossy, snappy, but with a few comfortably old-fashioned ideas; supposing I did meet such a guy, I'm so unlucky he'd probably turn out to have halitosis.

There may be a man just made for me somewhere in this world, but all I say is he's darn well hidden.

However, you know me, Ethel. I'm never licked. If he's around, he may as well come out of the bushes. I'll get him sometime, sooner or later! Lots of love,

BILLIE.



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THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE

(Continued from Page 40)

The very next morning, who do I bump into on the avenue but Mr. Vincent Dowler, the financier, who was on the boat. We had him twice in our marine career. Once he was heading out to China to collect jade and the other time he joined us on the run from Manila to San Francisco. A firm friendship was established, owing to me being assistant head steward and able to bring him the best edibles on board.

Mr. Dowler was a man who devoted himself to the higher forms of food, and would grow ecstatic over a salad dressing. He knew more peculiar things to put on a steak than anybody I ever met, and being a rich man, he usually got what he wanted. He was pleasantly red in the face and weighed about two hundred.

"Hello, Eddie!" he shouted. "What in the world are you doing in Pasadena?"

I shook hands and explained about me and Roscoe and the waiting pineapple jobs in Honolulu.

"No more life on the ocean wave?" he inquired, and I said we were all through with ships. It was just possible we would have to work our way over to Honolulu, but after that a life of pineapple ease at eight dollars a day and two Jap servants in a bungalow. I talked with him a good deal like one business man talks with another.

"And you may not even have to work your way over there!" he cried, pausing as if in thought.

"How come?"

"Because I stand ready to give you a little temporary job, which will net you and Roscoe about twenty-five hundred. How would that be, Eddie?"

I leaned against a mortgage-and-trust company to collect myself, for Mr. Dowler is not a man who jokes, and if he says twenty-five hundred, he means dollars and not caraway seeds.

"What is it, Mr. Dowler?" I asked when I regained my voice, hoping it would not be murder or something too tough for human endurance.

"You and Roscoe may as well have the money, for I like you both. I intended to turn the job over to a couple of men, but I will gladly substitute you and Roscoe. Never will I forget those broiled steaks with the onions on the run to China."

"What is the job, Mr. Dowler?"

"It is simple. I have a Chinaman down in Mexico who is probably the best cook in the world. I am very lucky to obtain this Chinaman. He bakes an apple pie that would lure all the angels out of heaven, and his Welsh rabbits are what started the last revolution in Asia. I had him sneaked out of China by night."

"What is his name?"

"Hop Sing is the name, and he is now down in Mexico, waiting for me to bring him in. He is going to spend the rest of his life cooking exclusively for me."

"And what is the job?"

"Sneaking Hop Sing into this country," continued Mr. Dowler. "It is not a difficult job. If a person had an airplane, it would be quite trifling."

"Oh," I said, "he has to be smuggled in?"

"That's it. The Government is a little touchy about having in Chinese cooks. The immigration people seem to prefer other cooks, but I don't, and as I said, it would be nothing at all if a person had an airplane."

"Well, Mr. Dowler," I said, making a quick decision, "it is lucky you met me on the avenue today, for we have an airplane. I accept this job you so kindly offer, and many thanks."

We shook hands and he promised to let me know in a day or two what to do and where to go.

"It is really a quick way of picking up twenty-five hundred," he said, and I walked home rapidly to impart the news. Roscoe was trying to deblade a rusty razor and had cut himself in the bathroom. He heard about Dowler and Hop Sing without betraying ecstasy.

"They can put you in the hoosgow for that," he remarked.

"Yes, but there are other angles. Suppose we get Whitey to give up his marriage and suppose we took all this money over to Honolulu and invested it with Mr. McEwen. We would be pineapple barons ourselves in a few years."

"There is no use trying to head Whitey off. He is gone. The more you tell a man not to marry a woman, the more he marries her. If we are going after this money, let us take our share, give Whitey his, and pay for tickets on the Honolulu boat. That will be better than swabbing decks."

Upon laying the project before the amateur birdman, we encountered opposition, for Whitey announced he was opposed to breaking United States laws where the penalty was quite a while in jail.

"Not me," he declared at first. "I am no smuggler."

"Yes, but you have immediate use for the money. You and Rida want to start your avocado grove, don't you? Anyhow, a man getting married ought to go in carrying some cash."

"How much would I get?"

"There is twenty-five hundred in it. The Chink has a thousand of his own and Mr. Dowler adds fifteen hundred. Seeing it is your airplane, you ought to get the fifteen hundred, and with the balance, Roscoe and I are on our way to the pineapples."

Whitey leaned against the airport fence and reflected.

"Is this Dowler a reliable person?"

"He owns the biggest house in the county."

"There's considerable risk to it."

"There is no risk," protested Roscoe, anxious to close in on a thousand dollars and not have to wash saucers all the way to Honolulu. "What do you know about smuggling in Chinks? Have you any notion how they do it?"

"None."

"It's easy. You first collect your Chink down in Mexico. You strap yourself in your seat, but you do not strap the Chink in his seat. He sits loose. Then you start. If a United States Army plane chases or begins shooting at you with a machine gun, you swerve out slightly over the Pacific Ocean, which is near by. You loop the loop or roll the barrel, after which maneuver the incoming Chinaman is 100 per cent no longer with you, and the army plane has no evidence. How easy."

Whitey listened with growing interest.

"That's not bad," he said. "Only I am no good at looping the loop or barrel-rolling. The man said not to do anything like that in the Red Bird, so I am a little out of practice."

"Probably wouldn't have to loop at all. And you would earn fifteen hundred in an hour. Think how proud you would be, handing Rida fifteen hundred."

Whitey rolled a cigarette and appeared to be weakening.

"Where is this Chink?"

"Down in Manzanova."

"When do we get him?"

"The minute Dowler says go."

"And when are we paid off?"

"That same night."

"Then it's a deal," said Whitey. "I am going to take a long chance for Rida's sake."

"Which is no more than all her other husbands did," Roscoe added. "And meanwhile, you better get out there and practice turning upside down in that egg crate of yours. You may not have to do it, but you ought to know how."

Whitey said he would give the thing attention, and we departed in a hurry, for fear he would change his mind.

When we again saw him, we were primed with details. Mr. Dowler was leaving for Mexico on Friday to meet Hop Sing, who would be ready to take off Saturday morning for the land of liberty. Whitey stated he had been practicing a quick turnover in the jenny, but felt better sitting up naturally.

"Don't worry," I urged. "Everything is nice. We will meet you on Saturday morning in Mexico, where there is a swell airport."

"You will meet who where?" he inquired in a tone of surprise.

"You. We will hustle down there to Manzanova with Mr. Dowler, gather up Hop Sing and await your coming."

"Don't make me cry," he said suddenly. "Wherever I go on this job, you go too. We are together, the three of us, from now on. You don't believe I'm going barrel-rolling around Mexico by myself, do you? I might get hurt, and I am not going to get hurt alone."

Roscoe instantly threw away his cigarette and declared that as far as he was concerned, there would be practically no Chinese smuggling during the next fiscal year. It was plain to me that the job had become more complicated, what with Whitey being an unlicensed aviator and brand-new at looping the loop.

"Suppose we meet you down there Saturday morning," I said uneasily, "and fly back with you and the Chinaman?"

"No. You will start with me from here. My plane holds four people with a little crowding, and you're going, or Dowler gets no cook."

Roscoe protested with tears in his eyes, saying that his heart was no good, and that at any elevation at all his stomach turned over and started out through his ears. Whitey was remorseless.

"If we play tag with army planes and loop any loops," said he, "you are right in the middle of it."

"I say to call the whole thing off," Roscoe suggested. "I would rather work on a steamboat."

"We started this," I said, with an air of assumed courage. "Let us finish it. It may kill us all, but if so, we die earning money."

Roscoe moaned and looked at the Red Bird.

Mr. Dowler departed for Mexico in his motor car on Friday morning, giving us final instructions before he left. We were to take Hop Sing direct to the Dowler house as soon as we arrived, and payment would be made the same evening.

"I'll probably be back in town late Saturday afternoon," our employer stated. "You wait for me."

Roscoe spent Friday reading about airplane accidents in the daily press, and early Saturday morning we arose and ate a light breakfast of bacon and eggs. We steeled ourselves for our first ride in a plane with a pilot who was new to the business and who might have to essay a barrel roll before we got home, in which event we were certain not to get home. I experienced a slight weakening at the last moment, but said nothing, for Roscoe was already low in his mind.

"This is a big day for us," I said brightly, while he shaved.

"And not such a bad day for the undertakers," he responded. "They call themselves morticians out here, and some mortician doesn't know it, but he's got his radio set all paid for."

"Don't be dismal," I counseled. "The entire job will take only three hours."

"There is no use trying to kid an old friend," he continued sadly. "Can you picture Whitey looping us in that feeble go-cart of his? Lindbergh couldn't. I'm sorry you bumped into Dowler on the street."

In Whitey's rented automobile, we rode over to the El Tonto airport and found our birdman pouring oil on his jenny. His manner was cheery and soon he announced that

(Continued on Page 163)

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Voyages to ocean islands

(Continued from Page 160)

the Red Bird was ready for a dash into Mexico. Pale, but contained, Roscoe stepped up and was strapped in, and Whitey performed a similar service for me, after which he took his seat, roared his motor awhile, and the next thing I knew, we were coming down at Manzanova, Mexico, where the airport is a large vacant lot.

Immediately Mr. Dowler drove up, stepped from his car and produced a lean-faced Chinaman who was worth twenty-five hundred on the hoof. Up to this moment, the job was easy.

Our benefactor turned the new cook over to us, promised to meet us in the evening, and returned to his sedan. Hop Sing had on a neat blue suit and grinned happily as we tucked him away in his little seat without any strap on him, and I wondered if he would have gone on laughing if he knew what we knew. Whitey stepped on the gas, Mexico drifted away from us, and I realized we had come to the raw part of the day's work. In case of pursuit, we were confronted by the well-known barrel roll, and with a roller who frankly admitted his deficiencies. Roscoe had said nothing since leaving America, and I doubted if he would talk again for several days, if we lived. I muttered a short prayer, hoping the Government would be busy with other matters for the next ninety minutes, and we jennied homeward with the prize cook of all China.

There was nothing to it. Hop Sing held on to small objects and we did not have to loop the loop and drop him. No plane pursued us and at noon we were over El Tonto, sliding down and hunting for the spot where we had left Whitey's car. We piled out of the Red Bird, chased Hop Sing into the automobile and told Whitey we would see him later. Roscoe took a long breath and drove off, with Hop Sing sitting up beside me, now convinced he had reached a country where the people get around a good deal.

A gardener was the only sign of life at the Dowler house, and he directed us to the rear, feeling pretty certain that the back door was the right place for two white men and a puzzled Chinaman. We pounded upon what would be the kitchen door, which was opened by a small, wiry woman.

"What do you want?" she asked in a direct and unfriendly voice.

"Here is the new cook," I stated politely, pointing to Hop Sing.

"What cook?"

"Mr. Dowler's cook."

"I am Mr. Dowler's cook," the woman snapped, starting to close the door, and glaring at the pride of Hong-Kong.

"Maybe you're fired," Roscoe suggested brightly. "You may have lost your job and this is the new cook. Anyhow, here he is and Mr. Dowler will be back later."

"I know nothing of a cook," the speaker said. "Take him away, because you are not coming in this house. You look like a couple of suspicious characters to me."

"We won't get anywhere talking to you, will we?" Roscoe asked, and the retiring cook answered that he never would be nearer the truth.

We retreated in confusion and set Hop Sing up in the automobile. He had figured out we were playing a game and seemed to find it amusing.

"There is nothing to do," I said, "except to wait for Mr. Dowler, who should be here in several hours."

"You understand, don't you, that if anybody finds us rolling around with Hop Sing, we go to jail for nine years?"

"Certainly. And if you're so bright, what do you say we do with him?"

Roscoe had no reply ready. We returned to town, with Hop Sing still wearing a look of Chinese inquiry, for he had come to America to prepare pastry. Whitey was surprised to see us.

"Did you get the money?" he asked.

"We did not."

"Why?"

"Mr. Dowler has not yet returned, and we couldn't leave Hop Sing because there is a cook on duty who has to be fired, and is opposed to Chinks anyhow."

"What do we do?"

"We run Hop Sing around aimlessly until later. Get in here with us."

Whitey said he thought it rather unusual, but he stepped in and we began riding around the state of California. Never have I been on a more monotonous jaunt. It was nine o'clock at night when we again drove up the Dowler gravel and rang the bell. This time a butler appeared.

"Where is Mr. Dowler?" I asked.

"Sorry, sir, but Mr. Dowler is ill. He was taken suddenly in the car and is now in a nursing home."

"Where?"

"In Mexico."

"When will he be home?"

"Nobody knows," said the butler stonily. "No doubt as soon as he recovers sufficiently to travel."

We returned to the rented automobile, where Whitey was sitting up with Hop Sing, and reported the dismal news. It was more than likely Mr. Dowler had come across a new way of cooking chili beans or tortilla stew and had picked himself a mess of ptomaines.

"Bad luck," Whitey grunted. "We earned the money and we ought to be paid off."

"There is nothing to do but wait for Mr. Dowler. And meantime, what about this cockeyed Oriental, who is just so much contraband and will get us into trouble?"

"I am going to hang onto him," Whitey announced grimly. "To me, he is worth fifteen hundred bucks and no less."

"We can't ride him around forever in the machine," I stated. "This is a small community, full of prying people, who will be sure to wonder if they notice a strange Chink. The police will also step in. Hop Sing has got to be put out of sight."

"And where?" Roscoe asked dismally. "Because I'm done. I did my share in the Red Bird. I'm ready to start for Honolulu if I have to row over there in a tin wash basin."

We deliberated on the way into El Tonto.

"There's only one place in town," Whitey said grumpily, "where he won't be noticed, and that's the Chinese laundry where they do my shirts. He can stay there a while."

"That's all right," I said brightly. "We take him there right now and leave him."

"Not leave him," Whitey corrected. "This is a twenty-five-hundred-dollar Chink, and the minute you leave him, he fades away into some remote Chinatown and pop goes the weasel."

We rattled down the main boulevard of El Tonto and Whitey presently pulled up in front of a dimly lighted one-story structure which turned out to be the business headquarters of Kow Loon, the main cleaning agent of El Tonto. Mr. Loon opened the door. He was a cadaverous, wrinkled Chinaman anywhere between sixty and a hundred, and seemed to know Whitey, at whom he grinned. We removed our prize from the car and introduced him.

"This is Hop Sing," Whitey said. "Allee same from China. We want him to stay here for couple days. We don't want anybody wondering who he is. I stay with him. You savvy?"

Kow Loon looked at Hop Sing with a beady glare, as if he was a new kind of pink shirt, and they began jabbering.

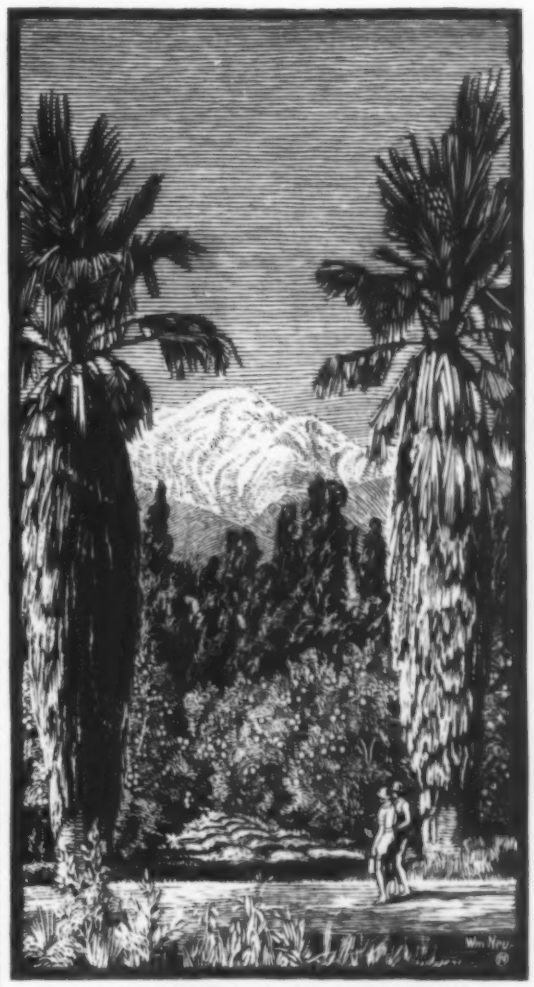
"We pay you board money for few days," Whitey assured the proprietor. "You hide Hop Sing so nobody see him. Good?"

Kow Loon grinned increasingly and said it was good. Whitey ordered him to explain the situation to Hop Sing, who expected to go riding again any minute.

"I'll stay with him," our birdman declared, "and remember that I don't yearn to live in a Chinese laundry. In other words, hurry up."

"We will come and get you the instant Mr. Dowler returns home," we told him, and under these conditions we departed and rode back to Pasadena in Whitey's car with the job practically complete. Hop Sing was safe and sound, and Whitey was on guard. All we had to do was to wait for

(Continued on Page 165)



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(Continued from Page 163)

Mr. Dowler, whose Mexican stomachache would probably end in a day or two. Roscoe called up the railroad company and ordered a drawing-room to San Francisco, from which port we would embark in style. Next morning we again inquired at the Dowler homestead, but the owner was still missing, and we drove back to see Whitey.

He was bearing up under his temporary imprisonment very well and was playing Chinese solitaire. Mr. Loon had loaned him an elegant robe and a brace of Chinese shoes, and in his odd moments our comrade practiced eating rice with chopsticks. We gave him the butler's report, which was that Mr. Dowler was recovering and would be home within the next thirty-six hours, and that was fairly correct, for two days later the cook hunter rolled in from Mexico. We arrived ten minutes behind his car and found him pale, but hungry.

"Where is Hop Sing?" he demanded eagerly, and we assured him Hop was ready to start work but that we couldn't deliver him on account of opposition in the kitchen. Mr. Dowler chuckled, commanded us to fetch up the apple-pie genius and handed us a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, which is a lot of money when held up against a strong light.

We hastened down to the Sailors' and Soldiers' Bank, cashed the document, and with currency in every pocket we prepared to liberate our laundry-bound pal and bring Hop Sing to his future home. It was while we were in the bank that I began thinking of Whitey's future. We were leaving America for the pineapples. Likely we would never again see the tousle-headed Whitey and some day soon he would probaby join Rida's former husbands beneath the cemetery sod. This saddened me.

"We ought to go call on Mrs. Ticknor before we release Whitey and Hop Sing," I remarked to Roscoe, who was gazing around at the money.

"You think that, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"And why do you crave to call on Rida?" he asked, as we went out and climbed into the car. I stopped him and briefly outlined my reason while he warmed up the engine.

"That sounds like good sense," he admitted. "We call on Mrs. Ticknor."

So, instead of rushing back to the Kow Loon laundry, we roared out of town in the opposite direction, heading for the orange ranch. Rida was fortunately at home, wearing a handsome red dress and gold shoes, and from where she sat on the front veranda she looked surprised and a trifle chill, for she had not seen Whitey in some days and connected us with the lapse.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ticknor," I began pleasantly.

"Maybe and maybe not," she returned. "Where is Whitey?"

"Ah," said Roscoe, "that is what we have come to discuss with you."

"What did you do with him?" she demanded, her smile disappearing.

"We did not do anything with him, madam," I put in, sitting on the steps, though not invited. "There are times when nobody can do anything with him, and this is one of them."

"What do you mean?" the lady asked, turning a trifle pale.

"I mean," I said, assuming a serious manner, "that after turning it over in our minds, Roscoe and I have decided to speak out. You seem to be a very nice woman. You seem to be the kind of woman who deserves a friendly word of warning from two comparative strangers; for, after all, though we are nothing to you, why should you have to live the rest of your life with a man who is partly Chinese?"

At these words Mrs. Ticknor started up from her chair and grew paler than ever.

"What do you mean?" she repeated hoarsely.

"Just what I say, madam. Roscoe and I are going to conceal none of the unhappy facts from a woman whose feet are approaching the altar of matrimony with a very degenerate character, partly Chinese, mixed with a little dash of white blood, though not much."

"You don't mean Whitey?" she exclaimed in a tone of horror.

"Yes, ma'am, we do. Such is the fact, hellish as it may sound to you."

"It's a lie," she said in a painful whisper.

"We expected you would be shocked, Mrs. Ticknor; and what woman wouldn't be, upon learning that her fiancé worships birds' nests and old eggs? Maybe you will be made ill for a day or two, but we thought it our duty to speak. Better to suffer a day or two now, rather than spend hopeless years tied to a man who goes around eating raw fish and pickled palm trees."

"No, no, no, no," she said, shading her eyes as if to shut out the horrid vision.

"Yes, madam. We have known Whitey for years, and have guarded his secret, but this is the time to confess everything and save a refined woman. You don't know Whitey like we do. He chews lychee nuts habitually, and will go wild at sight of a dried shrimp. It comes of him living in a dive in Peking when a mere child. Didn't you ever notice him burning incense when he was alone?"

"Oh, dear," said Rida, wringing her hands.

"His mother was scullion on a Chinese junk and his father a pirate," I continued relentlessly. "He eats with chopsticks and has no regard for human life. The Chinese have a lot of bad habits they picked up from him."

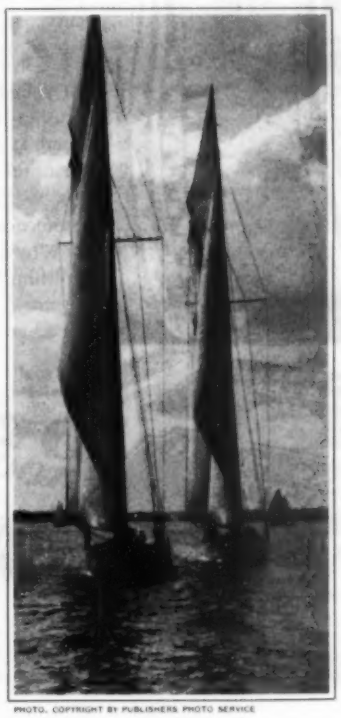
I added here a number of biographical items, all serious and discouraging. Mrs. Ticknor was now thoroughly pale and tremulous.

"I don't believe it," she snapped, a trace of her old fire returning.

"Madam," I said, "get in the back seat of the automobile and keep your mouth closed and your eyes open."

She put on her hat without another word, murmuring indistinctly. We immediately clattered down into town in the gathering gloom, passing the bank and hauling up before Kow Loon's sanitary establishment, where a chink of light flickered through beneath a window shade. I assisted Mrs. Ticknor from the machine and led her to the window.

"Bend down and glance inside," I ordered, and she did so. We likewise had a peek. There was Whitey, as usual, curled up on the floor, playing Chinese chess with Kow Loon, while Hop Sing stood by, making sounds of approval. The escaping murmur of conversation was all Chinese. Our aerial associate was smoking a pipe with a very long stem and a very tiny bowl, which contained tobacco, but looked like something much worse, and was wearing Kow Loon's finest mandarin coat, a garment of purple and scarlet, embellished with dragons, snakes and volcanoes in eruption. Rida Ticknor stared at what would have been Spouse Six if nature had been permitted to take its regular course. She drew in her breath sharply and exhaled, staring at the degraded scoundrel on the floor.



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"Help me back in the car," she said in a weak voice, and we escorted her to the rear seat and drove away at full speed.

"Thank you, boys," she said gratefully at her front gate. "You have done me a great favor. I might have married him."

We removed our hats, bowed courteously and went back after Whitey and Hop Sing, who were working on a Chinese cross-word puzzle and seemed to be not greatly irked by the confinement.

"Come on!" Roscoe shouted, striding in. "Dowler's back and we've been paid off."

"Here's money," I said, waving bills before Whitey's delighted nose, and he began removing his Chinese raiment. "Let's step on it, because we own a drawing-room on the night train to San Francisco."

We rushed Hop Sing out to the Dowler estate and made delivery to his pleased employer, who had apparently disposed of the woman cook without police help. We prepared to go home and pack, one thousand dollars to the good, which meant fares paid to Honolulu. Whitey seemed a little sad at the last and said he would ride over to the lodging house and watch us shut the suitcases.

"Well, lads," he said, after we had sandwiches and coffee in the rooms, "I'm glad we met again and sorry I can't go with you. I might like Honolulu."

"You would like it," I assured him.

"But I have to settle down. A good woman has entered my life, so I guess everything is for the best. I might bump into you again some day."

"At any minute," Roscoe murmured, "and we'll always be glad to see Whitey Morris."

After some more of this, he shook hands and set forth for the home of Mrs. Ticknor, and when the door slammed, Roscoe sat on the floor and rolled joyously about. I leaned against the fireplace and together we chuckled, waiting serenely. Our train departed for San Francisco in two hours, so we had plenty of time, and presently there was a rumbling noise outside and the clatter of feet coming hurriedly up the stair. The door flung open and Whitey stood there. He looked as if he had been running.

"Well," I said, acting surprised, "back again?"

"And glad you haven't gone yet," he gasped. "I changed my mind."

"About which?"

"I'm not going to marry Rida."

"No!"

"It's impossible. I don't see how I ever thought of it."

He sat down, breathing hard, and fanned himself with his hat.

"Is there space in that drawing-room for me?"

"There is."

"I'm going with you. I'll be a pineapple baron too."

We walked over and shook hands without a word, made a final survey of the rooms, pretending to find small objects in bureau drawers. Whitey fanned himself.

"You may not believe it," he said, "but I never went inside the house. I got as far as the front door only. Right there I began to think maybe I was making a mistake getting married. I never went in at all."

"You didn't?"

"No. When she opened the door and spoke to me, that was the minute I decided to come and get in this drawing-room with my two old pals."

"Put on your hat," I commanded, looking hard at Roscoe. "Three single men start in ten minutes for the pineapple mines of Honolulu."

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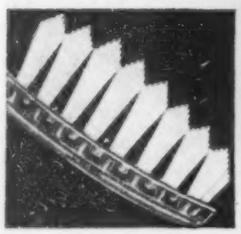
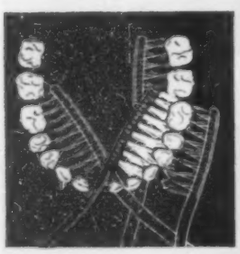


NOTE *the open, wide-spaced rows. This is the correct spacing to penetrate and clean crevices. And such a brush is easy to keep really clean—always*



NOTE *how easy it is to clean behind the back teeth, and on the inner curve of teeth. See how the crevices are penetrated and swept clean. Correct size and design make this possible*

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CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

(Continued from Page 7)

wooden fence which divided our property from the headquarters. The sentinels at the gate recognized me and let me pass. I stood now in that old garden overlooking the River Velikaya. An alley of old linden trees led to an unsightly wooden house; there lived Russky. Yellow lamplight came through low uncurtained windows, while overhead the trees lifted high their mighty black branches. It was very quiet. Below could be seen the smooth, winter-bound surface of the river and the distant fields. The light of the moon was reflected in the snow as in a dull silver mirror.

I lingered a moment in the garden, for a strange tense moment almost at peace; then I approached the house and rang the bell. A Ural Cossack opened the door, and the general's aide, waiting for me in the vestibule, led me to the study of the commander in chief.

Russky was sitting behind a large desk piled with papers. He rose as I entered; a short, lean old man with stooping shoulders, sunken cheeks and thick gray hair cut in the German manner, so as to stand up in short bristles all over his head. His eyes, deep-seated and extremely bright, shone behind gold-rimmed glasses.

Without doubt, he was one of our most talented generals, but he had been of late suspected of political intrigues and was somewhat out of favor. As I came into the room I could see that he was very nervous. He offered me an armchair and returned to his desk.

"I would not hide from you, Your Highness, that in my opinion the event which has just taken place in Petrograd will have unexpected and distressing consequences," he said, directing upon me his lively, almost youthful glance. "I have come directly from Petrograd. I went there to get a clear idea of the mood in the capital. I regret to say that the situation is far from cheerful."

I remained silent. He, too, sat in silence for a moment, as if to gather his thoughts; then he went on to speak of the general situation, military and political.

The generals commanding the principal armies had been assembled, he said, at the military council at headquarters. He, Russky, had made a report of the prevailing moods in the armies under his command, the slackness of discipline, the disappearance of all martial spirit. Propaganda had penetrated all ranks and was taking insidious effect. There had even been outright insubordination—refusal to leave the trenches and attack. Severity, punishments, were no longer possible or safe. It was necessary to work out some new plan, to face an unprecedented situation, to organize a psychological counterattack.

Off to the Old Palace

This report, Russky continued, greatly displeased the Emperor. He had, apparently, other information from advisers, more immediate, and preferred to believe that. The conference, supposed to last several days, broke up at noon upon announcement that the Emperor was obliged to leave quite unexpectedly for Tsarskoye Selo. At about this same time rumors of the murder of Rasputin reached headquarters. The Emperor must have heard them earlier, but he showed no sign of agitation or anxiety. He seemed, on the contrary, more animated than usual, and more gay. It was as if Rasputin's final disappearance gave him a sense of relief.

My father, who also happened to be that day at headquarters, later gave me exactly the same picture of the Emperor's reactions. Neither Russky nor my father knew, at the time, of my brother's participation in the plot. My father heard of it only the next day, at Tsarskoye Selo, from our stepmother.

The Emperor bade good-by to all at headquarters and the imperial train rushed to Tsarskoye Selo.

Russky followed, hoping for the opportunity to make a further private report to the Emperor at Tsarskoye Selo, but all his efforts to gain an interview had, he said, failed.

Petrograd, he continued, trembled with curiosity and agitation. He, Russky, had visited factories and talked with the city authorities. The same revolutionary propaganda which was disrupting our Front was cutting the ground from under us, and just as rapidly, in Petrograd.

Grave Affairs in Petrograd

The removal of Rasputin threw all internal movements and countermovements entirely off balance. Everything now depended, said Russky, upon the course that the court would take as to the murder of Rasputin, and its reaction to this tremendous event. The fate of the dynasty as well as that of the country depended upon that, and all eyes were turned toward Tsarskoye Selo.

The immediate reaction at Tsarskoye, alas, was altogether different. Without waiting for the Emperor's return, the Empress gave orders for Dmitri's arrest. She sent General Maximovitch, the chief of the Czar's field chancery, who took his sword and placed him under arrest in his own house. Prince Youssoupoff was transferred there also, and both were guarded by sentinels.

Popular sympathy was wholly on the side of the prisoners. The vestibule of my brother's house was continually crowded with those who came to express their admiration and acclaim. All such enthusiasm aroused a new danger—a violent reaction in Tsarskoye Selo, especially on the part of the Empress, whose grief at the death of Rasputin, Russky concluded, was boundless.

I told him of my doubts and asked his advice. He advised me to write Dmitri a letter and send it to Petrograd by a trusted man. With a heavy heart I returned to the hospital; my anxiety had increased.

That evening I sat down to write to my brother—no easy task. I did not know into whose hands this letter might fall. Having written a number of rough drafts which did not satisfy me, I finally decided simply to say that I had been missing him and would like to see him. This letter I sent next morning to Petrograd by an orderly who, before the mobilization, had been a valet in our house. Then two days dragged by; each hour seemed endless. In those two days I heard that General Russky had been relieved of his command in the Petrograd district. I heard also that the murder of Rasputin had taken place at Prince Youssoupoff's palace. The papers printed a sparse official communication without details. The court, satisfied for the moment with the arrest of the two young conspirators, now did nothing, and its intentions remained a mystery. The police were still looking for the corpse.

My courier returned from Petrograd twenty-four hours later, but brought me no reply. I was more curious than ever. Finally came a laconic wire from Dmitri, asking that I come immediately to Petrograd.

I telephoned Russky. He ordered a special train. In less than two hours I was on the way. Some of my personnel came to see me off and my departure made at the station something of a sensation—an excited, morbid pushing and gaping, thoroughly disagreeable.

Never had the trip to Petrograd seemed so endless. General Laiming met me at the station. We exchanged glances and silently shook hands; there were now too many things to speak about. In the automobile we continued silent and I fought back tears. It seemed to me strange that the streets should be lighted as usual and full of people and animation.

Driving up to the palace on the Nevsky, and entering, the first thing I saw were the sentinels, and, just beyond, the welcoming servants who had been with us since our childhood.

We went upstairs to Laiming's apartment. Madame Laiming was there, awaiting me. The old butler brought me a supper and busied himself about the table. Not wishing to hurt him, I began absentmindedly to poke my spoon into the soup. But when I finally remained alone with the Laimings, I began to question them, seeking always, however, to avoid any mention of the murder.

Their answers indicated all too clearly that the same atmosphere reigned everywhere, in Petrograd as well as in the provinces. Tension had reached its limit. The slightest awkward step on the part of the government would be sufficient to bring on catastrophe. A terrible confusion reigned in the minds of the people.

Some few there were—better balanced, perhaps, than the others—who hoped that the general rejoicing at Rasputin's death would sober the Empress. But the majority rejoiced maliciously at each new sign of the poor woman's grief.

The chief danger, according to Laiming, lay in a lust for revenge now sweeping the partisans of Rasputin, who were not neglecting to fan in the heart of the Empress a similar sentiment. For the most part adventurers or men with a blemished reputation, they had nothing to lose and were capable of anything. Laiming had been warned by the police to watch over Dmitri day and night. Outside, the palace was guarded by plain-clothes men; inside, sentinels stood at each entrance. Suspicious-looking men had several times sought, under different pretexts, to get into the house. Protopopov, Minister of Interior, whose career Rasputin had made, sent spies of the famous Okhrana to watch all that was happening in the house, but Laiming's vigilance kept them, perforce, at watch from without.

Problems of Prosecution

By this time the corpse of Rasputin had been found and buried in Tsarskoye Selo. There was an inquest and talk of extreme punishments, even of court-martial, which, it seemed, the Empress demanded. The case was altogether exceptional, and it was still unknown how it would be examined. As one of royal blood, Dmitri was presumably immune from civil prosecution. All Russia, moreover, knew that the Emperor treated Dmitri as his own son, and could put no other interpretation upon his act than that of loyalty to the throne. He and Prince Youssoupoff had become the heroes of the day, especially among officers of all ranks, and somewhat among public workers. To prosecute them now would be not only dangerous but even fatal; it seemed likely to arouse a burst of rage, the consequences of which could not be foretold.

The imperial couple had isolated themselves completely in the Alexander Palace and would see almost no one. Those of the family who wished to warn them against too severe measures of punishment and insisted on being received were given noncommittal answers and treated coldly and officially.

My father, returning from headquarters, had come the previous day to see Dmitri. He was shaken to the heart by what had happened. The talk that he had with Dmitri was painful for them both. As for myself, I did not know what to say or do. It seemed all a terrible dream, a madness which had taken possession of us all, a circle of fire with no way out.

Laiming sent word to Dmitri of my arrival. Some of our relatives were with him at that moment. He sent word that he would come to me as soon as they had left. Finally I heard his steps in the adjoining

(Continued on Page 169)

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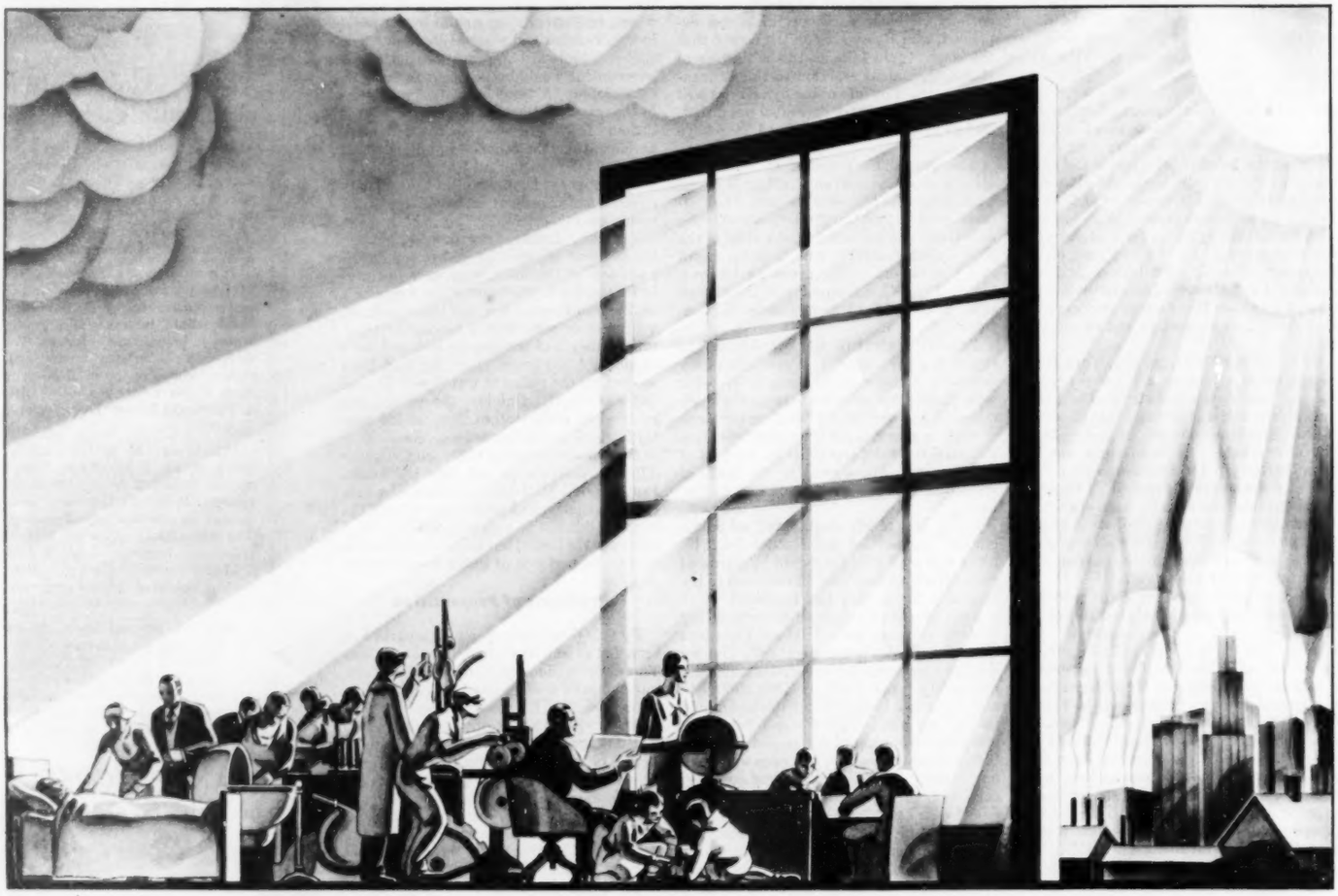

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

(Continued from Page 167)

room. My heart stopped beating. He entered. Our eyes met. His forced smile, his assumed air of animation, were to me a perfectly transparent mask. For his face was drawn and he had black circles under the eyes; in spite of his extreme youth, he was old. My heart swelled with sorrow and pity and love for him.

He sat at the table, where tea was still served, and asked me a few unimportant questions, but soon rose and began to pace the room. I said nothing. It was now long after midnight. Glancing at the clock, he offered to take me to my rooms.

We said good night to the Laimings, went down the stairs and passed through the endless corridors and drawing-rooms leading to my apartment. The old, immense house seemed, that night, gloomier than usual. Our steps echoed dully through the empty, high rooms. I did not seem to recognize this house, known since childhood; there was something alien, ominous, in it now. An uncontrollable shiver ran down my back; my pulse beat faster; I was nearly afraid.

We reached my rooms. The accustomed sight of Tania, my maid, waiting for me, somewhat quieted me. I undressed, took a bath and, putting on a dressing gown, returned to Dmitri.

He stood by the mantelpiece, silently smoking. Gathering my feet under me, I sat in an armchair and waited. I did not want to begin the conversation. I wanted him to speak first.

So I sat there watching his slightest movement. Oh, what would I not have given to have been able to help him at that minute? It was as if his eyes were fixed inwardly upon some terrible spectacle, and that he could not turn away from it. And I sensed also in his attitude a heart-struck disappointment; he sat contending with horrifying disillusionment, on the border of despair.

What a stupendous responsibility he had undertaken; what doubt and struggle must have attended each step! And now the turn of events seemed not to justify it. The excitement was over; the effects had miscarried. My mind seemed now to enter into his and to follow his thoughts. And it seemed now, to me, no longer possible to ask him even one question. I did not want to know any more. I was afraid of what I might hear; I was afraid that I, too, would be unable, throughout all my life, ever to turn my gaze away from the terrible spectacle which my imagination depicted.

My Meeting With Dmitri

And we were silent. Thus, until today, although fourteen years have elapsed, we have never touched upon the events of that dreadful night. Frightened, finally crushed by this phantom that was rising between us against our will, we sought to break the silence. With difficulty, turning his thoughts, Dmitri began to speak of irrelevant matters. Politics furnished us a vast theme. The impressions I brought from the provinces corresponded to his. Thunderclouds darkened every horizon.

Dmitri had, at different times, spent several months at the Emperor's headquarters in Mogilev, each time becoming more and more persuaded of the hopelessness of the situation. The Emperor, he said, did not in the least realize the terrible abyss gaping wider and wider under his feet. No words could, it seemed, arouse him to the danger that threatened his country and his dynasty. The blindness and obstinacy of the Empress had removed from his court the last trustworthy people; deceit surrounded her and her husband. They had, it appeared, no knowledge of the condemnation, which now had become loud, general, open. The Duma was openly all but rebellious; deputies made speeches in which they freely attacked the order of things at the court. Even in high society, the possibilities of a coup d'état at the court were discussed, with talk of banishing the Empress, or of demanding that the Emperor send her to the Crimea, where she could not exercise her influence upon the course of events.

All this, however, said Dmitri, was nothing but feeble, impotent chatter. No one wanted to undertake anything. People had become small; no one ever thought of the obligations of Russia to the Allies or of maintaining Russian dignity in the eyes of all the world. He did not say so, but from the way in which he spoke, I understood, I think, why he had taken part in the murder of Rasputin. He hoped not only to rid Russia of a monster that was weakening her at her very heart but also to give a new impulse to events, to have done with helpless drifting and hysterical chatter, to urge action by example of action, all in one decisive stroke.

Little by little, as we talked, his tensity lessened; gradually he grew calmer, and I felt that for these hours, at least, his thoughts had been diverted from the nightmare which had been pursuing him. We talked for hours. We spoke of ourselves, our life, our future. We both were still so young; the war had changed everything; and there was no telling what the future would bring.

Sent Into Exile

It was after six o'clock in the morning when Dmitri, throwing his last cigarette into the ashes of the fireplace, rose and wearily stretched himself. Now, in my turn, I went with him to his room, and bidding him good night, returned to my apartment.

Outside, it was still night. I went to bed, and only then noticed a pain under the shoulder blade and the usual portents of a fever. Next day I woke with a terrible headache and all the symptoms of an attack of pleurisy. I arose, however, and dressed. Luncheon was served in Dmitri's rooms, where he was waiting for me with Felix Youssoupoff, his fellow conspirator, and one of our uncles, the Grand Duke Nicholas.

Luncheon passed with comparative animation. When coffee was served some of our cousins came to visit Dmitri, and I drew Youssoupoff into another room for a private talk.

From his first words I understood that his attitude toward the committed deed was quite different from that of Dmitri. He was intoxicated by the importance of the part that he had played, and saw in it a great political future. I did not ask him for any details, for I knew that the plotters gave one another their word of honor never to divulge what had happened that night. Yet, in spite of his self-satisfaction and an outward assurance, there was in his words some anxiety both as to his own fate and Dmitri's.

Nothing new had happened since the previous day. The intentions of the court remained, he said, impenetrable, but added that the wrath of the Empress seemed directed chiefly upon Dmitri; that she was enraged by what she called and believed to be Dmitri's ingratitude in relation to her and to the Emperor, and accused him of nothing less than treason.

Rasputin's corpse had been transported to Tsarskoye Selo and buried at night in the park on a spot that she chose herself. The slightest details of the transportation of the body and of the funeral were public property, and for some strange reason the sorrow of the Empress, quite natural from the point of view of existing conditions, seemed to affect people in a greater and more dreadful degree than the former muffled, even scandalous gossip. Her open manifestation of grief showed clearly how strong and irrefutable was her love for Rasputin. In this love, now outraged, lay, said Youssoupoff, our chief danger. There was nothing to do now but wait; justification was becoming merely verbal, impotent; the facts spoke for themselves. A great deal depended upon the Emperor; it was he who was expected to act.

This uncertainty affected Dmitri quite differently than it did Youssoupoff. The popularity that his name enjoyed gave him no satisfaction; on the contrary, it frightened him, and he also was frightened by the gathering consequences of the murder, so entirely opposite to those he had expected.

Youssoupoff spoke at length, yet not without nervousness, of his absolute assurance that neither of them would be touched. He believed in his lucky star and counted upon the protection of public opinion. Against that opinion, he held, the court would never proceed openly.

That afternoon, around three o'clock, Laiming came to say that General Maximovitch wanted to speak to Dmitri on the telephone. After a short conversation, Dmitri returned and told us that Maximovitch asked him to come immediately, as he had an important and urgent order to transmit.

We silently exchanged glances. The thunderbolt had fallen, but we did not yet know where the lightning had struck.

Pale to the very lips, Dmitri ordered his car and left, accompanied by General Laiming. Youssoupoff and I remained alone. Our anxiety was so great that we could not even speak of it. Youssoupoff had now lost all his self-assurance. To still in a measure my own apprehensions, I sat down at the piano and began to play the accompaniment of a gypsy song. Felix, leaning against the top of the instrument, sang in a low tone. My fingers shook.

Half an hour passed. Finally, behind us, the door opened noisily. I started and turned round. Dmitri stood on the threshold, grasping the handle of the door. It seemed to me that his features had changed almost beyond recognition. Felix and I looked at him in silence, not daring to say a word. Dmitri, leaving the door, advanced into the room.

"I have received the order to leave tonight for the Persian front, accompanied by the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, appointed to watch me. During the trip I will have no right to see or correspond with anyone. My exact destination is not yet known," he told us in an impassive voice, making an effort to remain calm. "You, Felix, are exiled to your estate in Kursk Province. The chief of police will let us know later as to the time of departure of our trains."

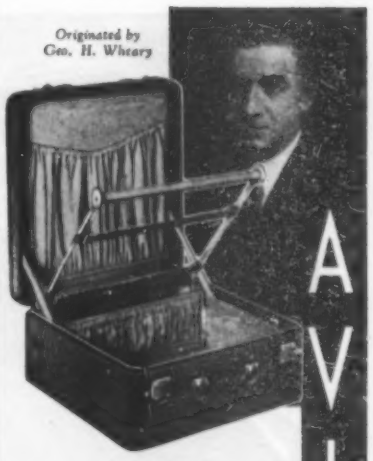
Dmitri threw his cap upon the divan and began pacing the room. We were crestfallen. It was not the question of the punishment—which, at first glance, seemed very mild—as much as that of the influence which it might have upon the further course of events. All Russia was watching to see what would be the reaction of the court to the death of Rasputin and its attitude toward his assassins. Here was the answer; how, now, would it be received? Would this be the final touch that would let loose all passions, break all barriers down?

New Fears Arise

The persecution of the assassins, although quite legal in its essence, would, nevertheless, signify to the public the excessive devotion of the Empress to the memory of Rasputin, confirming the worst rumors of his influence, and demonstrate anew the helpless passivity of the Emperor.

What, moreover, would become of Dmitri? His exile to the remote Persian front carried with it an evident element of risk. Here in Petrograd he was comparatively safe from any attempts on the part of Rasputin's partisans, but who knew what could happen to him so far away and in unknown conditions? His disappearance would not be difficult to arrange; the traces could be easily hidden.

Thus were my thoughts; and if they seem, as here set down, disordered, so were they then. For a week we had been living, all of us, between the ghost of the murdered man on one side and the fear of a general collapse on the other. Never in my life, either before or since, have I been so assailed by a complete sense of catastrophe. Here, together with my fear for a loved one, there was a fixed foreboding of something final and inevitable, the immensity of which I could vaguely sense but not conceive. I shall undertake no further to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describe in words my state of mind of that time.

"Father must be told," I said finally. "Do you want me to call him up?"

"Yes, do," replied Dmitri.

I rose and went into the telephone room. Just outside of it, in a small corridor leading to the back entrance, stood the sentinel charged to watch telephone communications. I was connected with Tsarskoye Selo, and Princess Paley, who had answered the call, went to fetch my father. Dmitri, who had followed me, took the receiver from my hand and stood waiting.

"It is I, father," he said a few seconds later. "I wanted to tell you ——"

Here he faltered, and thrusting the receiver into my hand, made a helpless gesture with his hand and left the room.

"Hello," said in the distance the low, calm voice of my father.

"Now it is I, Marie," I said, trembling all over.

"Oh, it is you. I did not know that you had already come from Pskov. When are you coming to see us?"

"Father, here everything—is not all right," I said, not knowing how to begin, and swallowing the tears which were choking me.

"What has happened?" asked his voice, in which, now, there sounded a note of alarm. "Dmitri ——"

"Yes, father."

"But tell me what has happened."

"General Maximovitch has just told him, by order of the Emperor, that he is to be exiled to the Persian front. He must leave tonight, accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor. During the trip he is not permitted to see or to write to anyone." Tears prevented my continuing. There was no answer from the other side.

"Hello."

"Yes, I am here." I heard the changed voice of my father. "Ask Dmitri whether he wants me to come. I can leave in the car right away."

I turned to Dmitri, who had returned, and repeated my father's question.

"No, no! It is not necessary. I do not want to disturb him. Saying good-by to him would be too hard. I have caused him enough sorrow as it is."

"Father, Dmitri is afraid to disturb you; he begs ——"

Dmitri took the receiver from my hand: "Father, I beg you, don't come; I have been a source of such care and anxiety to you."

Our father's health was far from robust. We both knew that the events of the last days had greatly upset him. Dmitri could not say any more. Again he handed me the receiver.

"It is I again, father."

"Tomorrow, as soon as you can, you are to come to us. Do you hear me?"

"All right, I'll come," I replied.

After that, Dmitri uttered a few more words and then hung up the receiver. It was their last conversation; they never saw each other again.

An Unwelcome Task

We returned to the drawing-room. The report of Dmitri's and Youssoupoff's exile spread with inexplicable speed. The telephone rang ceaselessly and many people came for exact information. But Dmitri wanted to see only those closest to him, and Laiming undertook to speak for him to the others. Among the visitors were officers who offered to hide Dmitri in town; others offered to start an uprising in his name. To all such proposals he listened with deep agitation and some bitterness, begging his too zealous champions not to complicate the situation. He would, he said, obey the orders of the Emperor with resignation and absolute submission. All that he had sought in joining the plot against Rasputin was to uphold the throne, and he did not now intend to reverse that intention.

Later in the day Dmitri was told that Count Kootaysov, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, appointed to accompany him to the Caucasus, had come to see him. Extremely agitated, the count entered. Then ensued a painful scene. Indignant, distressed by the commission intrusted to him, he saw himself almost a jailer, and he did not even try to hide his feeling before Dmitri, who in the end was obliged to calm him.

To complete the picture of the attitude that day taken by the officers of the guards, let me add this one detail: Kootaysov's assignment made upon his brother officers so revolting an impression that upon his return from the Persian front they were ready to evict him from the regiment, and were only with great difficulty dissuaded. Calmly considered, such an attitude bordered upon plain insurrection, but everyone was at that time so off balance that such talk was not in the least surprising.

Looking to the Future

Around six that evening the chief of police was announced. He told Dmitri that everything was ready for departure. A special train would leave the Nicholas Station about midnight. Dmitri would be accompanied by Kootaysov and Laiming, who had asked special permission. No one was to be allowed to see them off at the station. Youssoupoff was to leave earlier, under escort of one of the officers of the Corps des Pages.

The chief of police departed, Dmitri went to pack. I remained alone, utterly distrait and bewildered. The old, solid construction upon which we had established our lives, from which we saw the world and thought we knew it—the whole meaning of our existence had vanished. What had led us to this chaos? Who had freed these dark, mysterious forces of destruction? Where was justice? What was wise? On whose side was truth—on Dmitri's or on the side of Tsarskoye Selo, where an unbalanced woman reigned in solitude? I found no answers to these questions. But I wanted to have faith in the future. Bowing before my brother's rash act and its consequences, I wanted to believe that his monstrous self-sacrifice would not be in vain. Forgetting himself, he had stepped between the people and the imperial couple; he had sought to save his sovereigns in spite of themselves. Would they ever be able to realize that?

My thoughts shifted to Tsarskoye Selo. I imagined the Empress, bent over the bed of her son, suddenly taken ill. Rasputin had repeated endlessly: "So long as I live, the Czarevitch will live." What could her feelings be toward those who had taken from her the only source of her hope? And in spite of my hostility toward her at that moment, my heart perceived her torture.

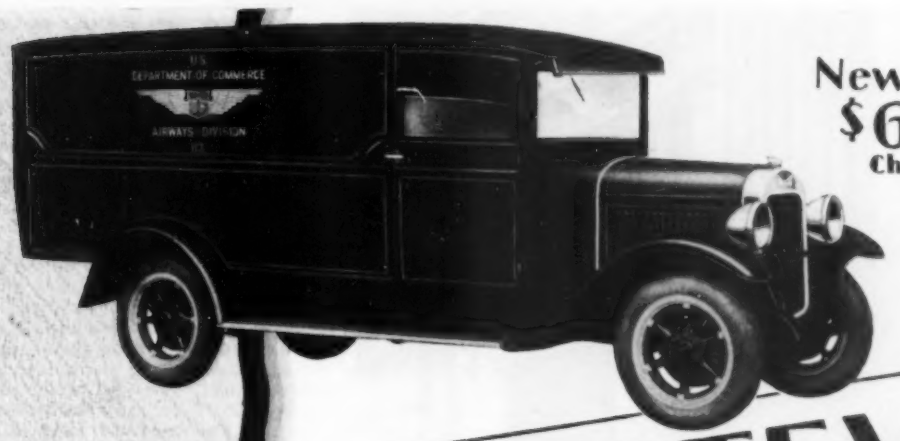
These thoughts were replaced unaccountably by others. I experienced a kind of patriotic uplift, altogether youthful, light-hearted, improvident. An end must be made to all that was taking place in Russia, to all that was leading the country to destruction, to a régime which to all appearances had outlived itself.

But what of Dmitri? What considerations, what influences had sent him to the Persian front? How long was my brother's exile to last? Who would protect him from the vengeance of Rasputin's partisans?

Dmitri, having packed, returned, and for the hundredth time we weighed and discussed the circumstances of his departure. It seemed now that the only person who could have any influence with the Emperor was his mother. All other members of the family had exhausted all means of persuasion. We decided that I should spend two or three days in Tsarskoye Selo and then go to Kiev, where Marie Feodorovna, the Emperor's mother, lived at that time, supervising the work of the Red Cross. On my way I was to stop in Moscow to see my Aunt Ella, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the Empress.

I wished passionately to continue the work begun by Dmitri, and I knew that it would lighten his exile and make it less hopeless to feel that someone was working constantly in his behalf.

(Continued on Page 173)



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JAMESTOWN	Union Trust Company
EAST AURORA	Bank of East Aurora
CORTLAND	Cortland Trust Company
ALBION	Orleans County Trust Company
SNYDER	Bank of Snyder

(Continued from Page 170)

We dined, speaking of other matters, trying not to linger among the thoughts which tormented us. After dinner a young captain, the teacher of the officers' course at the Corps des Pages, came to conduct Youssoupoff to the station. We all descended to the vestibule to see him off. The captain, in full fighting outfit, waited, somewhat embarrassed, on the top landing.

Felix put on his gray soldier's coat and bade us good-by. We kissed. Followed by the captain, he went down the stairs, and the outside door shut behind him with a heavy clap.

We returned above. Dmitri began to look over his papers in the drawers of his desk. He drew forth and thoughtfully examined several large photographs of a very pretty woman, hesitating as to which he would take with him, but they were all much too large and, with a sigh, he thrust them back into the drawer. Having finished with the contents of his desk, his hands strayed, half consciously, touching for the last time long-familiar objects lying all around him. His glance rested finally upon a portrait in water colors of our mother, in a black leather frame, standing in front of him, behind the inkpot. Then he arose and slowly made the round of the room. I silently followed his movements and the trend of his thoughts. We both knew that he would never see these things again.

Someone knocked at the door. It was my brother's valet, with a small, square box of unpainted wood.

"Your Highness, this has just been brought for you," he said, as if embarrassed.

"Give it to me. What is it?" said Dmitri.

"That's just it; I don't know what it is. I won't give it to you. I only brought to show you. There might be something dangerous in it."

"A bomb?" laughed Dmitri. "Give it to me. I'll look."

The valet cautiously handed him the box. "Don't shake it, Your Highness. It might explode."

We examined it carefully on all sides. Dmitri took a penknife and placed the blade under the top.

"No, no, Your Highness, don't do it yourself," the servant begged him fearfully. "Let me open it."

Dmitri shook the box at his ear and, ascertaining that it could contain nothing terrible, gave it back.

The valet left and returned a few minutes later, still more embarrassed. The top had been taken off; on the bottom of the box, carefully packed with cotton and tissue paper, glittered the blue enamel of a Serbian order. This little incident distracted us for a while.

A Chance to Escape

The hour of departure approached inexorably. I decided, in spite of the prohibition, to go to the station to see my brother leave. Two of our uncles, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Alexander Michailovitch, had promised to join us. They came a few minutes before midnight, but left us for a while alone.

Now it was time to go. Dmitri threw a last glance upon all he left behind him, patted the soft red hair of his favorite dog and put on his coat. All the members of the household were assembled in the vestibule. It brought vividly to mind the numerous farewells that had marked our lives, so heart-rending and so alike. Most of the servants wept quietly. Dmitri's aide sobbed loudly and his tears dripped to his coat front. We went down the stairs and entered the car.

The door shut. We rolled through the night, down deserted streets. At the station we noticed that the entire square in front of it had been cleared and was surrounded by the police. The chief of police himself opened the door of our car, but made no protest at my presence or at that of our uncles, who had come in another car.

We followed him silently through the imperial rooms to the platform. It was bitterly cold. The wind chased the dry, fine snow along the boards. A train stood before us—an engine and three cars. Along the train and in a semicircle about us tall gendarmes formed a close cordon. Apart from that, the station was deserted.

The unusual setting, the complete stillness, the empty, half-lit station made a picture both curious and tragic. We huddled together, waiting.

The station master, excited, was keeping close to Dmitri, apparently wanting, yet not daring, to speak to him. Finally making up his mind, he asked permission to say a word. I learned later that he offered to put the train on a side track after it had left the station, which would make it easy for Dmitri to leave the car and escape.

His escort now asked my brother to enter the car. We embraced and crossed each other. He turned from me and boarded the train, which began to move slowly. For a long time I could see through my tears Dmitri's white-gloved hand waving his cap.

Fair-Weather Friends

I was no longer able to think or move independently. Someone's hand took me under the elbow and led me away. I came to myself only in the car, almost home, where Madame Laiming was waiting for me. I remained alone with her that night in the immense, abandoned house, and we talked until dawn, going over and over the same ground. Next morning I noticed that the sentinels were still at their posts, guarding apartments now empty. For some reason, they had been forgotten. I had great difficulty in reaching the office of the commander and having the guard removed.

I began to plan a course of action, and at once discovered that from many whose help and support I had the right to count on, I could expect nothing. Their high-sounding phrases had all been uttered. The object of their solicitude had vanished. It was over. Not knowing from where the wind next might blow, they retired to their corners. I was as one in quarantine.

There were, however, others more bold. The president of the Duma, Rodzianko, was one of these. We had a long talk. In the afternoon I went to Tsarskoye Selo. My father waited for me in his study. He was tired and worn. We kissed and, leaning back in his deep chair, he asked, with an attempt at calmness, that I tell him in detail about the previous day and Dmitri's departure. He said that after his telephone conversation with my brother he had written a note to the Emperor, asking an immediate interview. But under some pretext or other, the Emperor had refused to receive him.

Here I must go back to the time when my father, who had already heard at headquarters about the death of Rasputin, learned from his wife, who met him at the station, that Dmitri was one of the murderers.

The shock was terrific. My father wished immediately to go to Dmitri, in Petrograd, but his wife, the Princess Paley, fearing for his health, dissuaded him. At home he called up Dmitri, intending to summon him to Tsarskoye Selo. But he was already arrested, and they decided that my father should come to luncheon the next day.

That same evening my father asked an interview with the Emperor. After some hesitation he was received, but only for a few minutes, and only after having been made to wait forty minutes in the reception room. The Emperor was very curt; he wished not to discuss the case, he said.

Next day at noon my father went to Dmitri. As soon as the door of Dmitri's room had closed behind him, my father, not approaching his son, asked the question which had been tormenting him.

"Can you swear to me that there is no blood on your hands?"

Dmitri raised his hand, crossed himself in front of the icon hanging in the corner, and replied: "I swear by the name of my mother."

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Thousands of home builders have read the remarkable story of FLAX-LI-NUM and the "two-air-space" method of application. Thousands of home builders have learned that insulation can be made 50% more effective in preventing heat-leakage, merely by correct application . . And, as a result, thousands of homes have been "Flax-lined" so that their owners may enjoy the greater year around comfort . . the more uniform temperature both winter and summer . . the greater protection from cold and heat . . and greater economy of fuel, made possible by this finer insulation.

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IMPORTANT—Look to your Roof or Ceilings

The ceilings or roof are the most important points in the correct insulation of a home. Heat rises. No home is correctly insulated . . no home fully "Flax-lined" unless the ceilings or roof are insulated with a double thickness of material. FLAX-LI-NUM is made in full one inch sheets for this purpose.

When you build, rent or buy, remember the specification of a "Flax-lined" home. Full one inch FLAX-LI-NUM in ceilings or roof, and one-half inch FLAX-LI-NUM in the side walls . . both applied by the "two-air-space" method. A copy of the FLAX-LI-NUM Booklet is waiting for you. Surely 50% greater insulating value is worth a stamp.

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The rest of their conversation is unknown to me.

Two days later, when the rumor spread that the Empress was demanding court-martial for both Dmitri and Youssoupoff, they saw each other again, and Dmitri gave father a letter which he begged him to transmit to the Emperor.

In this letter my brother said that as soon as proceedings were instituted, there would be examinations and he would be asked for his motive in lifting his hand on Rasputin. But as they had all taken oath not to give any explanations, he, Dmitri, proposed to refuse to give any answer and later to shoot himself. He felt that by such an act he would justify himself in the eyes of the Emperor. I do not know if this letter ever reached the sovereign.

My father saw much more clearly than we, the young ones, the seriousness of the situation. His attitude to what had happened was circumspect and entirely without enthusiasm. He acknowledged that Dmitri and Youssoupoff had been impelled by a patriotic motive, but contended that their action had been dangerous and thoughtless from many points of view. The deed, as he saw it, only deepened the abyss separating the imperial family from Russia, and the assassination which Youssoupoff had planned, and in which Dmitri participated, even if only in name, was, in my father's opinion, both futile and hideous.

He felt that Youssoupoff possessed sufficient means to permit him to choose another and more adequate way of getting rid of Rasputin, and blamed Youssoupoff for involving Dmitri in a deed of so sensational and disagreeable a fame.

My father felt, moreover, that the Empress, under the influence of her recent sorrow, would become more conservative and reactionary in her viewpoint, and would still more decidedly oppose the slightest concession to public opinion. No advice, he feared, would now have any effect. Both she and the Emperor, now completely estranged from everybody, received exclusively Rasputin's partisans. His shadow hovered over his victims, still inspiring their thoughts and intentions.

At one time, by request of some of the members of the family, father took upon himself to tell the Emperor what he thought of the situation, and had tried to depict the picture in its actual lines and colors, unadorned. But the Emperor, in spite of the respect he bore his only living uncle and the son of Alexander II, was mistrustful. He insisted on seeing the picture in quite another light—the more flattering light diffused by the selfish and scheming partisans of a degraded court. It was hopeless.

A Gloomy Christmas Eve

That day was Christmas Eve. As in former years, a beautiful Christmas tree was set in the ballroom and decorated for my half sisters, still quite small.

My father interrupted our sorrowful conversation. It was time now, he said, to think of the children; they were impatiently expecting their holiday. We went upstairs to the dining room, where my stepmother, surrounded by the children of both her first and present marriage, was pouring tea.

The gathering was sufficiently odd to deserve a few words. The elder sister of Princess Paley, L. V. Golovina, and one of her daughters were sincere and fanatic partisans of Rasputin, and so was my stepmother's eldest son, A. E. Pistohlkors, married to the sister of Vyrubova. One of her daughters, Marianne Zornikau, was, on the contrary, very friendly with Dmitri, and so found herself in the opposite camp. And here were all these people, only a few days after the murder of Rasputin, assembled at the same table with the father and the sister of one of the plotters on his life. The atmosphere was strained and gloomy to the utmost; my stepmother offered in vain new subjects of conversation; all were politely uninterested. My poor little half sisters, sensing in the air a mood in no way festive, anxiously scanned the faces around them. Finally, to put an end to this painful tea, my father rose to light the Christmas tree.

Next day I went to see my aunt, the Grand Duchess Wladimir. Intelligent, full of energy and enterprise, she did not enjoy the favor of a court afraid of her independence and rather sharp tongue. She was the only grand duchess of that time who liked to entertain; she gathered around her not only the local élite but also the diplomats and the foreigners coming to Petrograd. They respected her intelligence and were attracted by her charm. She received me this time with even more than her usual kindness, and announced herself, with characteristic vehemence, completely on the side of Dmitri. The distribution of punishment, she said, had been utterly unjust and had aroused widespread indignation. On Dmitri alone—the least guilty—had been visited the only sentence of any consequence. Youssoupoff was simply exiled to his estate; the others enjoyed immunity.

The Petition Fails

No one of us was now able to penetrate into the palace, so she had thought that we should draw up a family petition asking for the Emperor to pardon Dmitri, or at least to mitigate the severity of the sentence. I took to this proposal with enthusiasm. We drew up then and there a rough draft which I was to show to my father. But first, on my way, I stopped to see her eldest son, the Grand Duke Cyril; both he and his wife had always been very fond of Dmitri. They were still more vehement in their condemnation of the court's attitude. I returned to Tsarskoye Selo. All that day, ignoring my pleurisy and a considerable fever, I had been driving in an open car, and the weather was very cold.

When I got back to Tsarskoye Selo I found, to my surprise, and that of my family, a thick envelope addressed by the hand of the Empress and brought by a courier. Opening it, I found a letter and a small wooden icon of the miraculous apparition of the Virgin Mary. I do not remember the exact wording of the letter, but I remember its meaning. The Empress wished to show me that in her thoughts she entirely separated me from Dmitri and assured me of her unchanged feelings.

Immediately I wrote an answer, curt and polite. I said that I could not take a different point of view from that of my brother; neither could I stand apart from him, even if by doing so her affection was lost to me.

In the evening I spoke to my father and his wife about the project of the letter to the Emperor and showed them the rough draft. My father did not manifest the enthusiasm that I had expected. But he did not greatly object, feeling that such a petition would at least indicate a certain solidarity of the family.

My stepmother and I polished the text, copied it and sent it to the Grand Duchess Wladimir, who had it printed. Signatures were gathered. Our grandmother, the Queen of Greece, headed the list. Then our petition was taken to the Alexander Palace. It was returned very shortly, addressed to my father, and on the top of the page the Emperor had written:

No one is permitted to engage in murders. I am surprised that you addressed yourself to me.
NICHOLAS.

The Grand Duchess Wladimir, instead of keeping silent about the annotation of the Emperor, angrily showed it to everyone. Very soon the entire town knew by heart the short sentence that stood at the top of that page.

Immediately after Christmas I left for Moscow and found my Aunt Ella much more *au courant* than I had expected. From the beginning of Rasputin's influence at the court, she had, she told me, many a time warned her sister, the Empress, against becoming too fond of him. At first the Empress paid no attention to her words, but in

(Continued on Page 177)

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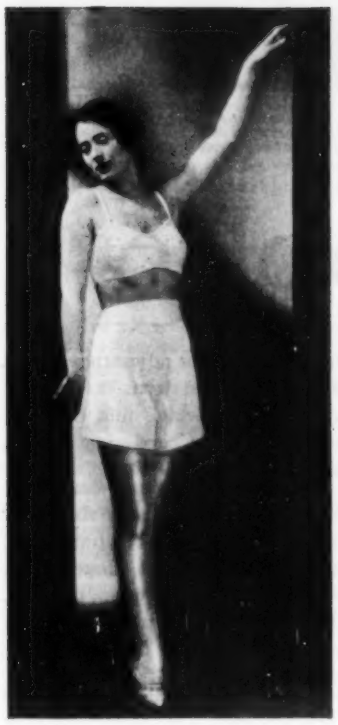

Smart durene underthings come in lovely pastel colors, in styles ideal for wear with the present close-fitting frocks. Durene shorts and brassieres are favorites for summer wear.

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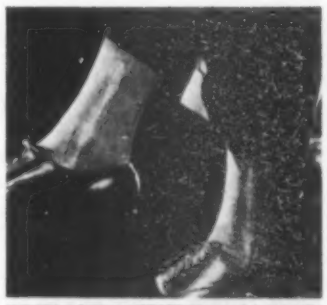
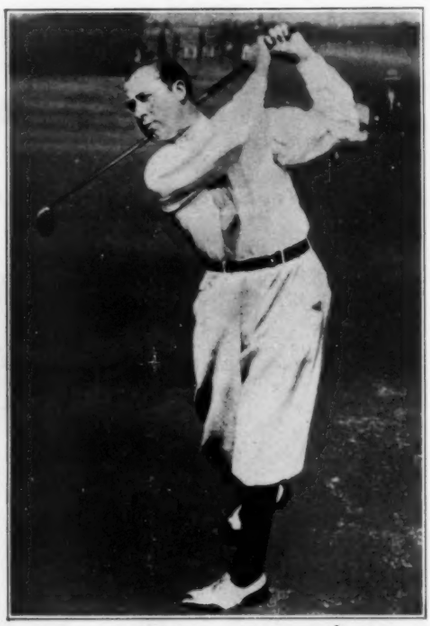


DURENE *Quality begins with the yarn*

Horton Smith has won many sensational victories playing Hagen matched clubs and the Hagen Golf ball. He uses Hagen clubs and balls exclusively.

In the Bags of America's Foremost Golfers



Walter Hagen, creator of the matched clubs and the ball bearing his name, both of which helped make his great record. Of course he uses only Hagen clubs and balls.

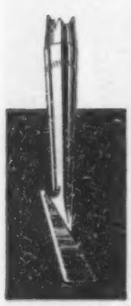
NEVER before has a given make of stock golf clubs captured such a long string of important and highly competitive events in such a comparatively short space of time.

Recent tournaments won with complete sets of Hagen clubs include the British Open, Great Lakes Open, Oregon $6,000 Open, Hawaiian $6,000 Open, Berkeley $4,000 Open, Pasadena $4,000 Open and Savannah $3,000 Open. Hagen clubs predominated in the bags of 5 of the first 7 in the Oregon Open; 6 of the first 8 in the Pasadena Open; the winners of 1st and 2nd in the Western Open; 3 of the first 4 including the winner in the $10,000 Los Angeles Open; 12 of the 24 prize winners in the $25,000 Agua Caliente Open, and 6 of the first 10 prize winners in the $15,000 La Gorce Open.

Shorter, deeper blades for more accurate control—Hagen features of design.

Thus you can see to what a wide extent Walter Hagen Clubs are in the bags of America's foremost golfers—both pros and amateurs.

Hagen "Compact Blades"



Increased thickness for greater hitting power.

Over a year ago Walter Hagen began the development of new iron models, for with the adoption of the larger ball Hagen desired irons, the blades of which would be shorter, deeper and more compact, as he realized that this type of iron would be more effective with the future larger ball as well as with the present ball.

And the now famous "Compact Blade" irons are the result. Briefly, "Compact Blade" irons place more weight behind the ball, the steel which formerly extended out into the toe of the blade being retained in the blade when shortened to give increased depth and thickness with no increase of the total head weight.

"Compact Blades" are more powerful, give better control on all shots—accuracy being accomplished with greater ease. Another advantage found in the finest Walter Hagen "Compact Blade" matched irons is the fact that they are constructed of a special mild stainless steel and not just ordinary mild forged steel with a chromium plate finish.

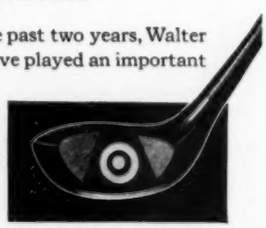
An exclusive feature on Hagen top grade steel shafted irons.

These irons are made with selected hickory shafts, or with Walter Hagen high carbon spring steel shafts built to Hagen's own specifications. Walter Hagen steel shafts possess just the right qualities of whip, balance, torsion, weight and "feel," and no more powerful shafts have ever been built.

The Hagen Aluminum Shock Absorbing Sleeve is another outstanding contribution. This shock absorber sleeve, located at the juncture of the shaft and the neck of the iron, prevents excess vibration from traveling up the shaft with its resultant stinging of the hands.

Hagen Championship Woods

In every major golf championship during the past two years, Walter Hagen matched and registered wood clubs have played an important part. Their advanced features of design and construction, their deep-faced powerful heads, patented concentric weighting, distance facings, scientific matching and balancing—all are factors which have made Hagen woods so popular with America's foremost players.



Deep-faced, powerful heads for maximum results.

Hagen woods have been expressly designed to insure maximum results with either the present or large size ball.

Ask your pro or sports dealer. You'll enjoy your game more with this equipment of champions. The L. A. Young Co., Detroit, makers of WALTER HAGEN GOLF EQUIPMENT.

PLAY THE BALL USED BY WALTER HAGEN AND HORTON SMITH—THE HAGEN BALL—75c

(Continued from Page 174)

the measure as Rasputin's importance grew in her eyes, she began to feel more and more prejudiced against those who brought such warnings.

When Rasputin's influence passed from the sphere of the house into that of politics, my aunt, seeing in this a still greater danger, decided this time to carry her warning directly to the Emperor. But again her advice was scorned. The relations between the sisters, until then very friendly and intimate, gradually cooled, and the Empress soon began to feel oppressed by my aunt's presence. In spite of this disagreement in principle, they continued to see each other. Aunt Ella went almost as often as before to Tsarskoye Selo, paying no attention to her increasingly cold reception. This, she said, she had preferred to the alternative—abandoning the Empress at so crucial and unpromising a time.

Before deciding upon the participation in the plot, Dmitri had paid Aunt Ella a visit in Moscow. He talked with her until he felt that he had a clear idea of the Empress' mental condition. It was only after that, having convinced himself that there was little hope of a normal dénouement, that he decided to join with those few men who were ready to bring this dénouement about.

My aunt clearly realized all the complications that were arising in connection with the death of Rasputin, but she was so happy at his disappearance that she could not condemn the murderers. To her, Rasputin had been a living and active personification of evil, and she felt that providence had chosen Dmitri and Felix to perform judgment upon him.

She told me the details of her last trip to Tsarskoye Selo, some rumors of which had already reached us in Petrograd. After seeing Dmitri and pondering the situation from all sides, she had determined to make a last attempt to influence the imperial couple.

The Emperor was absent when she arrived in Tsarskoye Selo. She had from her sister, the Empress, a frigid welcome, and her representation of the somber and rebellious mood of Moscow and the need of immediate change led to a painful scene.

The next morning she received from the Empress a short note asking her to leave. Their opinions, the Empress wrote, so greatly differed that it would never be possible for them to agree. She added that although the Emperor had returned, he was so busy that he could not find time for the talk my aunt had requested.

My aunt returned to Moscow, greatly depressed. A few days after that Rasputin was killed.

Not knowing any of the details, my aunt sent Dmitri an enthusiastic and probably incautious wire, which was brought to the attention of the Empress. As a result, she had been accused of complicity. And now, in spite of her devotion to her sister and of all her Christian feelings, my aunt's patience was at an end.

Nervous enthusiasm reigned in Moscow; the inhabitants, considering Dmitri as their own, boasted of his deed. I left there that same day and went on to Kiev. The Dowager Empress, who, since our childhood, had always been fond of Dmitri and myself, received me with her habitual warmth. She listened attentively to what I had to say, but I understood very quickly that it was altogether useless to count upon any interference from her.

All arguments had been long exhausted; besides, there existed subjects which were never touched upon by the mother or the son. In their conversations everything that concerned the young Empress was carefully avoided. After this, there remained nothing else for me to do, no one to whom I might turn.

Completely worn out, I fell ill; yet before leaving Kiev I managed to see the Grand Duke Alexander, at that time in charge of aviation there. I remember that we had an interesting conversation on political matters, and he showed me a detailed project that he had worked out for the organization of a responsible cabinet in accordance with the demands of the moment and the needs of the country. He was planning to propose it to the Emperor as extremely liberal, yet in full accord with the dignity of power.

I reached Tsarskoye Selo altogether sick and shattered. My father tried to keep me at his side, but as soon as I was able to leave my bed I decided to return to the hospital, where work was waiting for me—work in which I might find a diversion for my thoughts.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE PROFESSION OF BEING AN AMATEUR

(Continued from Page 23)

years ago, as a syndicate representative, I wrote to one very popular amateur champion offering him generous compensation for a series of articles. As a business man I was disappointed by his reply. As a follower and admirer of pure sport, my admiration was aroused. He answered that two considerations forced him to reject my offer: First, because the writing of articles on his particular sport did not represent his idea of the proper thing for an amateur to do; second, because it involved poaching on a source of income recognized by the majority of sports followers as the exclusive field of the professional. But later I noted that in this case, too, the pressure had ultimately become irresistible.

In still another field—salesmanship—can the amateur champion capitalize his fame. There are rules, of course, which forbid the use of his name to help the sale of sporting goods, and even his own participation in the sporting-goods business. But apart from this, wide opportunities are open to him. Imagine the success with which a world-famous champion, back, let us say, from a successful trip abroad, could crash the door of any hard prospect in insurance or securities who was at the same time a follower of the game. Little work would be required. There are admirers eager to offer him the use of their offices and to prepare his mail and selling talks. He need only call on willing clients, who would feel honored to patronize whatever firm he represented, so long as it gave them opportunity for personal contact with him. Yet frankness requires me to say that this opportunity for money-making is often overlooked by champions while still in their prime. Several explanations have been offered. One has it that a champion, fêted on every possible opportunity, and devoting himself to the game, lacks the business initiative and energy to follow up this advantage. Another comments that mere trade may seem a bit beneath one thus honored by the aristocracy of sports. A third suggests that compared with the greater opportunities for luxurious living and actual income offered by tournament invitations and syndicate writing respectively, the profits of salesmanship seem hardly worth the trouble involved.

Now I ask, what immediate financial returns comparable to those described above can the arduous ordeal of playing football and at the same time maintaining the required academic standing offer the college athlete? He doesn't live in luxurious hotel suites, travel abroad in the finest staterooms, or write, year in and year out, for syndicates at best-seller rates of pay. His life, even when spent in training quarters free of charge during the football season, is Spartan in the extreme. His labors when, as charged by recent investigations, he is offered the sinecure of a campus or table-waiting job are inglorious. The public, I believe, realizes this. An alumnus of my own college related to me a conversation he had had with a guest at one of the big games. The guest, a self-made commercial success, amused himself by computing the total receipts paid by 80,000 spectators at five dollars apiece. "And what," he asked, nodding toward the struggling teams, "do those fellows get for playing?"

"Why, nothing," answered the alumnus. "They do it for the honor and the glory of the school."

"Well," replied the rough diamond, after a minute's consideration, "all I can say is that they ought to have their heads examined."

Ultimately, however, the college athlete is gaining tremendously. If he is a type comparable to dozens I personally have coached, he is acquiring the training for a profession that will assure him at fifty the position and income of a successful man. The story is told of one famous Western coach who, upon visiting the home of a former gridiron star who had achieved an extraordinary professional success, commented to a friend: "When I run into a case like this, I realize how much good I've really done in helping bright and ambitious young athletes complete their college careers." The prospects and rewards of such athletes seem to me far superior to those of the flashy and dogmatic amateur champion who, with the inevitable loss of his skill, must surrender the luxuries, the expense and the glamour he has learned to expect.

I do not deny that there have been college players who used football as an end, rather than as a means to an end. Their careers have not been attractive ones. But in contrast to these there are many who, having been able, by reason of football ability, to reduce some of the costs of attending college, have become successful surgeons, lawyers, men of affairs, and the like. And despite recent charges, I can name many former players who, when offered the opportunity to have their college expenses secretly lightened by individual alumni, refused the tempting opportunity. One famous pre-war star received such an offer from a wealthy alumnus when he played at my own preparatory school—Andover. He rejected it, but attended college, nevertheless. While I was coaching a Southern college team, the father of a boy who later became all-American center approached me with the statement that an alumnus of another college had offered to pay all his son's expenses if the star would choose that school instead. Most athletically inclined boys are fundamentally clean shooters. I took a chance that this one ran true to type and suggested that the three of us go into a huddle over the situation.

When we met, I made my reply. "Very well," I said to the father, "I'll meet that offer. But if I do, I want you to realize that neither you nor your son has any control over his actions while he is in college. He'll be my slave, to do as I say. Now let's see what your son says to that."

Of course, I couldn't have backed that statement up. But I had little fear of the bluff being called. The boy rejected the proposal indignantly. So did the father, with a new and obvious sense of pride in his son, worth many times the $2000 or $3000 that acceptance of the alumnus' offer might have saved.

Fundamentally, of course, the problem involved in keeping amateurism in sports 100 per cent pure is the effect on youth. I find it difficult to agree that the college athlete who utilizes his ability to help him toward an otherwise unattainable career is the horrible example that many moralists try to picture him. Nor do I think that the amateur golf or tennis player who utilizes acquaintanceships and such renown as he may have gained in sports to help him win success in some normal profession or business is violating any ethics, provided he

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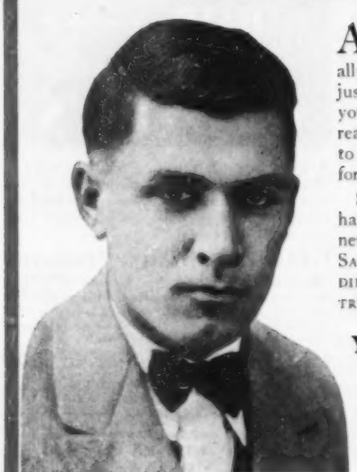

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makes that career, rather than sport, his real objective.

I speak, I think, for most fathers when I say that I want my boys to participate in sports. I have nothing personally against either professional or amateur players who live by that means. But I think a man can do better work and ultimately find greater happiness in the older and proved professions and business careers. If my boys, for example, learn that they can become champions in one of the popular sports and thus temporarily earn $20,000 a year and expenses, the chances are they will devote the best period of their lives to sports instead of to productive work or study. And when, at thirty-five or forty, they begin to slip, where can they turn to satisfy desires for the modes of living and the incomes to which they have become accustomed? Or before they learn that they will never be champions—the chance of reaching the top is about one in three million—they may still, encouraged by the glamour surrounding the title, waste their youth in striving for it.

I want them to play, and to play well, in college; on the theory of the value of athletics recognized by the founder of the Rhodes scholarships, when he directed that in selection of a beneficiary "regard should be had to . . . his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like," as well as to his character and academic standing. But after they are through college I want them to regard sports as an avocation, not a profession.

In dynamic America there are so many opportunities for success in serious and constructive careers that the man who spends the best years of his life on the playing field, who makes what is virtually a profession of his amateurism, is not only wasting his time but is setting a bad example to the youth of the country.

HOME AGAIN!

"MY," SAID Mary as we drove up to the Carsons', "it is good to be home again! And aren't they dears to give us a party the very first night?"

"They're crazy to hear about the trip," I said. "Gee, I hope we haven't forgotten everything. Suppose you concentrate on France, and what happened there, dear. I'll cover England, Germany and Italy."

"No, I'll take Italy," said Mary as we pulled up before the house. "You get Switzerland lined up in your mind. And I won't interrupt you if you don't cut in on me. Agreed?"

"Right." I nodded. "I'll bet they can hardly wait. All set?"

"Well, well, well," cried Mrs. Carson, "if you two aren't a sight for sore eyes! Come in, quick; I can hardly wait to hear. . . . Dale—oh, Dale!"

"Coming," bellowed Carson, from the butler's pantry. "Don't let 'em start to show the slides till I get there! My antennæ are all tuned up."

"I can't believe you've been to so many wonderful places," trilled little Mrs. Black. "Just think of it! Distance means nothing nowadays."

"Do tell me about Berlin," begged Mrs. Zach. "And don't forget Paris," added her stout husband. Mrs. Carson saved us.

"We'll sit down to dinner," she decided, "and they can tell us as we eat. Come on now, all of you."

"Now, then," said the hostess as the grapefruit shells appeared.

"Well, we landed at Cherbourg," began Mary, "and the fog was so ——"

"Say," interrupted Mrs. Pounds, "if you think that was thick, you ought to have seen the fog we had right here in Larchwood two weeks ago."

"That's right," said Mr. Pounds, squirting his grapefruit excitedly. "Why, you couldn't see across the street. It was fierce."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Carson. "Tell us about Paris, Mary."

"Well, it's the most beautiful city in the world, I think. Big, wide boulevards, with plane trees and lots of monuments. And fountains ——"

"Say," cut in little Mrs. Black, "speaking of fountains, did you hear whether or not they'd found that dreadful dead mule that was drowned in the reservoir? It's been awful; we've been scared to use the water for days and days."

"Yeah," said Carson wisely. "Politics there, all right. The town selectmen are a bunch of grafters. They've been fixed, all right. But wait till next election; it'll be another story then."

"Talk about politics," I began, "you ought to see how they've got 'em muzzled in Italy, Dale. Why ——"

"Yes, how about that?" demanded Phil Zach. "But first let me tell you about the 89 I shot out at Westhampton three weeks ago. Why, man ——"

"It was a month ago," corrected Lymie Black. "And it was really a 99."

"You're full of hop," retorted Phil. "Why, I made the neatest 3 you ever saw in your life on that long ninth! That drive, and that mashie ——"

"We played on a funny little course in Switzerland," said Mary. "Way up in the mountains, with a flock of sheep grazing all over the fairways."

"Really?" inquired Mrs. Carson. The fish came and went. "And have you heard about the Earleys? Yes, they're getting a separation, my dear. And I think it's all his fault too."

"Well, I don't," said Mr. Pounds. "She went arty on him, and got to painting cock-eyed jellyfish and long-necked women without any clothes all over the bathroom walls. And seaweed—why, the poor guy got nausea every time he tried to shave!"

"Are the English men really as hard-boiled to their wives as people say?" asked Mrs. Pounds. "I'd like to see one of them try to tell me where to get off."

"No," I began, "I don't believe they are. They merely think that ——"

"How much does a good cook get in England, in our money?" demanded Mrs. Duke. "You won't believe it when I tell you that ours has held us up again. Fact."

"Yes, and it's getting positively unbearable," affirmed Mrs. Black.

"Why, you can't get a maid to do the upstairs at all now," cried Mrs. Carson. "And yesterday she left the baby's stockings on the heater until they were scorched to a cinder! It's an outrage."

I made one more game attempt: "In France, you can get a maid for ——"

"Yes, and who'd want one?" interrupted Mrs. Zach.

"Well," said Mr. Zach, with a twinkle in his eye, "I don't know as I'd object personally. You oughtn't to be too insular in your outlook, dear."

"Humph!" snorted his wife. "Insular my eye! But tell him the story about the Englishman and the upper berth, dear! That's a wonder!"

"I heard a pretty good French story," I said. I was becoming timid.

"You've got to hear this one first," they all cried. "And then Dale will tell you about his trip to Allentown. You'll simply die!"

"And then we'll play some contract," said Mrs. Carson, rising.

"Well," sighed Mary, as we drove home, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm afraid we've wasted a lot of money on that trip for nothing."

"Yes," I said. "Next time, we'll stay home where things are really happening."

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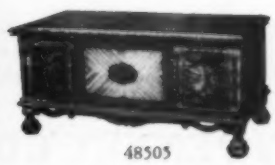

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FAT OR THIN WOMEN

(Continued from Page 48)

Then freedom, independence and exercise have changed women's mental picture of themselves. This is the same mysterious thing that made Botticelli think one sort of woman was beautiful, and Raphael an entirely different sort, and Rubens—who, incidentally, was a rather small, finicking, dainty man—another. Well, for some reason, women now think more solidity and less spread are the way to be handsome. Schopenhauer sneered at the sex and said they were really so much less beautiful than men—"a short-legged race" he called them. Well, now women, who have apparently begun to agree with him, have found out that when they are lean they are not so short-legged after all. It was simply their upholstering that made them look so, since it added a five or six inch cushion to the length of their bodies.

Some say that women are by nature fatter than men, and it is unhealthful for them to be otherwise. But anthropologists say that in certain tribes where the men are subordinate and stay home and keep house, it is the men who become fat and the women lean, because "adipose tissue is always present in those who take less exercise and stay home and have more rest and less anxiety, and we know that an anxious and arduous life produces a tendency to leanness." Well, there you are. Women stay home less, are more arduous and anxious than formerly; it is beginning to show in their set-up. Of course, in certain Oriental countries where women are still very subordinate and esteemed not for their liveliness, frolicsomeness, nerve and intelligence but for their meekness and voluptuousness alone, women are still very fat.

Spinach for He-Men

Several investigating English physicians say that it is not that women are just getting thinner; what is really happening is that they are getting stronger and taller; they just look thinner. Their hands and feet are bigger, and the six-foot debutante with her No. 10 slippers hovers in the offing. And they also say—these physicians—with a note of warning, that girls, in playing games invented for boys and young men, are not merely developing muscles but combative muscles, combative instincts and combative dispositions. Well, as for that, as an old-fashioned womanly woman, all I say is "Goody!" But never mind. If the girls are getting larger, so are the boys. So it is very nearly quits.

Fat or thin women, the epidemic of weight control has done a tremendous lot of good. Hardly twenty years ago a fat person was fat, and that was the end of it; now almost everybody secretly tampers with his weight a little. And we have learned so much. He-men shamefacedly eat spinach once in a while, and you rarely come upon anyone any more who is proud of the fact—as all lowbrows are proud of their dislikes—that he will not touch anything but fried meat and potatoes and canned cherries. Or you rarely find people now who confuse proteins with adenoids, or the kind of woman who says when you tell her she must cut out sugar to reduce: "Oh, I never take sugar," meaning she does not put it on her oatmeal, though she takes it in coffee, tea, cocoa, ice cream, cake, applesauce pie and fudge.

There are left now very few innocents who stand twenty minutes after meals. The lamb-chop-and-pineapple diet is now known to be very depressing; so is the raw-tomato-and-hard-boiled-egg diet, and it is known that this latter did not come from the Mayo clinic. The Hollywood diet—well, it has taken off probably a million pounds, but I suppose nine hundred thousand are back on again by now, and if any have had the iron will to prolong that gloomy dyspeptic life for more than eighteen days, by this time they are probably in sanitariums with melancholia, and their teeth have all crumbled.

We know all that; but, on the other hand, we even are learning not to be bigoted about reducing, not to discourage some poor woman who has bravely dropped from 175 pounds to 171, by saying: "You mustn't! It makes your face look ten years older!" Of course the effort shows in your face, but soon, when you get used to the new weight, your face becomes rounder and sleeker than before.

When you inveigh against reducing, remember this: We are all apt to think that is dangerous and bad for the health which we do not want to do ourselves. There are those corpulent people who look grave if you miss a meal. "Appetite's good!" they say of themselves—meaning that because they can eat three heavy meals a day without gagging it is a sign they are in perfect condition.

As for exercise, there is the persistent warning from those who don't like to take it: "Be careful. Be careful not to overdo." Remember that it was believed not so long ago that women should not walk fast, wear low heels, or go without corsets, or, indeed, lift their arms suddenly above their heads, for fear of doing some frightful harm to themselves; and so great a man as the late Sir James Mackenzie, the heart specialist—"the dean of British scientists," as he is called—has been foremost in opposing the popular idea, induced by our own laziness, that vigorous exercise is necessarily bad for the heart or health.

Lost Pounds Come Back!

Well, this is a welter of opinion, but out of it all, they say, it is fairly safe to conclude the following: Underweight is dangerous under thirty; if you catch your daughter living on dill pickles and potato chips, tell her the fact that the right food will make her strong and handsome, but not fat. Overweight is dangerous after thirty; try to dislodge a few pounds permanently every few years. Now this is hard; more depressing than losing weight is gaining it again. The lost pounds seem to clamor to be replaced like a drug that has been withdrawn, and they subtly undermine your intelligence, persuading you that you really need five pounds of chocolates and very rich full meals for a couple of weeks, until there you are again! The same old bouncing 180-pounder. But if you can only maintain a moderate loss for a year or two, then a lower weight habit is established; you have lost it forever.

If you are a nervous, high-strung person—the kind whom the neighbors designate as "peculiar"—chronically apprehensive and cross far too often, you should add to your weight; or you might try to give up smoking. But if you are stolid, broad-smiling, noninsultable and very lazy, try to lose.

Or, on the other hand, if you are monstrously fat or despicably thin, and do not intend to do anything about it, that is probably a very fine thing too. We can't all be perfect.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 45)

"The man who builds a successful business," he said, "and doesn't, at the same time, build an organization will find himself left some day. It is the inevitable requirement of modern enterprise."

Hundreds of thousands of young men, observing the tendency toward mergers and consolidations in business, may have wondered whether the field at the top was being narrowed. Mr. McEldowney concurs in a rather general view expressed among business men nowadays that with the merger spirit there has come a greater need for competent management, because responsibilities have been correspondingly increased.

"The big thing now," remarked Mr. McEldowney, "is to find a way to pick out executives. Naturally we all believe that our executives are to be found in the ranks, but how to find them—that's another question. There is even a greater need for those individuals who are talented in picking men."

The rules of seniority in business which accord promotions to those next in line are not easily brushed aside, but every now and then a big executive has found a third or fourth man who is a better manager than his first lieutenant.

James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, remarked the other day that many a business which had come under his observation had been a success because someone was picked out of a relatively obscure position and given an opportunity to manage.

But there is an even larger lesson, not often conceded among business men—namely, that when the lesser executives show a willingness to accept responsibility, some of the men at the top are not always ready to bestow it upon them.

"Give a man plenty of responsibility," suggests Mr. McEldowney, "and he will soon show his true worth to himself and his business."

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WHAT ALL THE SHOOTIN'S FOR

(Continued from Page 11)

asked so anxiously by good Americans who have faith in the President whether it is true that Mr. Hoover is falling down on his job.

Sagwa, dear citizens all! Nothing but Sagwa!

The Democrats put their concoction over because they had little opposition. Now, I understand, the Republicans have engaged a competent Sagwa mixer for their side. A little late, but it won't hurt any to have competition in the market.

New Words for the Headlines

The situation has been peculiarly apposite to these maneuvers because the most prevalent affection in Washington at the present time is that insidious malady, first-pageitis. It is epidemic among the high, the middle and the low, and especially violent amid the boys and girls in Congress who are conspicuous for their vast concern over the welfare of the average citizen, of whom there is a large national supply, each with a valuable vote at his, or her, bestowal. Though it is true that in all my knowledge of Congress, running for some thirty-five years or so, there never was a time when more than a few odd congressional and political fish displayed a dislike for all the publicity they could scrape up for themselves, it is also true that in the same period there never was a time when so many of our politicians, statesmen, et al., spent so many of their waking hours fighting and figuring for it. This tendency gave the opposition medicine makers an edge that was skillfully utilized by both sections of that opposition, the Democrats and the insurgent Republicans; and it explains a lot of other maneuvers, also, for even the regular Republicans, in most instances, are not at all averse to seeing their names in print. On the contrary.

The increased use of large-type headlines in the newspapers, and the unceasing and required effort of the newspaper correspondents to live up to the headlines they know are impending in their papers, have developed a terminology of short, snappy words, suitable for the large types, that may be drawn upon for purposes of classifying these sufferers from first-pageitis. In a broad way they may be set forth thus:

1. Barers.
2. Probers.
3. Split Loomers.
4. Crash Impenders.
5. Stern Warners.

This is an incomplete category, for there are numerous other kinds of publicity addicts, but, in a general way, it comprehends the most active of the aspirants for the glory and notoriety of the printed word, and in order that their characteristics and their methods may be understood, I shall explain the manner of their operations. Some of them are forthright and rigorous. Some of them are devious and diplomatic. Some are ingenious. Some are crude. Both houses of Congress are lush with them. And behind them all is the comforting bulwark of privileged communication. They can say what they want to say in their respective forums without fear of reprisal.

One of the oldest and hokiest pieces of publicity hokum is the moss-grown sentiment attributed to many public men and not true of any: "I do not care what the newspapers say about me, so long as they say something." Yeah! That is good for public consumption as a bit of statesmanlike cynicism, but in forty years' writing experience I have never yet found a public man who did not howl his head off over an unfavorable mention, or purr with extreme content over a few kind words.

To be sure, saying nothing is an unkind cut. When I was chief of the Washington bureau of the New York World I had an active and highly capable young man covering the House of Representatives for me, a conscientious and expert reporter, who was a shorthand writer as well. One of the congressmen—this was years ago—gave my reporter a statement on an important subject, which the reporter took down exactly as he made it, wrote out and submitted to him before I put it on the wire.

This statement did not go so well with this representative's constituents and his party public at large. In fact, it was a complete mistake, a bonehead effort. So, after the returns began to come in, this representative arose to a question of personal privilege in the House, denied the statement, denied that he had ever made it, and much to the same general and familiar end.

We stated the facts in the paper and let it go at that—publicly. Privately, there were other fish to fry. My reporter was a favorite with his colleagues—a clannish lot. All he did was to explain to the other New York house reporters what had happened, and form a little combination with them which was based on the mutual pledge never, in any circumstances, no matter what he did, unless what he did was greatly to his discredit, to mention the name of that representative in their dispatches. And they didn't.

He never got a line. Not a word. He might just as well have been in Alaska as in Washington, so far as getting his name in the New York papers was concerned.

In two weeks that statesman was around begging for mercy. And he never tried a thing like that again.

Baring Big Business

In those days, as I have said, they were keen enough for publicity in Washington, but mere amateurs at getting it, or trying to get it, compared with the first-pagers in Washington now. Reverting to the various laborers in this vineyard of self-exploitation, we come first to the Barers. The Barer is a statesman who has preconceived ideas on almost every subject, often unique with him, and is of the firm opinion that every person who does not agree with him is a malefactor of the most dangerous character. He concedes that all that is upright, patriotic and for the good of the people is concentrated in his program and the policies he indorses or formulates, and asserts that all who disagree must necessarily disagree from some ulterior and dishonest motive. He is especially severe on the owners of wealth, the directors of corporations, the managers and builders of utilities, and what we term big business, in general.

The Barer looks with horrified suspicion on any legislative proposition that does not emanate from him or his similarly minded colleagues, and also realizes the value, in the way of securing publicity, of privileged assertions that everything is rotten in his Denmark, especially anything that has more than $4.50 in capitalization attached to it. So, at opportune times—usually on dull days when there is little news going—he rises and "bares" something. Any good Barer can find a dozen outlets a week for his expert "baring." And as soon as his little sensation ceases to have first-page newspaper value he drops it and proceeds to "bare" something else. Any reader of the Washington dispatches will readily identify the numerous and prominent Barers in recent Congresses.

The Prober has the same general characteristics as the Barer, but he operates in a different manner and, sometimes, over a longer period. His specialty is investigation. A good exciting investigation of whatever a Prober thinks should be investigated may last for weeks, with successive and pleasant days of publicity for the investigator. So, when he feels the need—which is almost always—he prepares a resolution calling the attention of the body of which he is a member to whatever it is he deems deeply as an outrage on the body politic, and hands it in.

(Continued on Page 185)

When *SPRING-SLAP* throws a party . . .

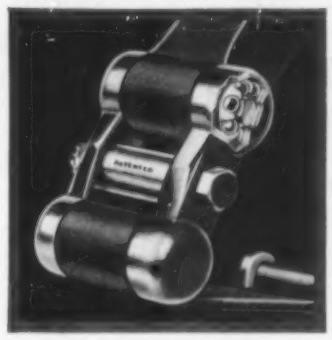
AUNT HESTER lets out a quick and exclamatory "Gracious!"—Jane voices a subdued but emphatic "Ouch!"—Bill winces as though someone had shot him. And you . . . . well, outwardly you're apologetic, but inwardly you're as mad as a roughed-up hornet. And, we'll add, for a very good reason.

We'll grant that rough roads and unexpected hummocks can weave a frown on the face of the most placid driver. We'll admit that those sudden jolts and jars are as racking on your car as they are on you. But do you know the cause of this commotion?

It's *Spring-Slap*—there's the culprit. It's that slap of your springs as they refuse to flex under impact. It's that bucking and rebellious flare-up of cramped and tyrannized springs—springs that are shackle-bound.

Ordinary spring shackles don't let your springs flex as freely as they should. Often your shackle bolts will be too tight or they bind—and your springs can't do their level best. Nor can your shock-absorbers do their most soothing work, for the wear on ordinary shackle bolts gives them a different job to do every day in the year—and you can't adjust them that often!

Naturally, your springs complain—and so do you! But the remedy is simple, easy to apply and inexpensive—a set of Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles.



On these frictionless, free-acting ball bearings your springs take every bump with rocking-chair easiness, without that objectionable slam and slap. Savage jolts are tamed to gentleness. Sudden bumps are shunted aside. You ride the roughest roads with incredible ease, with a new and delightful sense of comfort.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles completely banish shackle squeaks and rattles—yet you never have to grease them. You never have to adjust them. They prolong the life of your car. They enable your shock-absorbers to do their full duty. And they are *safer*—no shackle bolts to wear and let you down.

They are standard equipment on many cars. They can be put on yours for a cost so little that it will surprise you. Ask your garage mechanic about them.

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S. E. P. 5

A *victory* in the Battle of Inches

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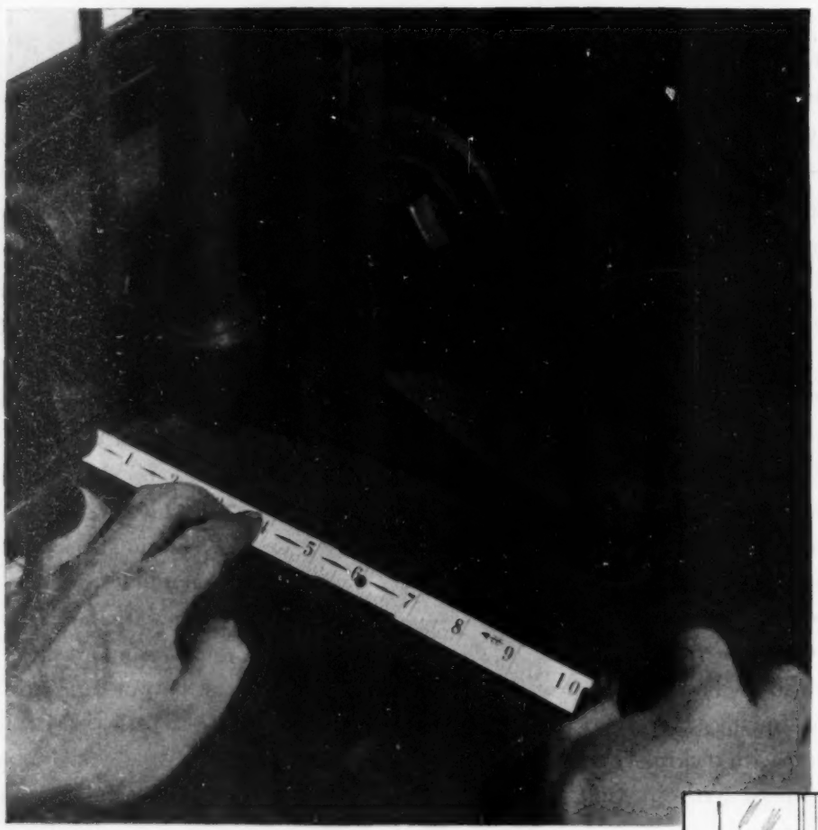


Every inch of floor space in the modern skyscraper is a battleground.

Architect, engineer, owner, builder and heating contractor summon their best resources in the fight to make every inch pay dividends.

Now they have won a decisive victory and added years to the profitable life of new buildings. For the many inches in each room wasted by old-fashioned radiators are now freed for profitable use by the new Trane concealed convection heater hidden in the wall under the window.

Costs no more than old-fashioned radiation

Heating engineers and architects know the superiorities of Trane convection heating—its increased comfort, instantaneous heat regulation, 15 to 25% lower fuel consumption, lighter weight, greater beauty, and profitable space saving.

Now the final barrier to its universal use is broken down. Today, for the first time in building history, this modern heater *costs no more installed and ready for use* than the wasteful, ugly radiators it supplants. And today for the first time, great office and apartment buildings soar skyward with the far-reaching economic advantage of Trane concealed convection heating to attract and hold more tenants and assure the greatest possible dividend yield.

For the tenant chooses the building with Trane concealed heat because his office or apartment is far more comfortable. He regulates the temperature easily, almost instantaneously. Warmth is circulated evenly throughout every room.

Cuts operating costs

Trane concealed heating is the system the architect has been waiting for. With it he can postpone the obsolescence of every building now being planned, make every inch pay its way, show new profit to the owner, and greatly increase the beauty of every room.

The Trane heater cuts the cost of temporary heat. It saves construction and handling expense because of its light weight. And the heating contractor installs the job with fewer men in shorter time.

The owner saves 15 to 25% of his fuel bill with Trane concealed heat. The building fills quickly and stays full. And the source of these extra profits costs no more than old-fashioned cast iron radiation.

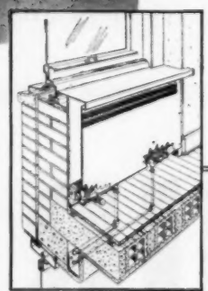
Famed heating engineers ready to assist you

Engineered to meet precisely the needs of modern competitive building, Trane concealed convection heating was originated by an engineering staff known to every heating man as one of the finest in the industry.

The crowning achievement of their long history, Trane concealed heating for large buildings is the direct outgrowth of concealed heat for homes, first introduced by these same men. It employs the famous Trane heating element used in Trane Unit Heaters for factory buildings and Trane Blast Heaters for industrial process heating.

In every sense of the phrase, the Trane engineers who have found the way to victory in the "Battle of Inches" are *specialists in heating.*

Now you can make sure of enduring success and greater profits for every building you are interested in by giving it modern heating at low cost. The working details, the complete description of Trane concealed heating are ready for your use. Mail the coupon for them at once. Take the first step toward modern heating and bigger dividends.



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(Continued from Page 182)

If the resolution is a sufficiently sensational one—as many of them are—it usually is adopted, and then the Prober sets to work at his "probing," and, buttressed by the severest inquisitorial power, he rips into all and sundry summoned, after the manner of a prosecutor, and gets his columns a day so long as he can harry witnesses who have no recourse against his assaults.

Split Loomers and Others

These are the major Probers. A milder sort are those who simply prepare resolutions, reciting whatever they deem demands investigation, or whatever they deem will get them notice in the papers as discoverers of whatever outrages are named, and demanders of the rectification of those outrages "after the facts as set forth have been ascertained," and let it go at that. This requires but the writing of a resolution and the presentation of it—practically no labor at all. If it is sensational, the Prober will get a newspaper item about it, and that suffices, for the resolution will be referred to the proper committee and stay there unless the Prober exerts himself for it. This is an easy way to get a flash in the dispatches. It is a favorite dodge.

The Split Loomers operate along terrorist lines. They are, in a general way, of the same kidney as the Crash Impenders, but are more specific. A real good journeyman Split Loomer can get considerable action in a publicity way provided he does not loom his split too frequently. His cue is to wait until the Senate or the House is all tangled up in some legislative snarl, when there has been acrimonious discussion, and what passes for political passion—mostly hokum also—has been aroused, and then step in with a hectic speech in which he points out that unless the procedure he and his associated colleagues advocate is legislatively and affirmatively acted upon in the manner of his stated desires, there will be a split in the Republican Party, or in the Democratic Party, because, positively, his faction will not stand idly by and allow this outrage to be perpetrated on the great and common people—God love them—one of which he is whom. They will depart from the party of their allegiance, the grand old party, or the glorious old party, as the case may be, unless their unscrupulous and sinister opponents accede to their program, and let the virtuous tail wag the corrupt, malign and unpatriotic dog.

A looming split is good copy for the correspondents. Always there is the classic example of the split in the Republican Party in 1912, when Mr. Roosevelt walked out on Mr. Taft, and Mr. Wilson walked in as a consequence. They play that up in every split-looming speech, as a dread and direful warning, and though they know darn well that there isn't the makings of a split in the present circumstances because there is no support for one outside of a certain bloc in Washington, they are fervent and febrile about it, and the more fervent and febrile they are, the more space they get in the dispatches, and the bigger type in the headlines.

The Crash Impenders and the Stern Warners may be grouped. They are of a similarity. And not so good as publicity securers, although they have their points. A good, vehement, orotund Crash Impender may get half a column now and then, if he is specific about his crash and just when and where it impends, but a Stern Warner, who usually rebukes his own party for not doing the things that the Stern Warner thinks should be done to the exclusion of all else on the program, cashes in on the front page only when there is nothing else going on worth sending.

Making November's Sagwa

So this is Washington, where there is no great issue between the two great parties, where the Republicans, the Democrats and the Insurgents are all making medicine to supply that lack and for use in the campaign of 1930, and seeking publicity with all the fervor of movie stars. That is what all the shootin's for.

It isn't a novel situation. Politically and legislatively, the party and Washington history of our country is speckled and spotted with similar intrigues, cabals, coalitions, combinations and conjurations. Not much has come of them, and not much will come of these. So rest in peace, those of you who are inclined to think that a crisis is impending. Rest in peace and watch the results of the November elections. The main truth about these Washington crises, so disturbing at their moments, is that they rarely, if ever, crise.

Getting On in the World

A Western Worm Grower

THERE never was a less-sure worm grower than Bilkowsky. He tried this brand of earthworm, and its cousin, and its cousin, and its cousin until he got what he wanted. He left handfuls of his crop wiggling in dirt, in leaf mold, in pure water, in sand, in cornmeal. Often they died; occasionally some became thin and sick, but did not die; and then, after more than four years of experimenting, he succeeded.

Seven years ago, R. M. Bilkowsky, of California, started in the business of raising fishworms for the market. His original crops were no good except for immediate dinners for close-at-hand fish. The worms waxed fat and twisty in the soil, but quickly shriveled and died, or became very sick, when stored in boxes, tins or bottles. Indeed, more of his worms sped to the worm's happy hunting ground than dangled at the end of a fishhook. But Bilkowsky never gave up. He stuck it out and tried every outlandish thing he could think of to keep those worms healthy for a time in the boxes, tins and bottles. And as he went on he gradually developed a strong, fat and long strain in his wiggly little crop.

Mother Nature freely gave him her worms—angle, earth and water. He was concerned only with these, for they are the sort fishermen like to see dangling from their hooks.

But the worms continued to die in their containers, until at last the secret was disclosed. Now, Bilkowsky had been in the habit of putting his worms and their special food into experimental cans and dating the cans. After a period of time he would take a look, and then, in disgust, throw the dead worms away and try again. Then one day a most foolish thought came to him, and since he was willing to try anything once, what did he do but put some black earth, some leaf mold, some cornmeal and something else into a can, and into this mixture he thrust half a hundred healthy, fat, happy, red water worms. He next filled the can with water, put on a ventilated top and stuck it away with the other experiments.

Something prevented an examination of this test can and time went on apace. It was more than five months from the day he had poured in the secret food, or whatever it was, before he took the can down to examine it. And then, when he opened it and shook out the contents, there were not fifty but more than one hundred and fifty red water worms wiggling and fussing around as happy as you please. From that day, two or more years ago, he has used his diet and never a bunch of worms has he had go dead on him.

And now this worm grower and his product are known far and wide in the land among fishermen and their supply houses. A fat, wiggly, red fellow for a speckled trout in Idaho, another fat fellow for a black bass in New Jersey—wherever fishermen go, they take with them some of the tins containing the twisting red worms raised by this husky man who knew what he wanted to do and, by jinks, "went and done it."

To stay-at-homes a worm is only an ignoble worm, but to your true Nimrod it is either a sure strike or a dud. And what fisherman wants to dangle a dud at the end of his hook? And therein lies the secret of this worm grower's success—he has perfected a water worm, red in color and of sufficient vitality to wiggle for a long time at the end of a hook as it extends its protesting invitations to the hungry fish.

This worm farm now covers more than two and a half acres of rich bottom land. It is cultivated much like any enormous seed bed before sowing to radishes or onions or beets. After it is most carefully plowed, harrowed and even raked, it is flooded deeply. Then cornmeal, leaf mold and moss are worked in; after which it is again doused with water. Now the seed worms are planted. This is done by dropping a few in various shallow holes dug here and there in the prepared field. Then the worms are left to do as they like, and to make merry, as good worms are supposed to do. They have no economic problem, because they are fed every week with cornmeal and fresh leaf mold, and are kept abundantly supplied with water; so there is no reason why they cannot make a red-water-worm holiday out of every day. The eggs hatch with surprising sureness, and a bushel of seed worms will produce in a season to the number of hundreds of thousands of their kind. Then the harvest is ready.

Harvesting is done about like digging potatoes. A spade is sure to uncover a mass of wiggly fellows ready for the market. Only the larger ones are used, the smaller ones being put back into their safe abode to await their turn. Every worm is hand-picked; it is counted, and one hundred of them are placed in a small square tin, filled with earth, leaf mold, cornmeal and the secret diet compound.

The next step is to flood the tins with water, seal them, except for some air holes in the top, paste a label on them, and off they go by express, parcel post and air mail to make many a fisherman in Idaho, New York, Ohio, or any other place, happy to be out along the streams of his native place.

Worm orders come in from zoölogical gardens, sporting-goods dealers and individual fishermen.

When spring comes to California and the fishing season opens, Bilkowsky fares forth to market with his product; for he is no stay-at-home—this worm grower—neither is he afraid to get out into the world and exploit his own product. For he knows it is good. He visits practically all the fish havens in the high Sierras, and many a city man, off for a bit of sport, has blessed the day when Bilkowsky ambled up on his old horse and provided him with a can of red water worms very much alive.

Seven years ago there were only a few square yards of worm beds, and their product could not be shipped. This year, at the very least, three hundred thousand wiggly fellows will be placed in cans and sent helter-skelter here and there to make many a fisherman's happy holiday. The beds are literally swarming with jolly worms. It is hard even to estimate or guess at the number, but the experienced Bilkowsky "reckons as how there must be at least two million worms in those there beds," and maybe he ought to know.

—MARSHALL BREEDEN.

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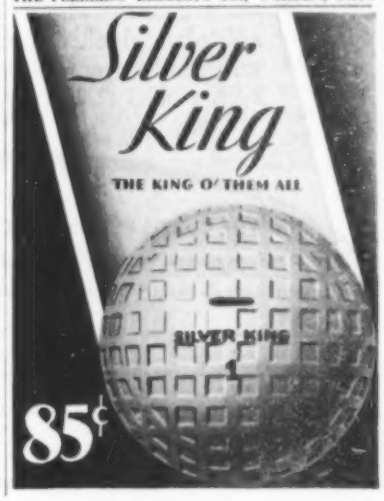

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JUDGE AND JURY

(Continued from Page 29)

of choosing, that to deprive them of choosing would take away the bond of interest between citizens and their judicial representatives; but the fundamental feeling expressed, I believe, is the traditional American fear, perhaps a little outworn, that the courts, if they came under any centralized domination, would become instruments of tyranny by the vague force known as the ruling class. These reasons also permeate the minds of peoples, lawyers and legislators in states where the election rather than appointment of judges is the rule. The obstructions to change are constitutional, or statutory, or they lie in public prejudice in spite of the unbiased judgment that appointed judges are freer from political domination than elected judges.

One member of the bar writes: "It is illogical for a governor, often not a lawyer, head of the executive department, to make the judicial department. Often he is a poor judge of legal ability. Politics, particularly in appointments to lower courts, often colors his selections."

Another objects bitterly to any election of judges because "it requires that the dignity of the bench has to step down into the political arena and the vulgarity of electioneering."

Politics and the Bench

Another illustrates the habit thinking of members of the legal profession who regard justice as some kind of priestcraft, wholly different from the practical machinery of business, medicine or science. He says, "Judges should be elected for terms. No reason exists for any servant of the people to hold office for life." Applied to the president or chairman of the board of United States Steel, or a skilled surgeon at the head of an operating staff, or a research worker at the Rockefeller Institute, this man would say: "Appoint 'em for a term of five years and then let 'em out." This is an absurdity. The removal of any of the servants of industrial, political, scientific or legal progress should be made easy of accomplishment when any one of them is unfit. But it is silly to offer short-term jobs, because this policy repels the best men; it is even sillier arbitrarily to dismiss them after they have acquired experience. The same principles which apply to the superintendent of a factory in these considerations apply to judges also.

Furthermore, there is a good deal of nonsense about the guaranty against tyranny in the election of judges. The only political tyranny we know today is the tyranny exercised by the hidden forces behind political machines. As Roosevelt used to point out, when both political machines are controlled by the same forces, what chance has the voter? And whatever may be the incompetence of the governor of a state to appoint good judges, how much greater is the incompetence—the grotesque incompetence—of the voter to know what he is about when he marks a ballot giving a choice between two or more judges nominated by the bosses of political machines? What have you really known about the judges you have voted for? How many times have you marked the one under the political designation of your own political party just because he represents your political party? How free do you expect him to be of some measure of domination by the bosses of his political party? Aren't we engaged in a system which tends more and more to produce the same alliance between the judiciary and a political machine as is sometimes found in the alliance between the prosecutor-and-district-attorney system and a crooked political system? Which has been demonstrated not only in municipalities but also in states.

The fitness of the average voter to choose between politically nominated candidates for the bench is one of the delusions of self-government, and yet in many states the election of judges will surely continue for many years. Furthermore, the substitution of appointment of judges by the executive will not, in fact, completely eradicate the political taint in the selection.

Everyone who has investigated not only by statistics but by application of common sense and intimate observation knows that the largest hole through which leaks out our respect for law is the relation and the alliance of politics and the prosecutors and the judges. However great the stupid solemnity, archaic practices, verbosity, hair-splitting, chicanery and oratory of lawyers in the arena of our courts may be, however fanatic, useless and outworn the laws themselves may become, the loss of respect for judicial machinery is greatest when a citizenry realizes that justice herself is not straight, that politics has involved her in a secret marriage.

What, then, is the goal any good American must ask for? Obviously to remove, so far as possible, from all prosecutors and judges all political nominations, obligations, pressure, persuasion. After many months of investigation, I am inclined to believe that there is only one road to this goal, and that gradually, after public awakening and public determination, this goal may be attained by the proper kind of nonpolitical *nominating* machinery.

Shall it be nomination of judges by petition? I do not favor it. Judges should not be forced to go afield in politics or send their agents out on a humiliating campaign to obtain signatures. Shall it be nomination by bar associations? I do not favor it. There is a distinct, and perhaps valid, objection on the part of the public to the creation of a professional autocracy, or any machinery which will lead toward one. Most of the legislators have been lawyers; judges and prosecutors have been lawyers; bar associations are exclusively lawyers. And in America this legal fraternity has resulted in stale confusion—a garden choked with unplucked weeds of inefficiency, pompous nonsense and too much alliance between politics, cheap tactics, technical legal charlatanism and our courts. Cowardice hiding under the robe of caution and under the tin halo of conservatism, sloth, defense of "things as they are," have characterized many of the attempts to have anything better in most of our states.

Stumbling Stones of Reform

Shall it be nomination from any political and partisan source? I am not in favor of it. Even if constitutional changes are necessary, I am in favor of nonpartisan nominations of all judges, and the presentation of a small number of names for any judicial office on the ballot, and without political designation. The designation of a party will cause almost any voter to mark a name merely because he is trying to vote a straight ticket. The same fundamental system should be applied to American prosecutors and district attorneys.

Those who know the backstage facts about the failure of justice know that reform cannot be had wherever it is needed without breaking all the alliances between politics, legal chicanery, organized crime and the administration of law. Nor is that reform to be had overnight or without a battle. If a large part of the system of interdependence of politics and court weakness is to be wiped away, not much assistance is to be expected from those who are a part of the system or find it a convenience. Just as it is difficult to get legislatures to release their hold upon rules of procedure and control of the judiciary, so, also, we need not expect that political judges will be battling for a nonpartisan system of nominations. Nor will shyster lawyers, who profit because weak judges or judges who are hog-tied by the legislature's regulations give court orators and windbags

(Continued on Page 188)

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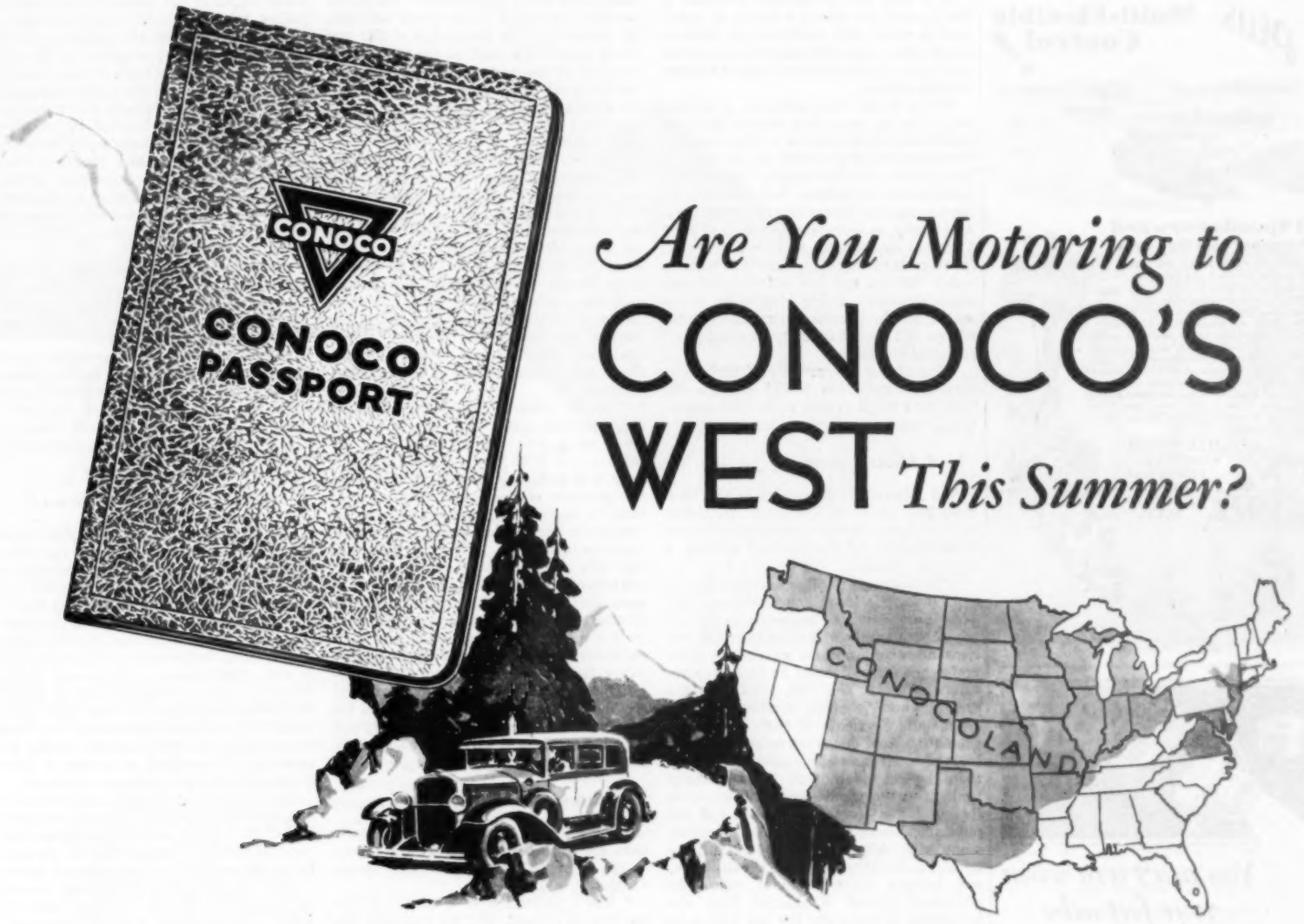

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You will find Conoco Germ-Processed Paraffin Base Motor Oil . . . Conoco Ethyl Gasoline . . . and Conoco Service . . . *"At the Sign of the Red Triangle", throughout Conocoland.*

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Unlimited boating pleasure is yours when your boat is powered with a Caille Red Head — its dependable, unequalled power will amaze you. Its ease of handling, through Multi-Flexible Control, will add new thrills to your boating pleasures. Caille Red Heads are the only outboard motors with this patented feature—three speeds forward, neutral and reverse. Electric starting, too, if you wish! See complete line at your dealer's. Write for 1930 Catalog.

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Keep a "shaker" handy for use before walking, dancing, golf or tennis and get the benefit of "play" in real comfort.

Allen's Foot-Ease is also put up in the regular (envelope) style package. The New Shaker Top Tin is more economical and handy to use. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 60c in stamps. Sample mailed free—address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

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See France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and Belgium. Price includes all expenses on ship and shore: ocean passage, hotels and meals, guide service, all travel in Europe by motor, admissions to galleries, museums, etc., even tips! Ask for Booklet "E30" describing this and hundreds of other tours.
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc. Dept. 333
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(Continued from Page 186)

and charlatans a long tether, be found campaigning to put an end to their own profits.

It is only the enlightened members of the bar and the steady pressure of public opinion which will constitute the force to inaugurate nonpartisan nominations in the election or appointment of judges and prosecuting officers.

Where there is in existence a judicial council in any state, this council should be represented in the making of these nominations from which the people at the polls, or the governor or other executive by appointment, create our judges. But no doubt the bar associations should also be represented. And finally, as Governor Roosevelt of New York has emphasized, there is a real need for representatives of the public in matters which concern our law enforcement and administration. Labor should be represented on the proposed nominating committee. So should industry, business, and probably medicine.

"One of the by-products of such nonpartisan nomination would become the basis for a merit system in judicial promotions," writes a correspondent.

A Merit System for Judges

And Edward A. Alexander, of the New York bar, writes in The Panel, published by the Grand Jurors Association of New York County, of the need of offering a career to judges:

"There are many capable judges on the benches of the lower courts today. But what provisions are made to encourage them? Should not the more able and efficient incumbents of these positions be given preference for promotion to higher courts through regular channels, similar to the system which is being developed in our Diplomatic Service? If there were such promotion from one court to another on a basis of merit instead of partisanship, can there be any doubt that better judicial timber, on the whole, would be available for our lower courts, and would not the public confidence in the bench be enhanced many fold? After all, is the public entirely at fault in its attitude toward the situation, and because its criticism is cautiously whispered instead of shouted from the housetops, is there any the less reason to take heed of it?

"Under such a system it would not be necessary for a great and good judge to seek reëlection or promotion, or to spend a part of his time in keeping on friendly terms with political parties, political leaders or partisans of any kind. He could afford to be independent. He would be in a position to devote his whole time unreservedly to the discharge of his judicial responsibilities.

"Under existing conditions it is regrettable, but it is true, that the office of judge is not necessarily synonymous in the mind of the public with ability, efficiency or distinction. Everyone knows that there are good judges and poor ones. With the adoption of a merit system, nomination and election to this office will be equivalent to a medal of honor, to a public certificate of proved ability and integrity."

The prophecy is made here with assurance that a tide of intolerance of the alliances between politics and courts will rise in the next ten years and will be irresistible.

In the meantime there will crystallize a strong opinion to give to judges in many of our American jurisdictions more power to direct the conduct of trials and, particularly, to act as a thirteenth juror in the sense of having much greater freedom to guide the jury in its labors. Juries are now too often chosen by eliminating every expert on the matter to be judged, by eliminating intelligence or letting it escape jury service, and by retaining those individuals who will be most easily emotionalized, fooled and swayed by words, passion and hot air.

The extent to which judges are so often made mere puppets is well exposed by the wisest and most exhaustive legal survey we now have—that of the Illinois Crime Commission, under the inspiration of Rush C. Butler, of Chicago. Here, on the criminal side, as in many jurisdictions, the judge becomes something of an empty manikin. He cannot put his knowledge of the law above that of Joe Jenkins, the taxi driver, who sits on the jury; and in his endeavor to elicit truth from witnesses, he is at a disadvantage compared with a lawyer who eggs on a witness to support an untruth. Says the report:

"In the state of Illinois, we not only have that anomaly of the law that jurors in criminal cases shall be the judges of the law and the fact but the restriction on the authority of the trial court that he must not comment on the evidence or indicate to the jury what his views are. We have developed great concern that the judge must not invade the province of the jury! It is reversible error for the trial court to advise the jury on the facts or to comment on the evidence. In the words of our Supreme Court, taken from the case of People versus Filipak:

"'In all criminal prosecutions the accused persons, guilty or innocent, are entitled to a fair and impartial trial by jury. . . . The jury is charged with the duty of determining the facts, and it is not the province of the judge, in a criminal case, to express by word or indicate by conduct in the jury's hearing any opinion upon the facts. . . . The trial judge has the right to ask questions of witnesses or call other witnesses to the stand in order to ascertain the facts and elicit the truth concerning the questions at issue, but he must do it in a fair and impartial manner, without showing any bias for or prejudice against either party. . . . Jurors are ever-watchful of the attitude of the judge, and any disclosure of a hostile attitude on his part toward the accused person is very apt to influence them in arriving at their verdict.'"

Circumscribing the Court

"The trial court's privilege to ask questions even has been tagged with a caveat by the Supreme Court. In People versus Schultz, it said:

"'The examination of witnesses is the function of counsel, and the instances are rare and the conditions exceptional which will justify the presiding judge in conducting an extensive examination. In conducting an examination of any length, it is almost impossible for the judge to preserve a judicial attitude. Jurors watch the trial judge closely, and generally place great reliance on what he says or does. They are quick to perceive any leaning of the court. . . . It is the duty of the judge to see that all the truth is brought out, so that the jury can arrive at a true verdict, and sometimes it is necessary for him to ask a question or two to clear up the situation. It is generally better for the court to suggest to counsel the additional information he would like to have brought out and let counsel further examine the witness. When the court asks a question and secures an answer, it, of course, renders unusual prominence to that question and answer, and may unduly influence the jury in their verdict. While we do not approve of the trial judge examining the witnesses, we do not find that plaintiff in error was prejudiced by the judge in this trial.'"

As a consequence, the average American judge, as a functionary, is stilted. Usually it is the plain fact that he is a detached officer of an unorganized judicial system. Rules of procedure are made for him by legislators who know little about what they are doing. Every chance is given to appeal, protest, reverse his actions. All kinds of obstacles are put in the way of the American judge who desires to make civil or criminal justice swift, to protect witnesses from a lawyer's bullying, to insist on the production of simple, direct and truth-forming testimony, to delegate examinations and decisions to referees and masters—simplifying justice and removing from the rush on the calendar cases which might otherwise be dismissed by short cuts.

The common sense that plain people would apply to the powers of nonpolitical judges, to the rewards in pay and dignity which England gives the judiciary, to the lack of business organization, to the disjointed enactment of rules of procedure by legislatures unfit to dictate the administration of the torrent of laws for which they are responsible, is often blocked by constitutional provisions and statutory inflexibility. Hard-and-fast rules and plaster-of-Paris nonsense characterize American justice, whereas in England flexibility is the source of a system much more workable, since the organization and reform of the British and Canadian systems.

Except for a few jurisdictions, our system of justice is like a stupid, obstinate old man who refuses to believe that the electric light and the radio are superior to the candle and the speaking trumpet.

In another article the organization necessary to take justice out of its impotence, antiquity and political snares will be set forth. Today, in most quarters, the jury—not as it was intended to work but as it does work—still remains the ludicrous king of the courts.

Should Judges Aid Juries?

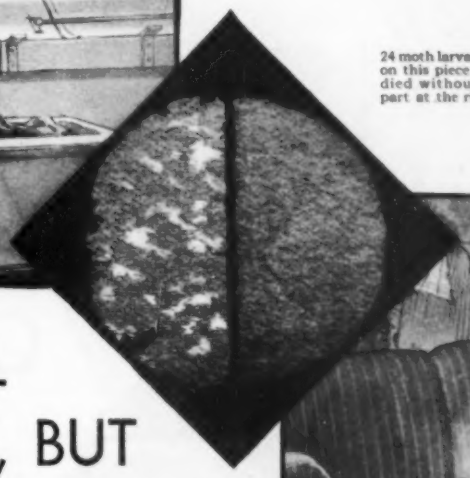
Just as you will find some persons mumbling on about the majesty of the law when, in fact, they should be busy helping to restore the majesty of the law, you will find a tenacious American idea that the jury—the judgment of one's peers—is the great protection of the individual against sovereign tyranny and injustice. Of course, as it is now administered, it is no such thing. Often it is an overweighted box of befuddled, untrained, unguided men from whose labors the professional man and the busy executives of an industrial life usually escape, and the residue of brains is often eliminated by the challenges of lawyers.

The National Economic League asked of a representative group of citizens and members of the bar the following questions and received the following answers on the need for juries and for the instruction of juries:

"Should trial judges have power to sum up evidence orally, to comment upon its weight and sufficiency and upon the credibility of witnesses?" The answer of fifty-four was Yes, and of eight No as to civil cases; and forty-seven Yes and eleven No in criminal cases. Upon this subject of aid to juries, the comment of the special committee, which must appeal to any citizen, was this:

"In most jurisdictions there is too little power of guidance of the jury by the court. Juries are left at large to be swayed by advocacy, with no judicial corrective. It is often said that we cannot trust our judges to exercise the common-law power of advising juries. But if we cannot provide a type of judge adequate to the demands of the judicial office, we must not expect the administration of justice to be efficient. Our sole resource for correcting bad verdicts is what has been called 'the monstrous penalty of a new trial.' The excessive number of new trials, with resulting delay and expense, which have disgraced American justice in the immediate past is chiefly attributable to the want of a proper check upon juries at the trial, compelling our courts of review to vindicate the law and insure justice after verdict by the only means in their power. This is illustrated especially in criminal cases, wherein it is a constant practice in many states to reverse convictions because of unfair and improper argument by the prosecuting officer. In jurisdictions where the trial court may deal with such argument effectively in an oral charge, such reversals are unknown. Again, one of the most difficult problems before those who seek to reform procedure today is the matter of expert evidence. But there is general concurrence among those who have studied the subject that if trial judges were given the power to deal with

(Continued on Page 191)



24 moth larvae were kept for 6 months on this piece of fabric . . . then they died without having touched the part at the right, which is Konated.

YOU CAN'T KILL ALL THE MOTHS, BUT YOU CAN PREVENT MOTH-DAMAGE . . .

FLYING MOTHS can go unheeded! Now, clothing and furnishings can be exposed to moth attack without danger of injury! Never again need you worry about moths or suffer loss because of them. Your Dry Cleaner, or Furniture Warehouseman, can relieve you from all thought of moth-damage; can guarantee you freedom from loss by moths; can insure you for three years against moth-damage. This is a new service known as Konate Mothproofing Service; a result of a new type of product preventing moth-damage . . . Konate.

KONATE is entirely different from moth preventives now used with such disappointing results. That is the reason Konate Mothproofing Service carries with it a positive guarantee backed by Lloyds Casualty Company. Konate prevents moth-damage by treating cloth so that moth worms cannot eat it; yet, only moth worms can distinguish Konated fabric . . . for Konate leaves no disagreeable odors . . . causes no shrinkage . . . does not change the feel or appearance of even the most delicate fabric.

WOMEN have waited years for a protection against moth-damage. Konate not only gives them positive protection for at least three years, with a guarantee that is backed by Lloyds Casualty Company; but, Konate Mothproofing Service is provided so that there need not be the slightest effort connected with getting this protection. What could be more simple, more certain, more protective?

AT YOUR DRY CLEANERS

Merely telephone your Cleaner. With Konate Mothproofing Service, he takes articles subject to moth-damage, Konates them, and returns them to you immune for three years, hands you his guarantee, and further protects you with an Insurance Certificate. Fine household woolens, draperies, upholstered furniture, rugs and carpets, as well as other things, including personal clothing for the entire family, can be Konated without the slightest injury to fugitive colors, to trimmings, or to fastenings. You will be surprised at the moderate cost; delighted with the results of this service.

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Behind Konate Mothproofing Service is a written guarantee protecting your Konated articles against moth damage for three years. This guarantee is backed by insurance underwritten by Lloyds Casualty Company of New York. This iron-clad, double-tight protection against moth-damage is available only in connection with Konate Mothproofing Service.

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YOUR WAREHOUSEMEN can bring Konate Mothproofing Service right into your own home any time during the year. Whether the Konating is done there or at the warehouse, rugs, carpets, upholstery, hangings, cushions and woolens can be made proof against moth-damage . . . insured against it for three years. In either case, you have no worry—no bother.

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YEARS of experiments at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh—millions of moths bred for the purpose . . . many failures . . . then came Konate that penetrates every thread of the fabric, making it unfit for moth food. Moth worms, which damage fabrics, cannot eat Konated cloth. This is the scientific way to prevent moth-damage. It permits you to have moth protection covered by a written guarantee and by insurance. It is a triple protection, saving you from loss, from worry and from work.

KONATE and Konate Mothproofing Service are made available through Dry Cleaners and Furniture Warehousemen by the coöperation of a $50,000,000 corporation. If you cannot get information on this service in your locality, write to us mentioning your local man's name.

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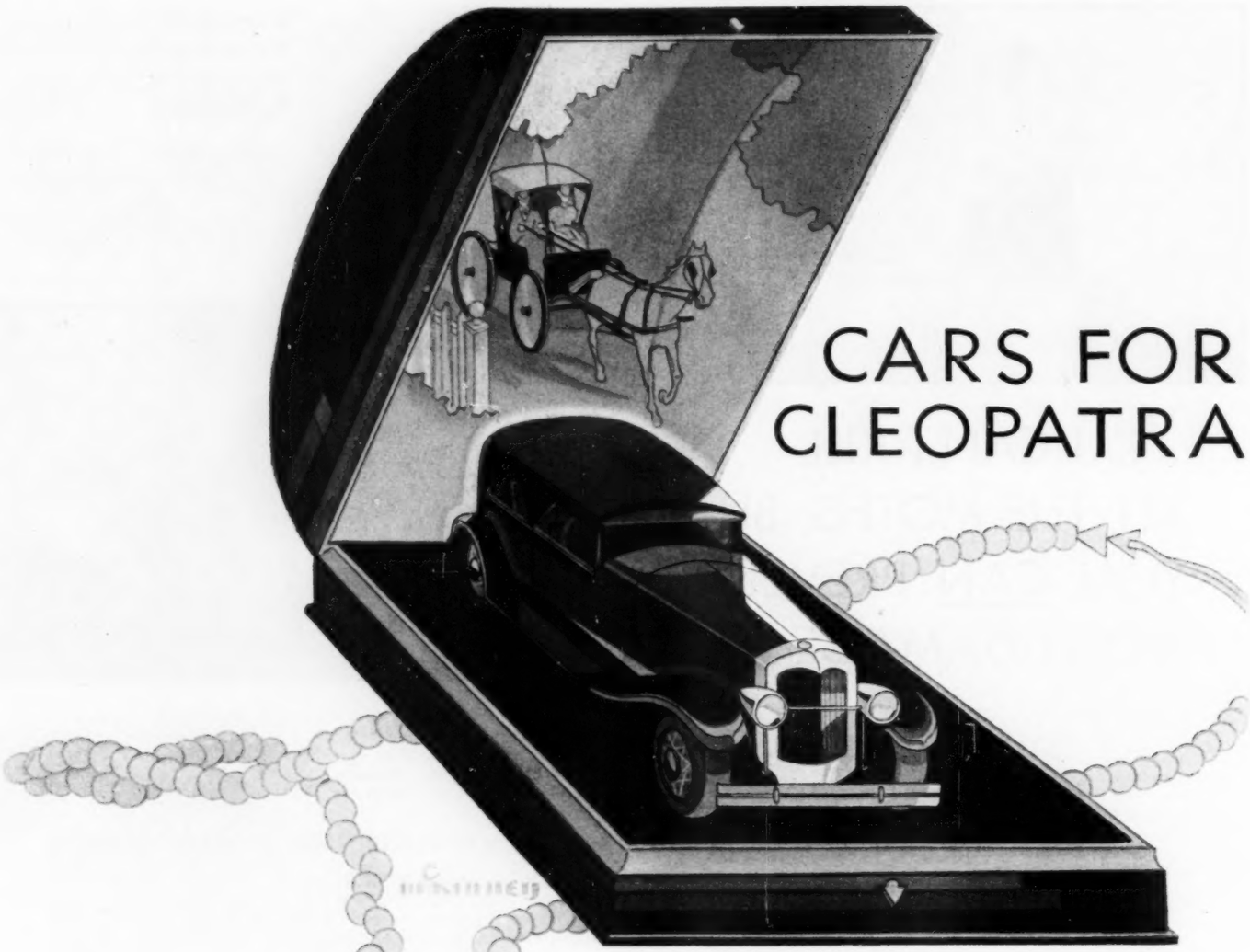
A NEW SERVICE FOR GUARANTEED MOTH PROTECTION



CARS FOR CLEOPATRA

ONLY farmers, shopkeepers and the very rich owned horses a generation ago. On Sunday afternoon, or Fourth of July, a young man might show off by taking his best girl for a ride in a livery-stable buggy. But most folks walked, and a journey of twenty miles took one a long, long way from home. » »

How times have changed! We are today a nation on wheels. 28,000,000 families have 23,000,000 motor cars. 3,000,000 more will be sold this year —and most of them are designed especially for the driving ease and riding comfort of women ..... "With this color combination Madame can wear any of the shades approved by Paris" ..... "The upholstery and fittings were designed for us by one of the great couturiers"..... Could such appeals as these sell cars to men who ask prosaically "How many miles to the gallon?" » »

And not only cars themselves. Tires, gasoline, oil, all the accessories for comfort and ease and luxury in motor travel are bought as a matter of accepted custom today by women for their own cars. » » » » » »

The world seems smaller than it used to be. The motor car has banished distance. But the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, which established its leadership of women in the horse-and-buggy days, is even more the leader in the swifter motor-travel age we live in now. » » » » » » » »

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE LEADING
HOME MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 188)

expert evidence effectively in the charge to the jury, and if they were so selected as to put men of proper caliber upon the bench, the question would largely solve itself."

Another question was this:

"Should the defendant in a criminal case have the right to waive jury trial and be tried by a judge?" The answers were fifty-five Ayes and only eight Noes. The defendant has his choice. How much risk does justice run in letting him take it?

Then came the vital question of whether we may not abandon unanimous verdicts—that is, when the jury has twelve, may we not overcome the farcical situation where a single individual, either blockheaded, fanatic or bought and paid for, holds up justice. Fifty-nine voted against insisting on unanimous verdicts in criminal cases, whereas only twenty-one considered that unanimous verdicts were useful and necessary. What do you think?

The questions did not include one which I now raise: Why are twelve men necessary? What is the wisdom of constitutions which make hard and fast rules as to numbers of jurors? The twelve are a burden of expense on taxpayers and of doubtful service of intelligence to litigants where multiplying unintelligent jurors is a mere multiplication of unintelligent findings.

If a defendant in a criminal trial may wisely be allowed to waive all trial by jury, as now in Maryland, where both justice and speed profit, why, then, not three jurors, five, seven, or any number? When the Wickersham Commission suggested the hearing of liquor misdemeanor cases by a commissioner, the shock to old-fashioned minds and to phrase slingers and tradition mourners was great indeed. But the suggestion was the only one in the Hoover Commission's report which proposed to subtract from the ponderous machinery of the law instead of adding to it and to its cost to all of us.

Juries of less than twelve, especially in cases where the parties to the trial, civil or criminal, gave consent to simplification, would shorten the road of justice, quicken the courts, and eliminate the farces which almost all those who have done jury service have observed when the door of the jury room is shut.

Ease of Jury Dodging

John H. Wigmore realizes that "jury trial can be made into mob trial." Though defending the jury system as an institution, he deplores depriving it of guidance by judges. In an article in the Illinois Law Review, he says:

"The present trouble with jury trial is due not to any inherent defects, but to the defects that have been allowed to accrue on the orthodox institution that originally attained fame and reverence. By piling up these accidental defects we have discredited jury trial needlessly.

"The lawyers that want a free hand with juries want, of course, a mob jury, uncontrolled by any judicial advice and help. To let that group of lawyers have their way and ruin jury trial would be a misfortune to justice. But to let them have their way by a surreptitious act of legislation framed to suit their own personal views would also be a disgrace to our legislative method. It adds a new terror to democracy if the system of a century and a half can be repudiated by quietly engineering a measure that is intended to serve the interests of a selfish law."

Of course, the flagrant defect in our jury system, however, is none of these; it lies in the quality of the jurors themselves. It is found in the ease with which some men dodge jury service and other men who are especially fitted by their professions to add intelligence to a jury are exempted because of their professions, because of our stupid legislative control of court procedure and its regulations. It is found in the ridiculous system of challenges of jurors by attorneys which eliminates—always in favor of truth hiders—men or women of quick perception and with some imperviousness to the emotional guff of trial-court gamesters.

The proposal sometimes made to abolish entirely trial by jury when desired by defendants or litigants in important cases appears to the few who have studied it to be a wise proposal.

It is absurd to cling to jury trial if parties before the bar of justice are willing to forgo it. It is not good sense to insist on cumbersome jury systems if litigants and defendants are willing to go before less than twelve jurors. It may take constitutional amendments, but certainly it would tend to prevent the escape of the guilty if something less than a unanimous verdict were required.

In addition to that, the whole organization of the jury system needs repairs. Some serious persons have urged that judges should not only be allowed to protect juries and witnesses from the bamboozling of lawyers but should have the right to pass upon the qualifications of jurors and the calling of desirable witnesses.

The exemption of jurors and challenges, the waste of jurors' time, their humiliation in cross-examination by attorneys, the absence of jury pooling, so that jurors may be drawn from the whole available supply of those who are called, all contribute toward the inefficiency of what has been called by someone "the American moron jury."

Some effect of exemptions from jury service is described in a letter to the present Attorney General of the United States:

NOVEMBER 30, 1929.

HON. WILLIAM D. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr. Mitchell: Our Law Committee . . . which unites the technical knowledge of public-spirited attorneys with the court experiences of business men as jurors, litigants and witnesses . . . submits under separate cover, for your attention, a bird's-eye view of jury exemptions in the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia. This compilation of jury laws is alphabetically arranged according to states.

As we understand the situation, after talking with Mr. Gilchrist, who examines the qualifications of jurors in the Southern District of New York, the jury-exemption laws of the county and state apply also to the Federal Courts which are situated within their boundaries.

If this conclusion is correct, there are, for example, about one million volunteer firemen and national guardsmen who cannot be recruited for jury service in the Federal Courts operating in New York State. This estimate, incidentally, was made by Commissioner Walter Gedney, of the New York State Crime Commission, who was formerly the president of the New York State Volunteer Firemen, which has a membership, Mr. Gedney says, totaling 500,000.

Of about forty classes of citizens exempted in New York State, the volunteer firemen and national guardsmen are the best organized and the most strongly opposed to the proposed law amendments which would eliminate jury class exemptions.

It is our hope that you might deem the subject of sufficient importance to bring the matter to the attention of Congress. If group deliberation by jurors as judges of the facts are to be truly representative of the people, then jurors should be recruited from all classes of citizens with very few exceptions. If laymen, especially business men, are to acquire an intelligent, unbiased understanding of justice, the one opportunity afforded them is to serve as jurors. Yet with the prevailing arbitrary class discrimination, due particularly to jury exemptions, the individual is not jury-minded and is opposed to jury service.

As a small minority of male citizens are called upon to serve both in the Federal and state courts in New York City, and as the success of state legislation to wipe out jury exemptions is most uncertain, it would seem wise to suggest Federal legislation which would enable Federal officials to recruit, within their discretion, jurors from all responsible classes of citizens, irrespective of state jury-exemption laws. There is little doubt that if this were done more intelligent juries would be obtained and more rational verdicts rendered in those states which now exempt many of the more intelligent citizens. Furthermore, what is now a burden for a comparatively few citizens would become no burden at all if jury service were more evenly distributed, so that no individual would average more than about two weeks' service every three years or more.

Hoping that this communication will strike a sympathetic note with you and that it will indicate a channel for constructive action whereby qualified citizens exempt from service in state courts might be recruited as jurors in Federal courts.

Assuring you of our coöperation as a civic organization.

Faithfully yours,
NEW YORK BOARD OF TRADE.
M. D. GRIFFITH, *General Manager.*

But if advantage is to be taken of enlisting intelligence in jury service, the matter of making jury service organized, disciplined and yet pleasant must have attention.

Experiences of a Juror

In one first and second term of the Supreme Court of New York City, 2950 jurors were summoned, 1633 were excused, which means that considerably less than half actually served. Those who served attended for almost exactly twice as many days as they gave actual jury service. There were 214 cases of failure to appear, but only seventeen fines given for these failures!

In one of our largest cities, one of the Volunteer Jurors Association members was asked to report in detail his experience. I give his testimony.

Mr. —— recounts his experience as a juror:

"I was called in the city court in April of this year. The court was under Justice X. The first morning was entirely wasted by excuses of lawyers, extraneous business of the judge, and so on. Court being adjourned until two, I asked the clerk what I was expected to do until then. I have a factory in a suburb and a busy office in the city, but the clerk said: 'There is a movie down at the end of the street. Most of the jurors go there.'

"In the first five days I served on two cases, spending in all an hour and ten minutes in the jury box. I was challenged both times. Afterward I buttonholed the challenging lawyers and asked them why they had challenged me. 'You look like a landlord,' said one, 'and I'm defending a tenant.' 'You didn't have a tabloid paper in your hands and you are too intelligent-looking,' said the other.

"It is a fact that whenever a juror wants to insure his serving he comes to court with one of the tabloid newspapers. To be seen in court with the less-sensational papers means an immediate peremptory challenge.

"My service was thrown over into Monday of the next week. Judge X's place was taken by Judge Z. No one would admit where Judge X had gone, but it was generally known that he was off attending to political business. Judge Z proceeded to read and arrange a calendar which was the accumulation of two years. Seeing that it looked like another three weeks of unnecessary service, I told Judge Z that I was there to report what was going on in the court. 'How much of my time are you going to waste?' I asked the judge. 'Don't say anything about me in the papers,' the judge pleaded. He was at that time running for office. The jury was excused for the rest of the week.

"Any business man who serves on a jury is a chump. The machinery is so antiquated, there is so much drool and dribble, that the entire procedure is perfectly ridiculous and a horrible waste of his time.

"The adoption of the pooling system by the Supreme and municipal courts has been the best step forward. All jurors are summoned to a central pooling room, where they are questioned by the court and by the counsels. In the last week the Supreme

(Continued on Page 194)

Happy Schoolgirls
EARN
Money and Prizes

NO wonder Mary Carolyn Hurst and hundreds of other schoolgirls are smiling happily these days.

Why, Mary Carolyn earned $58.00 in spare minutes within a few short months, through our pleasant subscription plan. And in addition she won these lovely prizes:

A sports coat for outdoor wear
A sports watch to wear on hikes
A brief case for school
A bright colored water ball for camp
The jaunty blue-and-gold honor pin

Other fun loving schoolgirls have had experiences like these:

Eleanor Brown earned $6.00 in one afternoon, enough for a new spring hat.

Fern Shoemaker tucked $14.00 in her purse her first month and won a fountain pen and jade pencil. And how grown-up she felt when we started her bank account!

What about you? Wouldn't you like to join this jolly group of earners? The best part of all this is that you, too, can earn your own money, win prizes, and have good times.

Why not take your pencil this very minute and fill in the coupon below? It will cost you nothing to inquire. And you'll be glad you did.

The Curtis Publishing Company
804 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I may earn money in spare time and win attractive prizes.

Name ..... *Age* .....
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

My Boy .. My Business
and our Travel Air

My boy began his flying like some of the youngsters in my day began their swimming—in secret. He broke the news only after his first solo flight. Of course I was proud, but I was also disturbed. I did not know what sort of plane and what kind of pilot Phil was going up with. Then I decided that if he was going to fly, it would be in a plane of proved reputation and performance.

After a thorough study of the different types and makes of aircraft, we bought a Travel Air biplane. It was really "one for Phil and two for me," for I soon found that a plane fitted happily into my business picture. You see my home and my factory are at Oldtown —114 miles by road, three and one-half hours by rail, from my office and showroom in the city. By air it's 90 miles, *by Travel Air* 45 minutes.

Now Phil pilots me to the city three times a week. I save the salary of a city manager and Phil gets all the flying he wants. And his mother and I don't worry, because we know that the airplane he is flying is the very last word in safe and sturdy construction.

The Travel Air 3-place, open cockpit biplane is powered with Wright Whirlwinds of either 165 or 225 h. p. giving speeds up to 132 miles per hour. Every Travel Air owner is entitled to full Curtiss-Wright day and night service at more than 40 bases throughout the country.

Weekends! The Travel Air doesn't rest then either. It has carried Phil, my daughter and me to every good golf course within a radius of 150 miles. Of course all the young folks in the neighborhood want to go along too and I am often crowded out of the party. All in all we are certainly getting our money's worth from our Travel Air.

* * *

Stalwart and rugged, designed to withstand every strain, rigorously tested in construction and flight, the Travel Air is the "Ironsides" of the skies. A large percentage of commercial planes are of this make. Travel Air planes are speeding air mail, transporting passengers, flying hither and yon on swift industrial missions. Many of the Travel Air records are unsurpassed.

Full particulars about these planes, their construction and performance in commercial, industrial and private flying, will be gladly sent you. Write Dept. T-9.

TRAVEL AIR COMPANY
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
27 West 57th Street · New York

A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

TRAVEL AIR

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COUPONS *brought the Factories to his Desk!*

THIS Purchasing Agent grew tired of the countless time-wasting interviews which always ended with "I am sorry we can't settle it today" . . . "We are not quite ready yet" . . . to salesmen waiting to see him.

He found a way to save his own time and that of the salesmen as well. When he needed new shelving for the stock-room, new lights for Mill No. 7, or a new calculating machine, he clipped and mailed advertising coupons that brought the well-printed catalogs and booklets of each manufacturer.

The arguments for each make were intelligently set forth in type. The merchandise was pictured clearly and in detail. Specifications and service were down in black and white. Deliberate comparisons from the printed pages made it easy to narrow his choice to those companies whose products most nearly suited his purpose.

Then (and only *then*) he asked these companies to send their men.

Do you clip and mail advertising coupons? The printed pieces they bring are planned to save your time, your steps, and your money. You can "interview" a catalog at any moment for as long as you wish, without any sense of obligation. Printing and paper make this service possible to you. High-speed printing on good paper keeps you up to the minute on what is new, or different, or better in the things you are planning to own.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. Furthermore, it includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

In addition, many of the uncertainties of press-work and printing are overcome through a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So, when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 89G Broad St., Boston, Mass.
PRINTER ☐ USER OF PRINTING ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program which shows how to save time and money in planning printing.

*Name*_____
*Firm Name*_____
*Firm Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET — MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

The NEW VALET BLADE

is as fine as the jeweled parts of a precision watch

"THE Valet blade is a revelation in workmanship and shaving results. Eleven of our fifteen precision die-makers prefer the Valet blade and Valet AutoStrop Razor." *Benrus Watch Company, New York.*

Benrus experts join the vast group of technical authorities who definitely and outspokenly recommend the new Valet blade. Men who know steel prefer this blade—made with exacting care by precision methods. Dermatologists prescribe it to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving.

The marvelously keen micro-edge—held at a friendly angle by the scientifically adjusted Valet AutoStrop Razor —glides through your beard and across your face lightly. It is made solely for this razor—the only one not requiring removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning.

Valet shaves are always the same — quick, comfortable and kind to the face. Automatic machine grinding, honing and stropping make every blade uniformly excellent. Accept the advice of steel experts and skin specialists—the most discriminating critics in the world — who pronounce this blade a triumph. Use the new Valet and look forward to your morning shave with keen enthusiasm.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET AutoStrop BLADE

(Continued from Page 191)

Court accepted three juries at once. All juries being chosen in that room are impaneled there, and sent upstairs to their respective courtrooms only when the impaneling is absolutely complete. The residue, which is not needed or has been challenged off one jury, is put back into a pit and called from there to another corner of the room for questioning on another jury.

"This method makes it necessary to summon only half as many jurors, cuts in two the cost to the city, and makes the time of the man who serves more productive.

"A large majority of judges are perfectly willing to excuse business men from jury service both because they appreciate the defects of their own courts and the waste of time for the busy man, and because a juror excused is a political favor.

"For remedies, I say to make sure that the man, or men, in charge of juries is of high caliber. In Dallas, Texas, the clerk of the court has that office, and he is called the shepherd of the jury room. Competent people should be in charge of the citizen list. Commissioners should examine the list at stated intervals to remove the dead wood. There should be on the list enough information about each person to know whether or not he or she is qualified to serve, whether he is white or black, man or woman, has a criminal record, and so on. There should be a record of juror's experience, and of courts and lawyers afraid of public opinion."

The curse of the judiciary is subservience to any political machinery which can create judges through the fiction that the voters can choose party men for judges and have that particular choice represent any real self-government.

The curse of the judiciary is impairment of judge's powers.

The curse of the judiciary is also its unorganized administration; its lack of business sense.

The curse of the jury system is its uselessness in many cases.

The curse of the jury system is also its disorganization and a working in practice which either exempts or puts out of the business those who would make the most intelligent jurors.

Editor's Note—In the seventh article, to be published in a following number, Mr. Child will write on the subject, Justice and Horse Sense.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Slice by slice we grade our fruit for you—*then* give you this easy way to know what grade is in the can . . .

WHY are there *grades* of pineapple, and what do they mean? Come see for yourself—in the largest fruit cannery in all the world.

Here on these spotless tables the freshly-cut slices pass. Trained eyes—swift, gloved fingers—are sorting them by grades. That perfect slice is first grade fruit—it will be called DOLE 1. This one—less fine in appearance and texture—is picked for DOLE 2 grade. And here is a broken slice—that will be graded DOLE 3.

Sliced—Crushed—Tidbits—all come in different grades. And the number of the grade you buy is clearly stamped in the top of the can. Look for it—beneath the name DOLE.

"You can thank 'Jim' DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple."

***Do you know you can now buy unsweetened pineapple juice—packed by* DOLE?**

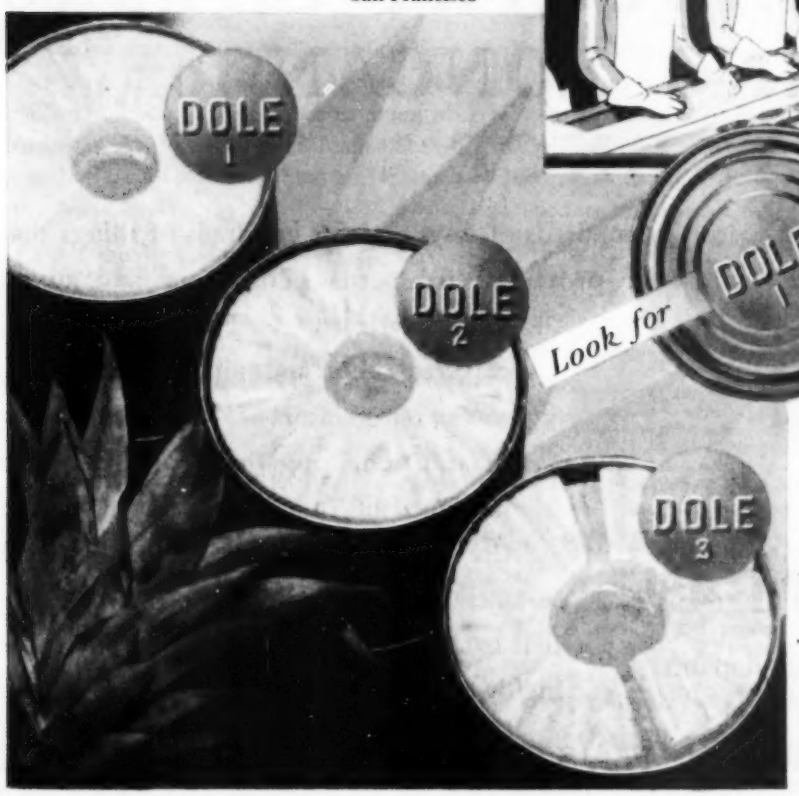
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu
HAWAII

Sales Office:
215 Market Street
San Francisco

A color photograph

All DOLE *grades come from the same delicious pineapples—nurtured by Hawaiian sunshine, soil and shower. But there are differences in appearance—color—texture—and that is why DOLE pineapple is so carefully graded, so exactly marked.*



Here's the whole story of the new grade numbers

DOLE 1 · DOLE 2 · DOLE 3

These exact definitions will help you choose just the grade of pineapple you want for each dish you prepare:

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (*Salad Cuts*)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

A much-talked-of booklet ***free!***

"The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" is in its fifth tremendous printing! And this edition is the most complete of all. In it are 39 delicious Hawaiian Pineapple recipes by four famous food editors—and the complete story of the new DOLE grade numbers. A free copy waits for you. Mail the coupon to:

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, Dept. S-50
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....S-30

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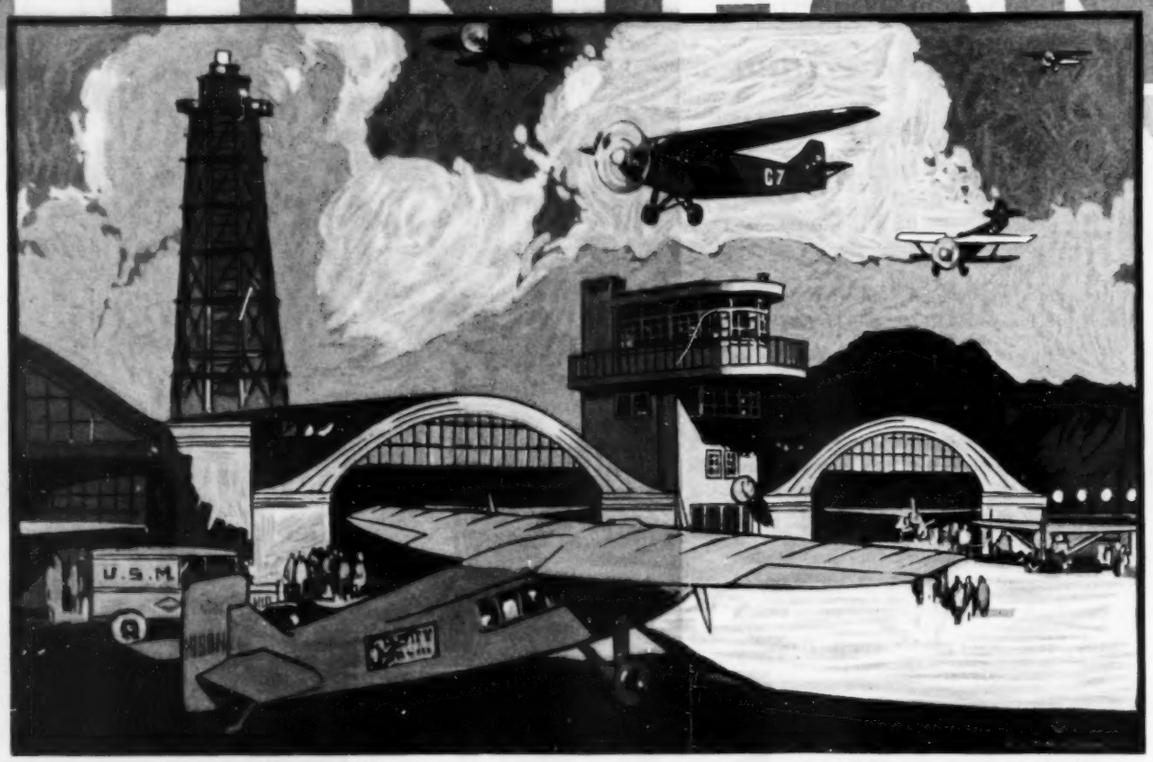
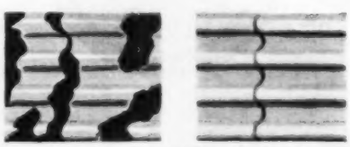
TONCAN



A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY turns to RUST-RESISTING TONCAN for PERMANENCE

AT airports in America and abroad you'll find great hangars made of rust-resisting Toncan. Others—huge, wide structures capable of holding many planes—are continually going up—built of Toncan.

Toncan—because it endures. Because it is a stubborn enemy of rust and corrosion—an alloy of pure iron, copper and molybdenum that shows many times the life of other ferrous metals. Industry at large utilizes this amazingly durable iron in hundreds of ways and for hundreds of things that must be protected from rust, corrosion and quick deterioration . . . . Furnaces, ranges, culverts, tubes and pipe, railroad cars, roofs, refrigerators—a limitless variety of staunch, long-lived products are fashioned of Toncan. Wherever you see the Toncan label on exposed metal surfaces, count it a guarantee of permanence. It is backed by the world's largest and most highly specialized producers of alloy steels.



Weather-protecting sheets of Toncan survive where others fail.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORP. • MASSILLON & CANTON, O.
WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

In measuring a Man

Face Fitness Counts

Watch them, young and old, the men that every day move past you. Subconsciously you measure them, as you yourself are measured. As they come and go is there anything that influences your judgement quite so much as Face Fitness?

You live sanely, if your face is fit. You love fresh air and sunshine. And several millions of you, wisest, most exacting of you, start each day with the Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

First, the Williams lather—lather that's been Standard for ninety years. Lather by which all others have been, will be, judged. Quick. Cool—with the *natural* coolness that comes from the perfect blend of proven ingredients. Saturated with moisture that softens, soothes and lubricates. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. Of course the drug clerk says, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then Aqua Velva. A real thrill to end with! The greatest pleasure part of the shave at the end, where it belongs. Invigorates, wakes up sleepy tissues. Cares for nicks, abrasions—tiny, unseen. Protects from dust and germs. Helps to keep the facial tissues firm and youthful looking. Conserves natural moisture, so essential to good complexions. *Keeps* men's faces all day as the Williams lather *leaves* them, flexible and Fit.

Keeping one's Face Fit is a duty these days. But it may also be a pleasure. Let Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva show what they can do. If you like, here's a coupon that will bring generous trial sizes Free. Or just send a post card.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very New! Ask your dealer.

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P30, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 3552 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

_____

_____

_____

$7.50
KODAK Petite
KODAKS PETITE
Vivacious, dainty members of a fashionable family.
A LOVELY NEW KODAK
FOR WOMEN
Who like to add a note of smartness to their picture taking
POCKET KODAKS JUNIOR — Especially favored by men is this handsome, colorful cavalier that's such a crack picture-taker. Colors: blue, brown, green, black. No. 1, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $9; with case, $11. No. 1A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $10; with case, $12.50.
COLORED BROWNIES — The ideal camera for a child. Popular with grown-ups, too, because of its extreme simplicity. Colors: red, green, gray, brown, blue. No. 2, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $3; with case, $5. No. 2A, making 2½ x 4½ pictures, is $4; with case, $6.

GAY as Seventeen... feminine as Eve... smart as a new hat... is this exquisite Eastman creation. Paris inspired, it reflects the season's mode. Aptly named, Kodak Petite is a lovely little camera no larger than your hand.

Like all members of the famed Kodak family, it takes wonderful pictures... clean-cut, sparkling. And, so easily ...you simply press a lever.

On Sunday, when you stroll about in a world that's fresh from Fashion's easel, take this dainty camera with you. You'll not only add some remarkably good snapshots to your album, but you'll add a bit of subtle flattery to your costume.

Kodaks Petite, with neatly patterned cases to match, come in five alluring colors—a sparkling green, a warm gray, a delicate lavender, a robin's egg blue, and a rich old rose.

Picture size is 1⅝ x 2½. Price: with case to match, $7.50.

See the Kodak Petite at any Kodak dealer's.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.